

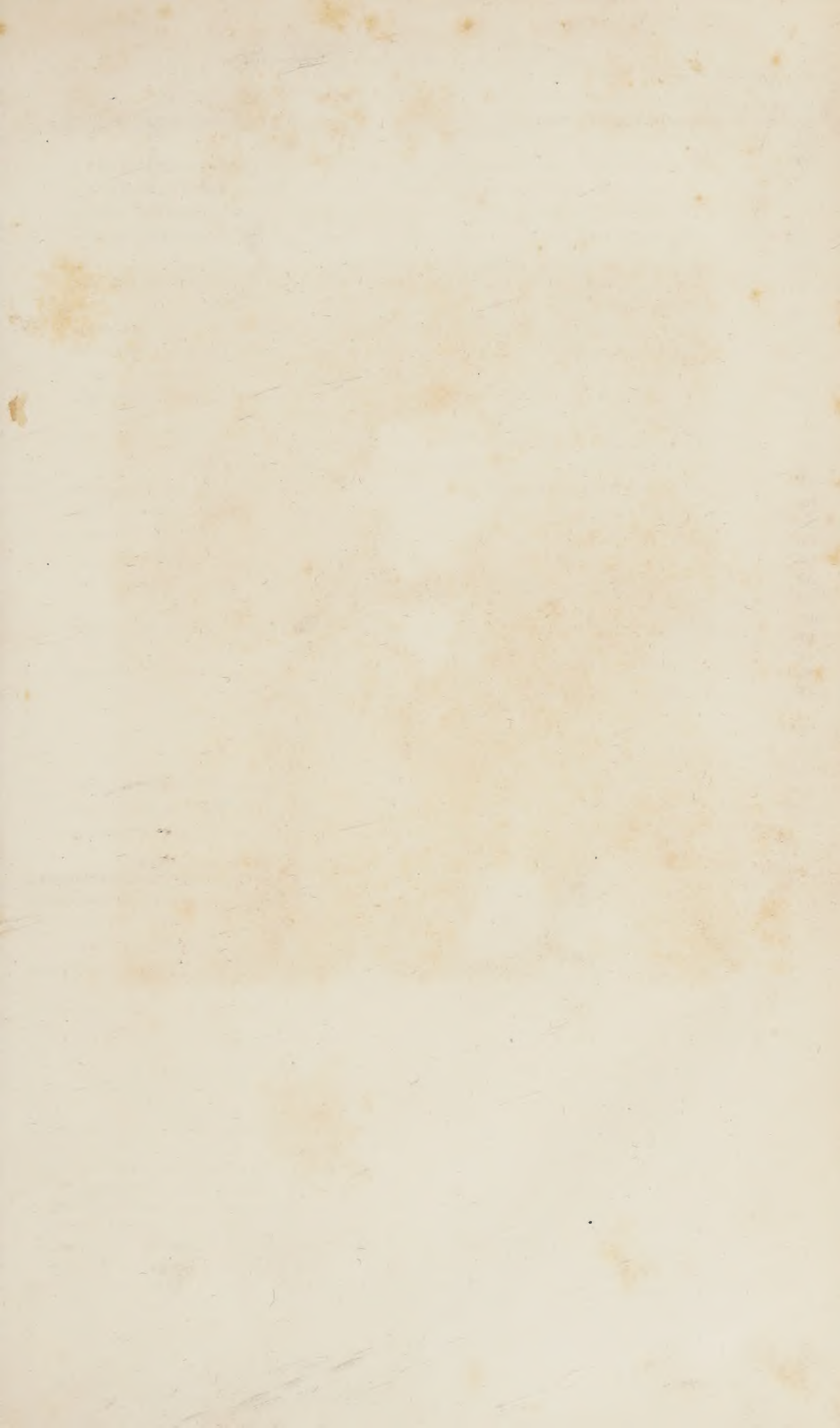
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

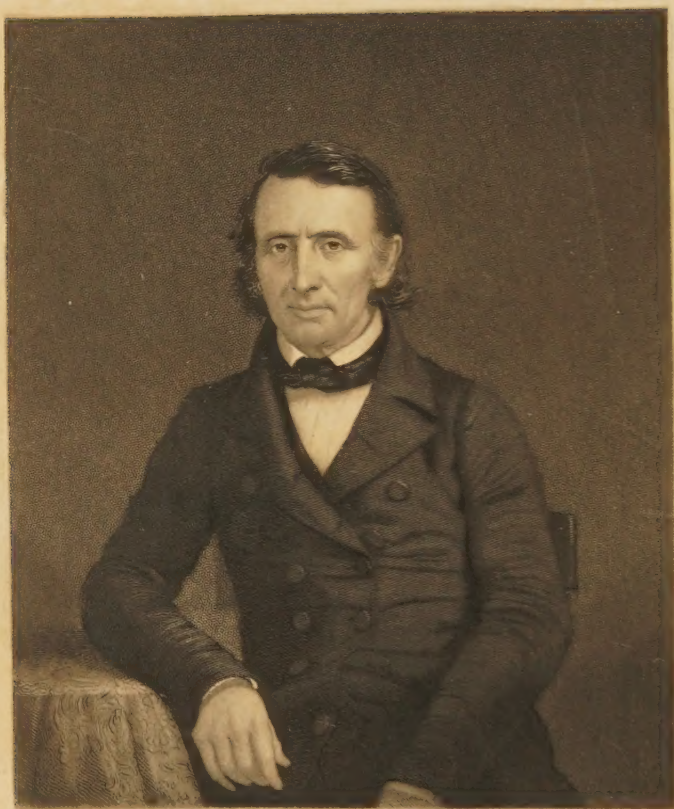
Daniel Garrison -

Samuel Johnson

Daniel Garrison.







engraved by Bennett from a daguerreotype

S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D.

First Professor in the Theological Seminary of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, 1847-1859, Port.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND

Christian Eclectic.

REV. CHARLES A. SMITH, EDITOR.

1853—1854.



EASTON, PA.,

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR.

1854.

V. 2 - 221

1882-

547

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER,
95 & 97 Cliff Street.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Trial of Patience,	20
A Mental Reservation,	78
A String of Pearls,	86
Application of a curious Physiological Discovery,	92
A Thought of Death,	108
At the Door,	188
Argument of the Leaf,	303
An Eloquent Tribute,	314
Apostolic Church,	358
A Reminiscence,	372
Apples of Sodom,	376
Besetting Sin,	17
Brazen Serpent,	108
Be Kind to the Birds,	124
Brotherly Love,	177
Brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Hazelius,	368
Church Extension,	27
Crucifixion,	30
Christian Temperance,	87
Canary Bird,	91
Cheerfulness,	122
Consecrate our Youth to Thee,	140
China, and the Chinese,	147
Christ Makes Alive,	216
Christmas Eve, and the Christmas Tree,	247
Cecil and the Watch,	297
Did He Die for Me?	29
Deeds, not Words,	58
Doing Nothing by Halves,	157
Diligence and Sloth,	183
Early Lost, Early Saved,	109
Early Life of Paul,	111
Exaggeration,	128
EDITOR'S TABLE:	
Editorial Chair; The Two Friends; Crystal Palace, 189. Saratoga, 219. Sunday-School Teacher, 220. Synodical Resolutions, 221. Thanksgiving, 252. Christmas Eve, 253. Glad Tidings; Christmas Tree, 254. The Revolution in China, 283. Hartwick Seminary; Church Extension, 284. Social Contrasts, 316. The Russo-Turkish Question, 317. Pleasant Sabbaths, 318. A Week's Delight, 347. How to be Happy, 349. Our Intentions, 377. Revivals in Colleges, 378. Mezzographs, 379.	
Faith,	187
Franklin,	169
Faith and Opinion,	250
Festival of the Cradle,	280
For the Desponding,	302
Franklin at the Fireside,	344
Family Government,	353
Gentle Words,	199
History of Joseph,	10, 35
Have Me Excused,	90
Harp String,	90
Home Missionary Argument,	119
Henry Melchior Muhlenberg,	129
Honesty,	146
He will Succeed,	198
How We Repaired Our Church,	268
Hope and Charity,	308
Industrial Exhibition of 1853,	180
Immortality of Error,	197
I'm a Lost Man,	282
Leaves from a Pastor's Portfolio,	17, 51, 78, 268
Luther, the Honored Instrument, &c.,	53
Luther in the Wartburg,	93

	PAGE
Luther's Fireside,	172
Luther's Last Words,	202
Lessons of Autumn,	206
Little Pilgrims,	235
Man's Weakness and God's Power,	51
Means of Self-Culture,	65, 102
Mission of the Beautiful,	82
My First Sermon,	106
Mary at the Saviour's Feet,	153
Moral Culture,	227
Making Light of It,	344
New-Grenada Colony,	61
Nothing Lost by Prayer,	125
Necromancer,	366
Nightingale,	345
Our Enterprise,	1
Ought not Christ to have Suffered?	80
Old Pictures Cleaned Here,	114, 140, 163
Over Sea Recollections,	232, 261, 294
Obedience,	875
Praying Mother,	24
Progress of the Church in Foreign Lands,	62
Pennsylvania College,	75
Private Judgment,	84
Pulpit Eloquence,	157
Purity of the Church,	211
Prayer for the Ministry,	214
Practical Wisdom,	246
Personal Character of Christ,	277
Religious Liberty	60
Religious Character of Christ,	194
Richest Prince,	213
Signature of the Cross,	30
Story for Boys,	30
State of Missions in India and Ceylon,	62
Summer Evening,	101
Social Character of Christ,	243
Scene in a Pastor's Study,	251
Sanctified Affliction,	285
Short Sermon for Young Men,	281
Sand Showers,	282
Study of Eminent Models,	289
Self-Culture,	373
The Two Gregories,	22
The Forget-me-not,	47
Tomb of Washington,	60
The Beloved Ketha,	72
The Rainbow,	88
Thought for Those Who Have to Do with Children,	92
The Conversion of the World,	185
The Highest Style of Greatness,	217
The Old Year and the New,	257
The Hidden Fount,	272
The Burial Ground,	293
The Crowning Fruit of Humanity,	310
The Church of God; What Is It?	321
The Source of Political Power,	328
The Early Dead,	333
The Noble Bereans,	337
This Earth an Auction Block,	342
Use of Riches,	68
Unconscious Influence,	311
Virtues and Moral Laws,	364
Wittenberg,	4
William Penn,	28
Wartburg,	42
Where Your Treasure Is, &c.,	218
What is Believing?	219
Washington,	273





The Market Place at Wittenberg—on the left, the City Hall—in the Rear, the City Church
where Luther was accustomed to Preach—and in Front, Luther's Monument.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1853.

No. 1.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

It was announced some time ago, that a gentleman of wealth residing in one of our large cities had ordered the construction of a vessel of the first class, in which he intended, with a few select friends, to visit some of the most interesting places of Europe and the East. The great charm of the voyage was to consist in the combination of security with enjoyment; every pestilential shore was to be shunned, beautiful landscapes were to meet the eye, and refined companionship was to afford gratification to the mind. The illustration presents two features which we claim as prominent elements in our enterprise—*safety* from the moral infection that issues from much of the literature of the day, and *associations* that will enlarge the mind and purify the heart. Were there no other reason to justify the present undertaking, this would be deemed sufficient by all who understand the power of the press, and desire that it should be wielded aright. Every literary enterprise that is tributary to Christ and his kingdom, ought to be hailed as a good omen, at a time when there are so many books and periodicals that make shipwreck of human hopes by advocating error, or encouraging worldliness, or ministering to the corrupt propensities of our nature. We intend to sail on those streams which make glad the city of our God. We will visit

Calvary and the cross, and never get so far from either as to lose sight of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." We will glide along the shores of the past, and study the handwriting on the monuments of history. We will visit scenes that have been rendered sacred by the sufferings of martyrs and the labors of Reformers. We will stop at India and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and look over the vast field of missionary toil. We will watch the moral movements that are going on in our own land, embracing an area of territory that did not enter into the computation of those who first planted upon its eastern border the seed of Protestant Christianity.

The title of this publication indicates its character and design. It will aim to be evangelical in its spirit and teachings, and while it represents the views and interests of that portion of the Church which bears the name of the great Reformer, will speak the truth in love, so as to benefit all who hold to the fundamental doctrines of divine revelation. Its pages will advocate that seminal principle of our holy religion for which Luther so ably and boldly contended, and which he truly regarded as the ground-work of the Christian system, *justification by faith in the Son of God*, together with its consociated doctrines, such as the depravity of human nature; the atonement; regeneration as the work of the divine Spirit, and a matter of personal experience; and the faithful use of the means of grace, the Word, the sacraments and prayer. The wants and circumstances of all classes of readers will be borne in mind. The advanced Christian, the recent convert, the inquiring sinner and the impenitent; the family, with its interesting and responsible relations, the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, the young and the very young, will all have a share in our thoughts and efforts. We shall plead for the Sabbath-school, and the prayer-meeting, and the weekly lecture, and family religion, as among the leading agencies that are to bless and renovate the world. And our evangelism will lead us so far beyond denominational lines as to rejoice in the peace and prosperity of every branch of the true Church, and to cheer on those important enterprises of Christian benevolence which the Bible Society and other great leading evangelical associations are prosecuting with so much energy,

and with such signal and manifest advantage to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Our eclectic department is intended to embrace selections of the very first character within the whole range of religious literature and science, including summary records of ecclesiastical, missionary, scientific and bibliographical intelligence.

We shall not lose sight of the denominational plans and enterprises in which we are engaged. The claims of our colleges and theological seminaries, the cause of Home and Foreign Missions, Education, Church Extension, and all the prominent interests of our Zion will be presented.

That there is room for our enterprise, and that there is a demand for it, we have reason to believe from the concurrent testimony of many laboring in different sections of the Church, who unite in the opinion that a publication of this kind will be both useful and popular, and that it will supply an actual want. On the one hand we have the profound and ably conducted Review, with its erudite discussions and learned criticisms, moving and acting in a sphere of usefulness peculiarly its own; on the other, we have the weekly religious paper, which has an important mission, and is indispensable; whilst equally removed from each there is a department which it will be our aim to occupy, endeavoring to furnish a periodical that shall be dignified, pacific and practical in its character, instructive rather than abstruse, a profitable companion for the domestic circle.

With this brief exposition of our intentions, and the principles by which we are to be governed, we commit our enterprise to the care and blessing of Him whom we desire to honor, and whose cause it is our wish to promote in this undertaking. We think we do not over-estimate the Christian discrimination on which we rely for pecuniary support. It cannot be, that whilst the frivolous and demoralizing emanations of the press are welcomed in thousands of families only to pollute and destroy, this attempt to elevate and refine, and bring the sacred influences of religion into the domestic circle, should be thwarted by the indifference of those who profess to love Christ and his Church. We entertain no such fears. We begin our labors with the firm persuasion that we shall be encouraged and sustained in this endeavor to open another

rill, whose supplies will be drawn from the living and life-imparting fountain of eternal truth.

WITTENBERG

AS IT WAS OF OLD, AND AS I SAW IT IN 1846.

BY S. S. SCHMUCKER, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, GETTYSBURG.

THE name of Wittenberg is encircled by reminiscences the most interesting and hallowed. What Mecca was to the followers of the false prophet, and Jerusalem to the descendants of Abraham, Wittenberg is to the German Protestant. It was the cradle of the Reformation, the home of intellectual and moral giants of world-wide renown, who first successfully raised the standard of opposition to the omnipotence of Papal Rome, and, by the blessing of God, rescued a large portion of Europe from that iron despotism over the intellect by which its millions had for ages been held in bondage. But whilst every enlightened Protestant must gratefully cherish the memory of Wittenberg, as the fountain of that reforming and emancipating influence to which he owes his free enjoyment of gospel blessings, to the Lutheran it is invested with special interest. And if the semi-civilized Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, whose personal interest in the Reformation was but remote, could not pass through Europe without bending his footsteps to the home of the illustrious Reformer, and recording his name over the door of his study, as a just tribute of admiration for the moral heroism of its former occupant, well may a Lutheran, who bears this honored name in acknowledgment of his religious preferences, direct his course to the same place, and dwell with admiration and delight on its various localities, so intimately associated with the habits and achievements of its departed hero. It was with these feelings that the writer was providentially permitted to visit this Protestant Jerusalem in 1846; and it was with these impressions, unimpaired by the lapse of time, that he consented, at the request

of the editor of this magazine, to make a few remarks to accompany the embellishment prefixed to its initial number.

Wittenberg derives its name from the white hills (Witten Bergen) of sand in its vicinity, and therefore evidently it should be spelled with *n* and not *m*, Wittemberg, as even the translator of D'Aubigné has done. This orthography, as we were informed on the spot by the excellent Dr. Heubner, Principal of the Theological Seminary, is now generally employed by all the professors and literati of the place, and, with few exceptions, of Germany generally.

It is fortunate for Wittenberg that her interest is sustained by her religious and literary history; for her miserably barren, sandy soil presents no rural attractions, and her decayed old houses forbid the idea of any mechanical, manufacturing or commercial prosperity. Destitute of any local advantages, Wittenberg was sustained in former times by the large influx of students who resorted hither to drink in the streams of wisdom at the fountain-head. The importance of this source of income to the citizens may be estimated by the fact, that when Luther settled there the population of the place numbered only two thousand; and in a few years the fame of his learning and zeal as a Reformer, together with the literary celebrity of Melanchthon, brought thither a number of students equal to that of all the men, women, and children at his arrival!

Although Wittenberg had long been the electoral residence, it was a place of little wealth and no architectural pretensions. Its inhabitants had indeed been celebrated, but it was for the love of beer; a charge which, if it were denied, would be pretty well established by the fact, that in 1513, when the town contained only 356 houses, it contained 172 breweries, though of course not of such dimensions as those of modern days. Of literary taste the citizens possessed but little, as Luther himself testifies. Few of them sent their sons to the higher schools in their midst, though frequented by such multitudes from abroad. There was not even a German printing-press in the place until 1513, five years after Luther's arrival, and no Latin school before 1519. When Luther first appeared in their midst, the inhabitants were also immersed in ignorance and superstition. The worship of supposed relics was very popu-

lar amongst them, as they had a collection of them numbering no less than 5000, carefully preserved in cases of wood, stone, and glass, and some in silver and gold, embossed with pearls. Of these, 331 related to the time of Christ, such as garments, teeth, hair, relics of the children slain by Herod, milk of the Holy Virgin, thread spun by her, straw from the manger of Bethlehem, fragments of the cross, and of "Mount Sinai," and one was a thorn from the crown worn by the Saviour at his crucifixion, presented to a former Elector in 1353 by the King of France! In the records of the public treasury for ten years previous to Luther's residence in Wittenberg, the following suggestive entries are found: "Moneys paid for fire-arms: for race grounds where oxen were the prize won: for paintings and masks used in the plays; for garments, masks, rings, scaffolding, linen, dresses for Satan and his companions, for Judas and the two thieves; *all to be used in the amusements of the passion-week.*" Such was the character of the city which the genius of Luther and Melancthon in ten or fifteen years raised to the highest literary and scientific eminence, and made the centre of illumination for all Germany, and in no small degree for entire Europe.

Wittenberg is pleasantly located on the north side of the Elbe. It is a fortified city: being enclosed by a wall and *fosse*, or ditch, all around, forming an ellipse about one mile long, and half or three fourths of a mile broad. There is one principal street running nearly in a right line through the entire city, from the tower and Electoral Church at the western extremity, to the door of which Luther attached his ninety-five theses, past the public square in the centre of the place, containing the City Hall and Luther's monument, to the university or old monastery, and Luther's residence on the eastern extremity at the Elster Gate of the town wall. The streets which *ought* to run parallel to this, as also the cross streets, are irregular and crooked, as is the case in nearly all the *old* cities of Europe. It is only in this new world that cities were originally laid out as such, for the purpose of becoming the marts of business or the seats of government, and were therefore laid out with mathematical regularity. On this main street also we find the residence of Melancthon, between the University and the public square, though much nearer the

former. The residence of Luther is, however, not on this street, as has often been stated; but in the yard of the University or ancient monastery, about eighty feet in the rear of that building, and not visible from the street. In the Electoral Church, erected by Frederick the Wise in 1493, Luther frequently preached, and here also are deposited his mortal remains, and those of his bosom friend and fellow-laborer, Melancthon. The town or parish church, in which he also frequently officiated, is situated in the centre of the town, a short distance from the public square. It has an antique appearance, and was built in the tenth or eleventh century.

The Public Square, of which a view is presented in the engraving prefixed to this number, is quite respectable in dimensions and appearance, compared with those of many other European cities of its size. On the left is seen the Town or City Hall, (Rath-haus,) a building still respectable in appearance, though very ancient, as significantly indicated not only by its general aspect, but also by the fact that the thick granite steps in the central passage are actually worn through by use. This edifice has three stories, with as many more in the attic, indicated by rows of windows in the steep and elevated roof. The hall contains several excellent paintings by Lucas Cranach, that most celebrated German painter of his age, the productions of whose pencil, though confessedly so excellent, are also so numerous as almost to convert into serious truth the ludicrous blunder of the sculptor who, in executing an inscription in *alto relievo*, to his memory, accidentally made it pictor *celerrimus*, instead of *celeberrimus*, thus representing him as the most *rapid*, instead of the most *celebrated* of painters. Amongst these paintings are most excellent portraits of Luther and Melancthon, and several of their most distinguished contemporaries. This was the sixth or seventh portrait of Luther by this able artist that I had seen. There is a remarkable similarity running through them; and having been taken from life, I suppose I have acquired as correct an idea of the living Luther as is possible, without seeing him in the flesh. Here also I found an original portrait of the illustrious Swedish monarch, Gustavus Adolphus, the magnanimous champion of oppressed Protestantism, the more

valuable because presented by himself, when on a visit to the city of the great Reformer.

In this Public Square, in front of the City Hall, is the celebrated monument of Luther, represented in the engraving. The design of this laudable enterprise was first suggested about the beginning of this century by the *Literary Society of Mansfeld*, the county in which the Reformer was born. Their original intention was to erect it in Mansfeld, and considerable sums of money had been collected in different parts of Germany, amounting, in 1807, to 27,230 Prussian dollars. But the desolating wars which soon after swept over Europe, for some time delayed the work. In 1816, the Society referred the location and general management of the monument to Frederick William, King of Prussia, who was very favorably disposed towards the enterprise, and contributed liberally to its funds. In 1817, the fund, including interest, had grown to 30,000 Prussian dollars, and the King published his decision, selecting Wittenberg as the most suitable place for the monument. On the first of November, being the second day of the third centennial Jubilee of the Reformation, by which Luther was immortalized, the King himself laid the corner-stone of the foundation for this great work of German gratitude, amidst an unusual array of speeches, and music, and sermons, &c., altogether forming a very imposing celebration. The monument was cast in Berlin, and occupied four years in the necessary process. It is a colossal statue of the great Reformer, eight feet high, appearing, when elevated, to be of natural size. It is a metallic composition, and was cast in the cannon foundry at Berlin, after a mould prepared by the celebrated artist, *Schadow*, first in brass, and then in gypsum. The metal used in casting weighed 10,000 pounds, and the statue as completed weighs 7500 pounds. In forming the features, Schadow had before him a wax bust of the Reformer, and several original portraits by Lucas Cranach, together with that by Lucas Fortennagel, of Halle. The work itself is regarded as a master-piece of art. In his left hand Luther holds the Bible, and with the forefinger of his right, points to its open pages. The statue stands on a pedestal of iron, and is covered by a cast iron canopy of Gothic structure. The whole rests on a base or foundation of native red granite, one piece of which

was originally twenty feet long, ten feet broad, and eight thick. The weight of this base, when finished, was 120,000 pounds, and it rises above the ground seventeen feet and a half.

The following inscriptions occupy the four sides of the pedestal :

In front, "*Believe in the gospel.*" *St. Mark.*

On the right, "*If the work be of God, it will endure.*

"If of man, it will perish." *Luther.*

On the left, "*Our God is an immovable tower.*" *Luther.*

On the rear, "Founded by the Society of Mansfeld, by collected contributions, and erected by King Frederick William III."

Such is the highly creditable monument of Luther at Wittenberg. And who that contemplates the man, and the work which Providence accomplished by him, can detract from his fame? It may indeed be said of Luther, as of most men, he was the man of his age; his early character was not a little influenced by the character of the times and country in which he lived. But it is equally true that in maturer years his greatness consisted in no small degree in his ability to rise above the conventionalities of his condition, and he certainly achieved some of his greatest triumphs by resisting the current of events, and turning them adroitly to the advantage of his cherished plans of reform; thus himself becoming a main-spring in the evolutions of contemporary history, and leaving his impression on the destiny of nations for centuries to come. Such men are the benefactors of their race, and deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. The high veneration even of the civil authorities, and of the public generally, for these moral heroes, we were happy to find, is every where manifest throughout Protestant Germany. Few things on earth can be so well calculated to cherish the spirit of Protestantism, and so successfully to fortify the people against the encroachments of Romanism, as the habit of paying constant respect to the memory of the illustrious dead by monuments and annual celebration of their eventful deeds. Happy would it be for our country and our Church, if the same practice prevailed more extensively amongst us. We intend to propose to the next General Synod to recommend to all our pastors the annual celebration of the Reformation, by making it the sub-

ject of a special discourse on every 31st of October, or the succeeding Lord's-day. And we believe it would be money well applied, if some wealthy admirer of Luther would appropriate a thousand dollars to the erection of a monument in honor of the great Reformer, in front of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

In some future number, we may perhaps resume the subject, and describe the churches and other institutions of this interesting Lutheran city.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, HARTWICK SEMINARY.

THE Bible, considered as a directory for the conduct of our lives, not only lays down rules and principles of action, but furnishes us with examples. It presents to our view both virtuous and vicious characters as objects of imitation or of warning. Of these, none, next to that of our blessed Saviour himself, is drawn out at fuller length, or in more vivid colors, than that of Joseph; and none, perhaps, offers a more instructive example, especially adapted to the young. It shows how the foundation for a useful and respectable life must be laid early, and how piety, the fear of God, is the only source of a truly virtuous conduct. We learn from it how, from the lowest condition, a man may rise, by a consistent course of virtue and piety, to a high station in society; and how the Lord will never forsake those that put their trust in Him. The sacred narrative presents to us this remarkable man in a variety of trying situations, in all of which he acted the same wise, pious, and consistent part.

It is said that Israel loved Joseph more than all his brethren, because he was the son of his old age. Any one acquainted with the concise and suggestive style of the Bible, will see that it is not intended by this expression that there were no other nor higher reasons for this preference. The narrative itself furnishes these, in describing the excellent character of Joseph. Indeed his whole history, drawn out to such unusual length,

is a comment upon this matter, showing that this affection of the aged father was not misplaced. The import of the words is rather that Israel's affection, though set upon a most deserving object, was, through the natural infirmity of old age, manifested in a way that was not the most prudent. He gave to Joseph a dress such as none but nobles wore, and thus stirred up the envy of his brethren. Thus viewed, the narrative is calculated to teach parents the sad consequences of displaying an undue partiality to a favorite child, and that a justifiable preference needs yet to be under the regulation of prudence and self-denial.

It is my design to hold up the character of Joseph as a model for youth. The qualities that distinguished him were principally these seven: Early and consistent piety, conscientiousness, prudence, diligence, faithfulness, filial and fraternal affection. We will consider them in their order.

What we insist on, *first*, is, his *early and consistent piety*. This lay at the foundation of his other excellences. And, indeed, without sincere piety no one can ever attain to any but a very spurious excellence of character. Young persons that form to themselves an ideal of perfection into which piety does not enter as the fundamental principle, will find, in the end, that they have been pursuing a shadow, with the loss of the reality. Man's highest duty, as well as his chief interest, lies in reverence and love to God, submission to His will, and obedience to His commands. Neglecting these, he fails to secure the approbation of his Maker; he forfeits the aid of divine grace; he carries about with him an evil conscience, and sooner or later sinks into the arms of absolute selfishness and heartlessness. It is only by erecting the edifice of his virtues upon the deep-laid foundation of a sincere and active piety, that his character can assume the beautiful harmony of grace and virtue as displayed in the life of Joseph. That he *early* feared and loved God, we infer from the tenor of the inspired narrative, in which no intimation is given of any great change having taken place in his character from the time when he is first introduced, in his seventeenth or eighteenth year; while his piety is repeatedly adverted to by the expression, that the Lord was with him and prospered him. We infer it from the evident tone of approbation with which his conduct

is spoken of, as well as from that strength of character and ripeness of virtue which he manifested, under the most trying circumstances, at the age of early manhood. While his brethren, with few or no exceptions, seem to have been led astray by the evil examples of the heathen among whom they dwelt, Joseph alone appears to have been preserved from the contagion, and to have profited by the instructions of his pious father, whose favorite he naturally became.

But his piety did not only commence at an early period of his life; it was a light that shone brightly and steadily to the end of his days. It manifested itself in the period of his servitude, when, by his fidelity and zeal, he so won upon his master's confidence, that he intrusted all his affairs to the care of Joseph. It shone forth with still greater lustre when his virtue was assailed by his master's wife, and he replied in those remarkable words, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He dwells not upon the danger to which they would be exposed, in case of discovery. This was not what he feared. But he feared the displeasure of God, whose eye he knew was every where, and whose favor he valued more than life. And though he adverts to the ingratitude he would be guilty of towards his master, yet the principal and fundamental ground of his resistance was, that it would be sinning against God. Thus, where the fear of God prevails in the heart, it is armed against every temptation, and has a ready answer for every sinful suggestion and snare. Here is a principle of virtue adequate to every emergency. Happy the youth who by early piety is prepared, like Joseph, to resist every instigation to evil!

Another evidence of the humble piety of Joseph we have in his reply to Pharaoh, when he had been sent for to interpret the king's dream. "It is not in me," he says; "God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace." He rejects all credit to himself, and gives the praise to God. This humble sense of entire dependence upon God is the never-failing accompaniment of sincere and deep piety. It is a quality peculiarly becoming the creature, and highly esteemed by God. "He giveth grace to the lowly;" but "the proud He knoweth afar off; and every one that is proud is an abomination to God." By this grace of humility Joseph was fitted for that elevation that awaited him, and for which he had been prepared by the various hard-

ships and trials through which he had been made to pass. Thus God trains His servants for their work, and in His own good time will raise them to a position of greater usefulness and activity; and thus He will speedily turn a night of sorrow into the morning dawn of a long day of joy.

Another evidence of his deep and consistent piety he gave when he made himself known to his brethren, and so kindly excused their harsh treatment of him, in these words: "Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life." He recognizes the hand of God in the troubles that had befallen him, and so far from entertaining thoughts of revenge for the injuries he had suffered, he only sees in his brethren the instruments employed by a wise and overruling Providence for bringing about its gracious purposes. But how hard it is for us to acknowledge the hand of God when we suffer through the wickedness of our fellow-men, perhaps of those who were nearly connected with us, is well known to such as have had the experience of it. Nay, I have met with persons who seemed to be Christians in the main, who, for want no doubt of proper instruction, could not see that God had any thing to do with their trials, when brought upon them through the agency of wicked men. But if "not" even "a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our Heavenly Father," how much less can any misfortune befall those whom He acknowledges as His children, without His consent, and but for His gracious purposes, to make all work eventually for our good!

We shall mention only one more evidence of Joseph's piety, which will prove that it was constant to the end of his life. I refer to his dying command, when he made his brethren swear that they would take his bones with them when they should leave Egypt, and bury them with his fathers, in the land of Canaan. By this he showed his faith in the promise given to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and his firm reliance on God that He would fulfil His promises to the utmost; an instance of faith which was not overlooked by the apostle in his enumeration of worthies who "obtained a good report," and which is thus held up by the Holy Spirit for our encouragement and imitation. If, like these ancient saints, we trust in

the Lord to the close of our earthly pilgrimage, we shall share with them in the possession of the heavenly Canaan, of which the land of Palestine was but a type.

The *second* trait in the character of Joseph, which we were to consider, is his *conscientiousness*. Strictly speaking, piety and conscientiousness are one and the same, though, by the perversion of our nature, men may be seen who appear very conscientious in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures, while they show but little respect for the authority of God. In such a case, their principles will be found to be the result rather of habit and education, than of solid conviction. And while we would not disparage even such a degree of virtue, it falls far short of the excellence of a truly pious man. We may see the conscientious adherence to principle, when Joseph brought the report of the ill conduct of his brethren unto their father. For he must have known that he would thus expose himself to their malice, and was no doubt well enough aware of their vicious disposition, and of the injuries to which he would be liable. Yet it does not appear that this deterred him from doing his duty.

His conscientiousness was manifested in his conduct in the service of Potiphar, who no doubt discovered that the diligence and faithfulness of his Hebrew servant were the results of a pervading principle flowing from his piety and fear of the Lord; so that he hesitated not to intrust all his affairs into his hands. We have another example of this quality in his interpretation of the dreams of the butler and baker who were cast into the same prison where he was confined. How honestly did he tell them what their dreams portended, though it was a very unpleasant task, no doubt, in the case of the baker. Just so with the dream of Pharaoh. Though the first part, significant of seven years of plenty to come, was agreeable enough, yet the seven of famine that should follow would do away all the good results of the former. But he withholds no part of the divine message, but faithfully delivers the whole, whether it might be acceptable or not. This was only of a piece with his conduct in a previous instance, when he so candidly repeated his own dreams to his father and brethren.

The bad consequences resulting to him from this very candor might be expected to make him more cautious in future. But

his principles were proof against such a temptation, and in the issue were crowned with a glorious reward. After he had passed through the furnace of affliction, and had been sufficiently tried, when his virtue was properly ripened, he was brought out of his prison and raised to the second place in the kingdom. Thus was the seal of Providence set upon that maxim that has obtained currency in the world, "Honesty is the best policy." Thus was a public and impressive example given to the world that God will never forsake those that, out of reverence for his authority, refuse to do wrong, however strongly tempted, or to omit duty, though exposing them to present injury or danger. As the conscientiousness of Joseph forms a marked feature in his character, so it was also signally rewarded. Even while in prison on a false and malicious accusation, it gained him the confidence and good-will of the jailor, who gave him the oversight of all the prisoners, and no doubt afforded him every alleviation that was in his power.

The *third* feature in the character of the excellent patriarch, embraced in our enumeration, is his *prudence*. Without prudence, the best disposition and the most promising talents will prove vain. How many, especially of the young, have ruined their prospects and destroyed their usefulness by rashness and inconsiderate haste! A proper regard to circumstances of time, and place, and person, is a necessary part of duty. To disregard these is to deny our reason, which was given us for this very purpose, to regulate all our emotions and actions. It is generally termed wisdom in Scripture, and its office is described where we read that "wisdom is profitable to direct." This principle must be under the government of conscientiousness, or it will degenerate into mere selfishness and cunning. But conscientiousness, without the check of prudence, will run into extravagance and ultraism, of which we have but too many examples in our day of unreflecting activity. The character of Joseph, on the contrary, was strongly marked with prudence. Of this, the confidence he every where inspired is a sufficient evidence. For this is just the virtue that commands confidence. No one that was wanting in this has ever exerted much influence over others. They will say, perhaps, he has every kind of sense but common sense, by which nothing else is intended than the want of this very virtue.

On one occasion this quality was most signally displayed by Joseph. I refer to the reception he gave to his brethren when they came down into Egypt to purchase corn. Though he at once recognized them, he did not for some time make himself known to them. His object was, first to discover their present disposition towards their father and himself, and to see whether they were sincerely sorry for their atrocious conduct, and, if possible, to bring them to a hearty repentance for their sin. Hence he made himself strange to them, and, by mingled severity and kindness, sought to awaken reflection in their breasts. He not only pretended to consider them as spies, but required them to bring along his younger brother, Benjamin, on whom he knew his father's affection was now concentrated as the only child left (as Jacob thought) of his beloved Rachel.

We may wonder why he would put his father to so severe a test as that of parting with his darling son. But the happy results which Joseph anticipated, and the importance of testing thoroughly the feelings of his brethren, prevailed over any scruples he might have on this subject. Besides, he might be induced to take this step by the reflection that it would make it so much easier for his father to agree to another remove in his old age, after having so long wandered from place to place. But so far as his brethren were concerned, the requirement to bring Benjamin with them, with the additional purpose that he had formed, was just the thing to test the state of their feelings. And when he found that they were truly sorry for what they had done to him, and for the distress which they had brought upon their father, he gave way to the impulse of his feelings, and made himself known to them. It would lead us too far, to dwell upon the wisdom of his procedure in this whole matter. It must be manifest to every one that reflects upon it, that the plan was well adapted to let him into the innermost feelings of his brethren, and thus enable him to regulate his conduct by the state of their minds. No less was it calculated to awaken their conscience, if it were yet slumbering, and to make them sensible of the atrocity of their conduct towards himself, as well as towards their father. And the event proved the wisdom of his procedure; and no doubt, from that time forth, their lives were different from what they had been. We may reasonably conjecture that, with the awakened

consciousness of the wrong they had practised towards their brother, joined to the wonderful providence which had made this very wrong prove the means of their preservation and that of the whole family, they were brought to a sincere repentance towards God, and henceforth led lives of piety and faith. And without something of the wisdom displayed in the conduct of Joseph towards his brethren, our attempts to lead men to reflection and repentance will seldom prove effectual. If in all our undertakings we should exercise a due share of prudence, no less should this be the case in our exertions for the good of souls and the spread of the truth. But this is a very different thing from that heartless neglect of our unconverted neighbor, which some would endeavor to disguise, under the pretense of prudence. Another striking instance of prudence was exhibited in the care taken by Joseph to place his father's family in the land of Goshen, a thinly settled grazing country on the north-east extremity of the land of Egypt, where they might be less exposed to the corrupting influence of the prevailing idolatry. For this purpose, he required of them to state distinctly to the king their way of life as a nomadic people who wander about with their flocks and herds. Towards such the Egyptians felt a strong aversion, occasioned probably by the fact that in former times they had been invaded, from the side of Palestine, by such a nomadic race; so that we read that "every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Or it may have been owing to their religious notions, according to which many animals which a shepherd race would slaughter for food were held sacred by the Egyptians.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEAVES FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO.

THE BESETTING SIN.

It was several years ago, during the early period of my ministry, that I was permitted to labor among a primitive people, mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits, and exhibiting the various phases of character that are seen in every commu-

nity. The place had its joys and its trials. The church edifice stood on an elevated and highly productive table-land, and overlooked the neighboring country far away to the south and west, embracing in the view a landscape that is not often surpassed in calm and varied beauty. All around could be seen well-cultivated farms, green with the rich verdure of spring, or covered with the luxuriant fruits of summer, waving to and fro as the welcome breeze passed gently over them, their golden lights and shades changing like the undulations of the sea when in a playful mood; with here and there a grouping of trees, or a thickly wooded forest covering many acres; whilst in the extreme distance rose an elevation higher than the rest, in the immediate vicinity of what has since become a celebrated and fashionable watering-place. On each returning Sabbath, if the weather was pleasant, the scene was animating beyond description. Many came to the house of God on foot a distance of one or two miles, many families came in carriages, and many young men on horseback; making altogether a cheering sight, as the multitudes thus wended their way to the sanctuary. We had our weekly gatherings too, which were well attended. These were held in schoolhouses or private dwellings. And in these meetings the members of the church frequently participated, when invited by the pastor, saying a word of exhortation, or confessing their sins one to another; speaking of their difficulties and trials, or offering a prayer, as they happened to feel. These meetings, though they were eminently social, and free from all stiffness and reserve, were nevertheless conducted with the utmost decorum and order, being entirely under the control and direction of the pastor, when present, and on other occasions under the charge of some judicious lay brother, previously appointed for the purpose, who read a chapter, gave out a hymn, called upon individuals to take part in the exercises, and was, in a word, responsible for the proper management of the meeting.

These were pleasant circumstances: but there were trials too; and one of these arose from the fact that the most active friend of these social meetings—the most earnest in prayer, the most free in confession, the most pointed in exhortation—had one besetting sin which was too visible to escape my observation. Perhaps it was overlooked by others, as this

particular sin is very apt to be; but its discovery weighed upon my mind continually, and I could not dismiss the unpleasant sensations it produced. It was the sin of *covetousness*; not betrayed by any dishonest practices—the individual was honest, and above the suspicion of ever having wronged his neighbor out of a cent—but by withholding what ought to have been freely given to the cause of Christian benevolence. I could not doubt his piety. In all other respects he led a consistent life. He was exemplary in his walk and conversation. But when invited to contribute to the treasury of the Lord, he seemed to be well-nigh invulnerable. It was impossible to question his sincerity when he prayed for the progress of Christ's kingdom; and yet there were many who prayed with less apparent fervency, and many too whose piety was considered somewhat below the right standard, who practised a far greater liberality.

Some would have been inclined, perhaps, to ascribe this inconsistency to the utter absence of Christian principle. But I could not so regard it. I believed, and now believe, that this individual was a subject of renewing grace; but covetousness was his besetting sin. I could easily account for it. He had commenced the world with nothing. He had always been a hard-working man, and out of the earnings of his daily toil had purchased a handsome farm; and while practising a most rigid economy with reference to this end, his frugal management had degenerated into parsimony; and thus money-making and money-saving became the strong and controlling habit of his nature, and covetousness his besetting sin.

In a case like this it is right to exercise that charity which "hopeth all things." But it is also right for that disciple who has been the slave of a habit utterly inconsistent with a fully-developed and well-proportioned Christian character, to get rid, as soon as possible, of this dead weight upon his progress. We must be charitable in our judgment; for if in every similar instance we were strictly to apply the gospel standard of liberality as a test of unfeigned love to God and man, there are many whose sincerity we should be compelled to question. The charge has indeed been made, and supported by an array of facts which it would be hard to deny, and a force of reasoning which it would be difficult to refute, that covetousness is

the besetting sin of the Church. And the progress of the Church towards a high standard of piety, and the universal conquest of the world, must be slow, until this besetting sin is conquered and laid aside. But the Church is made up of individuals. Let the disciple of the benevolent and self-sacrificing Redeemer ask himself, then, whether covetousness is his besetting sin. And if it is, let him fight manfully against it, and task himself to the practice of a self-denying generosity, so that all may see that he is perfectly honest and sincere when he prays, "Thy kingdom come."

A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

ONE day I was seated in my study, busily engaged in one of those mental explorations which are, or ought to be, so familiar to all who have to preach two discourses on the Sabbath, and lecture during the week; and had just struck upon what I considered a rich vein of thought, when a ring at the door announced the possibility of an unpleasant interruption. It was not long before the nature of the case was made plain, and a very distinct call gave me to understand that I was wanted below. Our visitor was a lady who lived some eight or nine miles from our house. She had been on a visit of several weeks, and was now on her return, and she had called to ask me whether I would take her home. This person belonged to a wealthy family that owned one of the largest and best farms in that section of country, and possessed all the conveniences of locomotion in the shape of horses and carriages; and what rendered the matter somewhat peculiar was, she had written to her friends, informing them very distinctly on what day she expected to be at S——, but did not find them in waiting. True, there were public conveyances in town, but the family, though wealthy, had strict notions of economy, and understood well the meaning of the axiom, "A penny saved is a penny earned;" though in this particular instance it was not duly considered that a penny saved to them might possibly be a loss to somebody else.

Well, I consented with a good grace, and not with a very bad will, for I determined to make some pastoral visits, if possible, before I returned; though, in truth, it was one of the last days I would have chosen for such a purpose, if the choice

had been left entirely to myself. The weather was pleasant enough. It was early spring, and the sun shone with an inviting warmth. The birds, too, had commenced their singing. But the roads were intolerable. In the valley the snow had disappeared, but on the hills over which we had to pass it still covered the roads and lanes to the depth, in some places, of from two to four feet. To go with a sleigh was next to impossible. So I took my carriage as the vehicle which would probably be the easiest for the horse, whose comfort I always consulted at such times. We went slowly along, consuming more than an hour in passing over half the distance; when, just as we reached the summit of a high hill, we suddenly encountered a formidable snow bank that stretched completely across the road, and extended about half a mile in length. The snow had that peculiar consistency which it acquires after the drifting storms of winter have heaped pile upon pile, and the rains and sunshine of opening spring have compacted the mass. The horse, one of the best in the world, hesitated, after the first attempt, to advance, and seemed to think, so far as I could judge from the pointing of his ears in a backward direction, that it would be best to return, so that it required the spur of the whip to urge him on. And on we went, the poor animal pulling and tugging at every step as if for his life; until, when about midway, one of the traces snapped asunder. It was a severe trial of patience, especially when I saw the sweat literally running down the sides of the faithful beast, and dripping on the snow. In ten minutes the harness was mended, and the feat of working our way through the snow-bank was finished without further interruption. In something less than three hours from the time of starting, we arrived safely at our journey's end. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would not have been an extraordinary stretch of liberality, if the empty sack which I sometimes carried with me to meet possible emergencies had been filled with oats from the well-stored granary, for the purpose of recruiting the strength of my wearied horse. But it was fairly a service of disinterested benevolence, as I supposed it would be. I expected nothing, and my expectations were fully realized.

On my way home I called on one of my parishioners, and when I stabled my horse that night, my granary was, after all, better supplied than when I left in the morning.

Who will say that this was a fruitless journey ; that the time was thrown away ? I did not so regard it. I saw contrasts of character which were instructive. And besides, I enjoyed the fresh, free air of that pleasant day, and in all probability was invigorated both in body and mind.

THE TWO GREGORYS.

BY REV. CHARLES F. SCHAEFFER, D. D.

AMONG the eminent men whose personal labors and whose theological writings, during the struggles of the fourth century, materially aided in establishing certain points of the Christian faith, which are now generally adopted by Orthodox churches, two are often mentioned who bore the same name of Gregory. They were both born in the ancient Cappadocia, a province of Asia Minor, now constituting a part of Asiatic Turkey, and known by the name of Anatolia, or rather, Anadoli. The one is usually named Gregory Nazianzen, from the city of Nazianzus, in which he was born. The other, Gregory Nyssen, derived this distinctive appellation from the city of Nyssa, in which he was invested with the office of Bishop at a comparatively early age. They are quoted by our older divines simply by the respective names of Nazianzenus and Nyssenus.

Both were stern opponents of the Arian heresy, which extensively prevailed in their day, and which maintained that while it was allowable to assign the name of *God* to Jesus Christ, he was, nevertheless, merely a creature, and not coëternal, coëssential and coëqual with the Father. When Nazianzen first came to Constantinople, the residence of the Roman Emperor, he found all the churches occupied by Arians, and was compelled to preach the true doctrine in a private house. After his cause had prevailed, and the Arian party had lost political power, a church was erected on the site occupied by that house, to which the name of *Anastasia*, or the Church of the Resurrection, was given, for the purpose of characterizing the spot on which the true faith had been restored to life.

These two eminent men not only display in their writings a sincere love of the truth, but also evince a high order of talent. Both also seem to possess a certain vein of sarcasm,

or rather to be capable of exhibiting a holy indignation, less pungent, perhaps, in the expression, than the derisive address of Elijah to the priests of Baal, (1 Kings xviii. 27,) but still sufficient to place the errors which they combated in a very distinct light. Their writings furnish the following specimens, in a free translation. The Bishops of Constantinople, often worldly-minded and ambitious men, were accustomed to visit the extravagant entertainments of the nobility, and also themselves to indulge in an expensive and luxurious style of living; the people were at length taught to expect display on the part of the Bishop, and to censure its absence. The unassuming Nazianzen, while he presided over the church in Constantinople, gave serious offense by his humility and the unostentatious life which he led. On withdrawing from the city he said: "Reproaches may be directed against me; indeed I have been reproached on account of the meanness of my table, the unsuitableness of my apparel, the absence of pomp in my travels, the neglect of form and ceremony in my intercourse with others. But I was really not aware that we, ministers of the Church, are required to rival our consuls, our governors, and our most distinguished military generals, who cannot find a sufficiently expeditious mode of wasting their money. It seems that we are expected, in a noble spirit of emulation, perhaps, to eat as much as the limits of the stomach will contain, until we have expended in superfluous dishes the means that belong to the necessities of the poor, and then can find relief only by ejecting again the delicate morsels. We shall best secure the dignity of our office, it seems, by riding on costly and showy horses, or in splendid chariots, accompanied by a glittering cortège of flatterers, and proceeding with such impetuosity, that all who are approaching retreat from us as they would from wild beasts, while clouds of dust announce our coming to the distant traveller."

Neander, to whom we are indebted for this quotation, gives one also from the works of Gregory of Nyssa. This eminent man alludes to the fashion which had become prevalent among all classes in Constantinople, of discussing theological subjects in the same spirit and style in which they delighted to speak of the theatrical amusements, the races, the banquets and other follies of the day. "At present," says he, referring to the Arians, "we find those who spend their time like the Athe-

nians, &c. (Acts xvii. 21.) There are many who were yet yesterday engaged in the meanest pursuits only, and who to-day already attempt to teach doctrinal theology; some, who were perhaps slaves, industrious only when the lash was suspended over them, and now runaways, gravely philosophize before us concerning things incomprehensible. You well know, my hearers, to whom I allude, for the whole city, the lanes, streets, roads, markets, are all burdened with them; they are dealers in clothes, they are changers of money, they are hucksters. When you purchase of such a man, and ask for the pennies or small change which you are to receive, he will philosophically explain to you the difference between 'begotten' and 'unbegotten.' If you inquire for bread, and wish to know its price, he will answer: 'the Father is greater, and the Son is subject to him.' If you say to the attendant at the bath-house, 'the temperature of the water suits me,' he answers with the definition: 'the Son was created, and did not previously exist.'"

There is more of the invective of the political or legal orator in these words, than of the sobriety and gentleness which the Christian teacher should exhibit; these orators did not, however, often indulge in such language, for they were eminently pure and devout men. If they had lived in the nineteenth century, instead of being excited and harassed by the disputes of the fourth century, even these specimens would, without doubt, not have been furnished by them. They certainly did not exceed the limits of the truth in these descriptions of the frivolous spirit of many of their contemporaries.

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the elements of the Christian mother's prayer—that prayer which receives an answer—is a strong faith. Such a faith will consider every discouragement as an additional reason for perseverance. The want of success in the endeavor to lead the soul of her child to Christ, will only increase the urgency of petition. Human appliances may fail, but the power of divine truth is exhaustless, and may prevail, even in

cases that are beyond the reach of the ordinary means. And when we speak of the ordinary means, we allude to the Spirit's influence, among the rest. There is an ordinary influence which accompanies Christian fidelity in the work of human conversion, and which often accomplishes the end in view. Take the child who is carefully instructed from his early years. Imperceptibly, and yet surely, may the divine Spirit go along with those instructions, writing them indelibly upon the mind. In this case, the work of moulding the character, of reforming it after the model of the gospel, is constantly progressive; so that we often hear of persons who cannot point out the day or the hour of their conversion. So long as they have had any moral consciousness, they are sensible of having loved and feared God.

But there are other cases in which fidelity is not thus rewarded. Owing to some peculiarity in the moral constitution of the child, or from some other reason, the truth does not exercise the power which it ought. The child grows up, and youth fades away into manhood, and there is no evidence of conversion. And then the difficulty is increased, by his being thrown out upon the busy world, mid the strifes of men; where the din of business, or the raging surges of human passion, or the noise of ambition, contending for renown, is so apt to dazzle and fill the mind with what is earthly and fading. At this crisis, scarcely any thing appears to be left for the praying mother but prayer. She has been sowing the good seed, but the enemy has been busy, at the same time, sowing tares, and there is danger that, in so genial a soil as the human heart, they may prevail over all the good impressions of early life. And yet she despairs not. Her faith brings her to the mercy-seat. There she pleads the promises of God. She pleads her own earnest desires. She pleads the value of the soul. She prays that some chord of memory, that some spring of the mind may be touched, which shall revive the past—the days of childhood and early youth—and bring up, with resistless power, the recollection of maternal faithfulness and love. She believes that divine grace may so control and guide the thoughts; she believes that the seed of truth, which now lies apparently dead, beneath the surface of indifference and unbelief, may still possess vitality, which needs only to be stimu-

lated and encouraged by a life-giving impulse from on high, in order to spring up, and grow, and ripen into fruit.

Such a faith—the prayer of such a faith—is very likely to secure its object. It appeals to the strong sympathies of Him who is all benevolence. It is earnest, confident, full of strong hope. Do we question whether such prayer is heard? Do we question whether God, in answer to it, often puts in operation all the extraordinary agency that can be made to bear upon the human mind, consistently with its freedom and accountability? Ask, rather, whether God reigns; whether he is true to his promises; whether he has power to change, by some master-touch, the current of the mind's thoughts and the heart's feelings. By one of those mysterious spiritual laws of which we know nothing, we have reason to believe that the power of such prayer is felt: that it often turns the destiny, and changes all the prospects of the soul. To doubt this, is to limit the agency of the divine Spirit; it is to confine that agency to the methods that lie within the circle of our own vision. We can understand how the Spirit may operate at the very moment when the mother is addressing truth to the mind of the child. We see an appropriate and sufficient medium in the tearful eye of that mother, in her trembling voice, in the swell of the soul's emotions, visible in every feature, and in her whole manner. But we cannot understand how prayer can affect its object when that object is removed far away from these outward tokens of maternal tenderness and concern. But if *we* cannot understand this, God can. He has not made us familiar with the mode of operation of all his laws. Nor is it more incomprehensible that the Spirit should thus descend upon the heart, in answer to prayer, than that it should descend at all; and the same God who pours out his transforming grace, may pour it out when and where he pleases. Yes, we believe that a mother's prayer has often saved her child. We believe it is often a bright cloud of mercy, that hovers above and around him, leading him on to virtuous thoughts, and, in the hour of temptation, throwing a light upon his path, and a restraining influence around the struggling and wayward passions of his heart.

ECLECTIC.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

THE following extracts from an article which appeared originally in the New-York *Evangelist*, and is there an appeal to Constitutional Presbyterians, needed only the alteration of a few words to make them equally forcible and appropriate as an appeal to the membership of the Lutheran Church. We have made the alteration, and hope the appeal may have its due weight, especially at a time when the subject of Church extension is widely agitated among us :

"Dot the West all over with neat, tasteful sanctuaries, from which shall peal forth, every Sabbath morning, the hallowed, stirring notes of the church-going bell, summoning from every hill-top and valley, and beautiful prairie of that broad land, the entire population to the worship of Jehovah, and you have done more to give permanency to the institutions of our country, both civil and religious, and to bind together the whole community in the strong bonds of a common brotherhood and a common Christianity, than can be done in any other way.

"The experience of the Western churches has demonstrated at least *one* truth, viz., that houses of worship are about as essential to the permanent establishment of gospel institutions, and the successful evangelization of the country, as the Sabbath. Blot out the Sabbath, and very little could be accomplished towards the salvation of our country in its thorough evangelization. This is no less true of the sanctuary. Sweep from our country every temple of worship, and the pall of universal night will settle down over our land. Even New-England—noble, highly-favored New-England! with all her energy of character, intelligence, and wealth; her thousands of devoted, self-sacrificing ministers, and her tens of thousands of church members—what would she be without the sanctuary? Silence every church-going bell, close every house of worship, and thus deprive her of the conservative, enlightening, purifying, and hallowed influences of the sanctuary, and you may write Ichabod on all her fair palaces; very soon infidelity, anarchy, and barbarism would spread their dark mantles over all her borders.

"As might be expected, it is found that the denomination that *first* erects a house of worship in any given locality, will usually succeed in establishing a permanent church, whatever may be true of others. Other denominations are beginning to appreciate this fact; and hence the Methodists, Episcopalians, Old School Presbyterians, and Congregationalists are sending West their thousands to assist their feeble churches in erecting houses of worship. If, therefore, Lutherans would compete with other denominations in the race of doing good, and would perform well their part in the evangelization of the West, the churches East must encourage and liberally aid our feeble, struggling churches in the West in their efforts to erect houses of worship.

"The seat of empire is moving westward. Ere long the sceptre of power will have passed the mountains. Soon the heart and lungs of this great nation will be located in the Mississippi Valley. Shall they send forth to every part of our glorious Union the vital currents of life, in a pure and healthy state? An affirmative answer to this question, under God, rests with Eastern Christians, and involves the necessity of their promptly and liberally furnishing the aid requisite to supply the whole country with the regular and permanent means of gospel grace. Said a learned professor, on his return from Europe, a few months since, 'Save America! For the sake of Europe and the world, save America!' To this I would add, 'Save the West! For the

sake of the Union and the world, save the West? Let Eastern patriots and Christians see to it that the West is thoroughly evangelized, then the Union is safe; and with all the energy of character, wealth, and power of our whole country enlisted in the cause of redeeming love, we may hope soon to see the world converted to God.

"Suppose \$10,000 were secured at an early day. This amount would render certain the erection of at least twenty sanctuaries. Twenty sanctuaries or more reared for the worship of the Triune Jehovah, at an expense so trifling! And it should be borne in mind that the fund, if put out as a loan, is not *exhausted* in the accomplishment of so great a work—a work, the value of which, in rendering *permanent* the civil and religious institutions of our country, can hardly be over-estimated. In a few years it will begin to flow back again into the treasury of the Society, when it will be reloaned, and will thus continue, every few years, to rear all over the West a new set of sanctuaries to the glory of God's grace. It is believed that results so rich and cheering to the heart of every patriot and Christian cannot be so certainly secured, in any other mode, by so small an outlay of means.

"In view of these considerations, it is obvious that the cause of 'Church Erection' must commend itself to every benevolent mind. It presents a large, important, and promising field of usefulness—one well calculated to enlist the warmest sympathies, and call forth the ardent prayers and the most liberal benefactions of all the friends of the West and our holy religion."

WILLIAM PENN.

With what an upright and open brow must William Penn have met the tribes at COAQUANNOG—the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands—foremost of a handful of Quakers, without weapon, undefended, except by that sure protector which the Almighty has stamped on every honest brow. Here the peace-loving lawmaker awaited the pouring out of the dusky tribes. Amid the woods, as far as eye could reach, dark masses of wild, uncouth creatures, some with paint and feathers, and rude but deadly weapons, advanced slowly and in good order; grave, stern chiefs, and strong-armed "braves," gathering to meet a few unarmed strangers, their future FRIENDS, not MASTERS! There was neither spear nor pistol, sword nor rifle, scourge nor fetter, open or concealed, among these white men; the trysting-place was an elm tree, of prodigious growth, at Shackamaxon, the present Kensington of Philadelphia.

How vexatious, that history should be so mute as to this most glorious meeting! The scene has never been either recorded or painted as it might be. After arranging all matters as to the future city, well might William Penn write home, "Here is what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would be well contented with, and service enough for God; for the fields are here white with harvest. Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts!"

But much as the lawgiver eulogized the "quiet" of his new colony, he was not content to remain there. His mind was anxious; his affections were divided between the two hemispheres. He therefore returned to England when Charles II. was trembling on the verge of the grave, which soon closed over him, leaving nothing for immortality but the fame of weakness even in vice.

After a lapse of seventeen years, he again sailed with his family to Pennsylvania; again was received by "white and red" as their father and their

friend; dispelled many differences; healed many sores; saw the city he had planned rising rapidly on every side.



The Residence of William Penn.

Slate-roof-House was the city residence of William Penn and his family while in Philadelphia on his second visit, in 1700, and is remarkable as the birthplace of the only one of the race of Penn born in this country. After Penn's decease, the house was retained as the Governor's residence; and John Adams and other members of Congress had their lodgings in the Slate-roof-House.

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A LITTLE child sat quietly upon its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story. The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled sadness and joy. Sometimes they scarcely rose above a whisper, but the listening babe caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a low sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment, and the ruby lips parted, and, in tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired,

"Did he die for *me*, mamma?"

"Yes, my child, for you—for all."

"May I love him always, mamma, and dearly too?"

"Yes, my darling; it was to win your love that he left his bright and beautiful home."

"And he will love me, mamma; I know he will. He died for me. When may I see him in his other home?"

"When your spirit leaves this world, my darling."

"My spirit?" murmured the child.

"Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love him here, you will go to live with him in heaven."

"And I may love him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma."

And the mother bowed her head, and prayed silently and earnestly that her babe might love the Saviour.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

THE mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross; and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The *clercus*, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its holy associations, and generally the mark.

CRUCIFIXION.

THE Hebrews derived this punishment from the Romans. The upright beam was let into the ground, and the criminal being raised up, was fastened to the transverse piece by nails driven through his hands; sometimes through his feet also; and often the feet were crossed, and one nail driven through both. The feet were sometimes bound to the cross by cords. A small tablet, declaring the crime, was placed on the top of the cross. The victim died under the most frightful sufferings, so great that, even amid the raging passions of war, pity was excited. The wounds were not in themselves fatal. A raging fever soon sets in, and the victim complains of throbbing headache, intense thirst and pain. When mortification ensues, as is sometimes the case, the sufferer rapidly sinks. He is no longer sensible of pain, but his anxiety and sense of prostration are excessive, hiccup supervenes, his skin is moistened with a cold, clammy sweat, and death ensues. The duration of life under these agonies varies with the constitution of the sufferer, and the state of the weather. Death was hastened by the heat of the sun, and the exposure to the cold night air, but it did not ordinarily ensue until he had hung for thirty-six hours or more.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A LITTLE boy was observed by a constable gathering grass on the Boston Common, and was told by the officer that he must not take the grass. "Oh, but I must have it for my rabbits." "But you must not take it," said the officer. "I must have it," the boy replied. "Well," said the constable, "if you must have it, you must go and ask the Mayor." "Where is the Mayor?" asked the boy. He was directed to the City Hall, and told that he would find him there. So off he trudged to the City Hall, and by dint of inquiry found the Mayor, and was introduced to him. The Mayor inquired, "Well, my son, what do you want of me?" "I want some grass for my rabbits, Sir." "How many rabbits have you?" "Two, Sir." "But how do you expect to get grass of me?" "Why," said the boy, "I was getting grass on the Common, and they told me I must not have it, unless I would ask leave of you, Sir." "Go," said the Mayor, "and tell the officer to let you have as much grass as you want." We predict that that boy, if he lives, will make a MAN.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME ITEMS.

THERE are five million children in the United States, and only one million and a half under Sabbath-school instruction.

Private letters inform us of more than ordinary religious interest in a number of our congregations. It will be equally gratifying to our readers to learn that in several American colleges, and among them one at least that bears our name, a spirit of religious inquiry has been awakened during the past winter, and many young men have consecrated themselves to the work of the ministry. What connection these results may have with the annual concert of prayer that is observed in many churches, is a question that deserves to be pondered. Of one thing we are certain; God is the hearer of prayer, and if he has answered the special supplications that have been offered for colleges, he has only fulfilled the expectations which his own promises have created.

Wisconsin, with a sparse and emigrant population, has a school and university fund of \$850,000, and an annual outlay for the instruction of her children of \$120,000. Ninety thousand of her one hundred and twenty thousand children have attended school during the year. This is far more than can be said of some of the older States.

We deeply regret to learn the death of the Rev. Dr. Hazelius, well known in the Church as having been connected with three of our theological seminaries, and widely esteemed and beloved. It may be truly said of this faithful and aged servant of Christ, that he "fulfilled his course." The best tribute that can be paid to his memory is the affection with which it will be cherished by those who have had the privilege of listening to his able instructions and wise counsels. His biography belongs to the history of the institutions, North and South, (Hartwick and Lexington,) over which he presided for many years, and in that connection we shall endeavor to present it to our readers. He was seventy-five years of age.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE *Roman Catholic* ecclesiastical members in the Legislative Chamber of Prussia have refused to take the oath of obligation to the Constitution, except with certain reservations! Why is it that foreign Romish priests amongst us never become naturalized, except in a very few cases, to enable them to hold vested property?

The *Independents in England* have resolved to build fifty new churches in 1853, and have appropriated \$75,000 for this purpose.

In *Silesia*, a Romish priest, Copdina, renounced Popery, and connected himself with the Evangelical Church.

In *Frankfurt* on the Maine, the Romish order of Redemptorists have established a mission; thus aiming to strengthen their influence in the capital of the Germanic Confederacy.

In *Berlin, Prussia*, Dr. Ehrenberg, court preacher and consistorial counsellor, as well as one of the most distinguished rationalistic divines of Prussia, lately departed this life, aged about seventy-six years. He was wont to ascend the pulpit with his golden star and other badges of distinction hanging on his breast!

In *France*, the Romish bishops who, when the republic was established, a few years ago, were the first among religious bodies to avow republican principles, but have since secretly aided in undermining the liberties of their country, are now vying with each other in the most fulsome adulation of the usurper, and had introduced into the public forms of prayer the sentence, "*Lord, preserve our Emperor Napoleon!*"

In *China*, a French Roman Catholic missionary was recently beheaded. A

significant memento of the former administration of these wily Jesuits in that country!

Rome dreads the Light. The highest police authorities of Austria have prohibited the circulation of the following works throughout the entire empire: *Stiller's Outlines of the History and Doctrinal Differences between the Protestants and Roman Catholics*; *History and Principles of the Jesuits*, from the foundation of the order until the present time, after the French of Ad. Boucher, Tübingen, 1852. Also, some of the recent productions of Eugene Sue; the *German Classics*, by Dr. Orelli, vol. IV., &c.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Ancient Christianity Exemplified in the Private, Domestic, Social, and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians, and in the original Institution, Offices, Ordinances, and Rites of the Church.* By Lyman Coleman. 1852. pp. 645, 8vo.

This is a very valuable and important work, especially to theological students and ministers. The author coincides with those great masters of Christian archaeology, Boehmer, Augusti, Neander, and Plank, in decided opposition to the claims of Episcopacy as to the government, worship, discipline, and usages of the apostolic and primitive churches.

Select British Eloquence; embracing the best Speeches, entire, of the most eminent Orators of Great Britain for the last two centuries; with Sketches of their Lives, &c. With Notes, critical and explanatory. By C. A. Goodrich, D. D. 8vo., pp. 947. \$3.50.

Lutheran Prayer-Book, for the use of families and individuals; partly original, but chiefly compiled. With introductory remarks on Family Prayer; together with a selection of Hymns, and Music adapted to them. By B. Kurtz, D. D. pp. 450. This is a truly valuable work, deserving a place in every family library.

BRODHEAD'S EARLY HISTORY OF NEW-YORK is said to be a valuable accession to our stock of solid and desirable historical knowledge. It has a curious map of New-Netherlands as it was in 1664. This work is published by Harper & Brothers, who are also issuing a uniform edition of *Coleridge's Works*, under the editorship of Professor Shedd.

THE ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, for 1853, is spoken of as a work exceedingly valuable to scholars, scientific men, and artisans, and interesting to all who desire to note the progress of thought and invention among us.

BEATRICE, OR THE UNKNOWN RELATIVES, by Miss Catharine Sinclair, is described as an interesting, instructive, and powerful delineation of the deceptive arts by which Jesuitism accomplishes its purpose. It is highly recommended by several of the leading Protestant clergymen of New-York, and will probably have a wide circulation. Published by Dewitt & Davenport.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Among the recent issues of the German press, we observe especially—

Dr. *Hengstenberg's* Commentary on the Song of Solomon. 1 vol. 8vo. \$1.

Professor *Knobel's* Explanation of Genesis; being the second number of his Brief Exegetical Manual of the Old Testament. 8vo. \$1.50.

Dr. *Neander's* Universal History of Christianity; the last volume; edited from his papers, by K. F. T. Schneider.

Dr. *Tholuck's* Spirit of the Lutheran Theologians of Wittenberg, during the Seventeenth Century. 1 vol. 8vo. \$2.

During the last year appeared—

Dr. *Eberhard's* "Dogmatik," volume second; a good system of Reformed (not Calvinistic) Theology. \$5.

Of the *Polyglot Bible*, by Stier and Theile, another part of vol. II. has appeared.



Wartburg Castle,

AND THE SEIZURE OF LUTHER ON HIS WAY FROM WORMS.

SEE PAGE 42.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1853.

No. 2.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH AN EXAMPLE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, HARTWICK SEMINARY.

To prudence Joseph added *diligence*. Without this quality, he could never have accomplished the work assigned him when he was appointed the chief minister of state. We find from the narrative that he superintended every thing himself. He went about in the whole country, making the most suitable regulations. But this is a virtue that is not assumed at once. He had been early trained to an active and industrious life. His services would never have been valued so highly by Potiphar, had he not shown himself diligent. He appears to have been in earnest in all that he undertook. Without this, no truly valuable character was ever formed. All great men have been noted for their attention even to the minutiae of business, trusting nothing to others that they could attend to themselves, and requiring the same diligence in their subordinates. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," says the wise man, perhaps in reference to this very example, "he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." Without diligence, every other virtue loses its value, or rather, it cannot exist. At the same time, diligence derives

its character from the motive by which it is actuated. When flowing from no higher principle than a selfish desire to accumulate wealth for our own use or that of our family, beyond what is necessary for a comfortable subsistence, it is at best a virtue of a low order. But when caused, as in the case of Joseph, by a high sense of duty, from conscientiousness and the fear of God, it rises into one of the first of virtues; and it never fails to obtain its reward in a measure in this life, as strikingly exemplified in the subject of our remarks.

We hasten to a *fifth* characteristic of this remarkable man—his *faithfulness*. This might be considered the same as conscientiousness, of which we have already spoken. But the latter has reference to God, while by the other we mean his fidelity to his earthly superiors. This he displayed while yet at home in his father's house, by the careful discharge of the duties imposed upon him, so that it is evident that his father put more confidence in him than in any of his older brothers.

The same fidelity he manifested in the service of Potiphar, in prison, in the high office which he held in the state. But this virtue is so closely connected with the others, which we have already dwelt upon more at large, that we shall dismiss it and proceed to the

Sixth feature of his character—his *filial affection*. That he possessed the charities of life in an uncommon measure, no one can question who has read the affecting account which the Scripture gives of him. With what tenderness does he ask after the welfare of his father, while he durst not yet, in consistence with his plan, reveal himself to his brethren! And the peculiar affection which he felt for Benjamin flowed from his attachment and tender recollection of their common mother. With what heartfelt satisfaction does he send the message to his father that his son Joseph was yet alive, accompanied by the tokens of his regard, and the request that he would come down into Egypt, where he would take care of him for the remnant of his days! And all the means he employed to bring his brethren to repentance were peculiarly intended for the comfort of his revered parent, and were owing to the strength of his affection and respect. His treatment of his brethren was to turn upon the disposition they should evince towards their common father. And when he found that they now had

a tender regard for their father's feelings, and would henceforth endeavor to make his remaining days comfortable, he freely forgave all the injury he had suffered at their hands.

No less, *finally*, does his *fraternal* affection shine forth in the brightest light. It is evident that while he saw reason to conceal himself from the recognition of his brethren, he had to use the greatest violence with himself. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could restrain his emotions so far as not to betray himself. And never was there a more tender and affecting meeting than when he finally made himself known: "I am Joseph your brother. Does my father yet live?" Neither the injuries he had received at their hands, nor the years of suffering which he had to undergo in consequence, nor the long period of his absence from home, nor the elevation which he had attained, nor the new attachments which he had formed in the land of his exile, had altered his native affection for his brethren. He wept on their necks, and they on his. He will hear no apology nor excuse. The pleasure of being restored to his family banishes every other emotion. He only wants that they shall acknowledge with him the good and wise hand of God which had wrought so wonderfully in their behalf. He dispatches them home to carry the glad news to his father, and to hasten his departure for the land of Egypt, where his beloved Joseph would take the charge of him and his, and would close his eyes when he should be called from time into eternity.

We might have pointed out a variety of minor traits that enter into the character of this exemplary person, and give it that beautiful finish that makes him unquestionably one of the most perfect models of human excellence that the world has ever witnessed: His modesty, joined with a noble freedom, when introduced into the presence of the king; his virtuous pride (as we may term it) in presenting his venerable father before Pharaoh; his anxiety not to have his brethren reproach one another on his account; his indignant, though affectionate reproof when they feared that after the death of their father he might still harbor thoughts of revenge for their treatment of him. Nor must we forget the noble frankness with which he acknowledged his kindred before the court, though raised to such an exalted rank. He is one of the few individuals introduced in Sacred Writ of whom not a single fault is recorded,

though, no doubt, he shared in the common infirmities of our nature. And yet it is not to any peculiar talents that his excellence and success are attributed, if we except the skill that was given him to interpret dreams, which was probably restricted to the occasions that are specified, and which were rather intended as evidence to an idolatrous nation that the God whom he worshipped was the true God, than as qualifying him for a high station; while his own dreams were intended to prepare him for the severe trials to which his faith was to be subjected. On the whole, he is one of the most imitable characters presented in Scripture. His qualities were more of the moral than of the intellectual order. The young, especially, may derive vast benefit by contemplating the life of Joseph and striving to imitate his example. They may learn from it that if they would attain to a high degree of moral excellence, they must begin early to subdue their passions and appetites. They must banish the love of indolence and selfish enjoyment, cherish the social and family affections, and, above all things, cultivate early sincere and consistent piety, joined to a scrupulous conscientiousness in all their conduct. For the formation of such principles, they enjoy advantages that if neglected now will never return. If the youth of Joseph had not been devoted to the practice of those pious and virtuous dispositions which we have presented to your contemplation, he could never have attained that eminence which he finally reached. Nor would he in that case have proved the benefactor and saviour not only of his family, but of a whole kingdom. "The Lord was with him, and prospered him in all that he did;" but this was because he feared the Lord, and always regulated his conduct by the precepts of religion. God will honor those that honor him; and such as consecrate to his service their youthful vigor, shall be employed in stations of usefulness and honor. But such as devote their early days to folly, levity, and vice, should they repent in after life, will find that they have as much as they can do to recover what they have lost. They have a hard struggle to maintain with their evil habits and corrupt propensities, which have become inveterate by long indulgence. They will find temptations to evil much harder to be resisted than if they had begun early to practise self-denial and patient diligence. And while a youth brought up to industry and

virtue finds the path of life comparatively smooth and easy, to one that has given himself up to vice or indolence, the rest of his days will be a rough and up-hill road, which will tax all his resolution, while his progress will be comparatively slow. And let none deceive himself with the vain notion that he can be truly virtuous without sincere piety. The temptations of life are too many and too strong, and the resolution of man is too feeble, to enable any to overcome them by his own unaided efforts. And should there be here and there a rare example of one who without piety has escaped the temptations of evil that every where surround us, it will be found that it was owing to a natural apathy which few possess, and that after all he has lost the substance for the shadow. For what is virtue destitute of piety? What is the worth of a morality which, while it professes great regard for human welfare, has no regard for the honor of God? And what comfort can he enjoy on a dying-bed, just ready to be ushered into the presence of his Maker, who is conscious that he has never in earnest tried to pay him the reverence that he claims? What a sad change, after having enjoyed the applause of the world, to meet with the frown of God, where nothing will be left of all our former sources of comfort! From the history of Joseph we may learn that nothing is so well calculated to prepare a young man for a life of usefulness and honor, as a conscientious discharge of present duty. The business you are now employed in may seem to you of a low and trifling nature, little adapted to the aspirations of ambition. But remember it is in these little matters that you are to form those habits of diligence, order, fidelity, and skill, that will qualify you for something greater by-and-by. There is scarce a greater mark of folly than when a man neglects the duties of his present station, while he gives himself up to fanciful conjectures of how he would act under certain given circumstances. This practice, called castle-building, to which the young are particularly inclined, is a foe to all real improvement, and will in all probability cut off a man from the hope of eminence and moral excellence. Faithfulness in our present station is the condition of future promotion. But we learn too from the narrative that there is a Providence which directs and overrules the affairs of men; and to hope for success without the will of God, is to insure

disappointment beforehand. But to secure the favor of God, we must trust in him and obey him. We must never seek to advance ourselves by any forbidden means, but, in a situation of distress and affliction, wait patiently for the help of God, while we strive to do our duty conscientiously for his sake. Then in due time our deliverance will come, and sometimes in a way that we had not looked for. Joseph hoped to be released from prison by the intercession of the butler whose restoration to favor he had predicted. Instead of that, he had to remain yet two tedious years, through the ungrateful neglect of the courtier. But had he then been released, he would doubtless have returned to his family. He would not have been raised to the second place in the kingdom, nor have been able to preserve his family from the coming famine. Yet the dreams of the butler and baker were important items in the plan of Providence. They prepared the way for his introduction to Pharaoh, when the butler was unexpectedly reminded of his humble companion as one that had the gift of interpreting dreams. Hence we learn never to despair. If we but keep a good conscience towards God and man, we shall not be forsaken. And though we may not in the present life be raised to any station of peculiar dignity; though, notwithstanding our constant diligence, our utmost prudence and consistent piety, we may have to spend our days in apparent insignificance, we ought to bear in mind that this world is only intended as the preparatory stage of our existence, in which we are to acquire those habits of virtue and piety that will qualify us for an exalted station in the kingdom of God and his Christ, where the very lowest seat will be as far more elevated, noble, and dignified than the throne of the proudest earthly monarch, as heaven is higher than earth. And our admission into that kingdom, and our favorable reception there, will depend upon the conscientious discharge of our various duties here. It was in a state of slavery and imprisonment that Joseph was ripening for the place of honor that he was afterwards to occupy; and no doubt he often looked back with gratitude to the time, sad as it seemed, which he had passed in his captivity.

But there is none of the young that may not emulate Joseph, if they will follow his example. To you the Saviour proposes a noble prize. If you devote yourselves exclusively to his

service and obey his injunctions, beginning early and digging deep to lay the foundation in sincere repentance, lively faith, diligent service, self-denial and activity, you have a prospect of being useful and honored on earth, and, what is of far greater moment, of being raised to a state of dignity and happiness in the next world, where all the virtues and graces you shall have acquired here will find room for their full expansion and unconfined exercise. How much better, then, is it to set your aim high, to resolve upon your course, and to set out in earnest! But if you hope to escape final disappointment, you must begin at the right place. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that keep his commandments." Submit your will to his. Trust not in your own wisdom, but remember that he is wise, and he will teach you wisdom, if you humbly seek it of him. He has promised to give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Go to him in simple reliance on his gracious promise. Reject all vain thoughts of your own skill and ability. Remember that his providence rules the world, and he makes all things work for the benefit of his obedient people; while those who reject his authority will in the end prove to be fools. Their best-laid plans will end in disappointment; and should they have gained the whole world, yet what will their riches profit them in the day of wrath? When the soul is lost, what shall they give in exchange? Be wise now. Meditate upon the history of Joseph, and pray, and strive, and resolve to be like him in his early piety, in his conscientiousness, his prudence, his fidelity, his filial and fraternal affection, in all the noble features of his character;—then will you ultimately share in his reward.

CHRIST IS MINE.

MANY of our readers must have heard of the gentleman who took a friend to the roof of his house to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There," said he, "is my estate." Pointing to a great distance on one side, "Do you see that farm? Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house? That also belongs to me." In turn, his friend asked, "Do you see that little village out yonder? Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Ah! what can she say?" "Why, she can say, CHRIST IS MINE!" Indeed, she was the richer of the two.

T H E W A R T B U R G .

BY REV. T. STORK, D. D.

I.

CAPTURE OF LUTHER.

THE castle of Wartburg stands on a rocky eminence, a few miles south of Eisenach. That ancient fortress, rising in isolated grandeur from the Thuringian forest, is invested with many historical associations; but for none will it live so long and vividly in human memory as that by which it was consecrated as the Patmos of Luther.

It has been said that the "soul of man is not only earth's true amaranth, but earth's only antiseptic. It is only in the soul that this visible creation will, by and by, exist at all. It is only in memory that its fair scenes and curious objects will, ere long, survive. But there they can never die." No artist has preserved the touching scene at the grave of Lazarus, as it appeared to the gaze of the multitude; but there are memories in which it lives, and will live for ever.

And thus every common place, selected by Providence for the cradle of some mighty incident or the home of a mighty spirit, will be aggrandized with a moral glory that can never be forgotten. There may be nothing in the place itself to arrest the eye of the passing stranger. A thousand mariners might pass Helena, or Patmos, without any special attention; and yet those ocean-girt rocks are memorialized for ever—the one as the place where the greatest hero of modern history, "like a captured eagle, chafed and pined and died;" the *other* as the spot hallowed by the exile of the apostle John, whither he was sent for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus, where "the last thrill of inspiration was felt and the last glimpse of a glorified Redeemer vouchsafed."

A traveller tells us that, sailing up the Rhine on a dull afternoon, with little to interest the mind, the vessel stopped opposite an old German town. "We were looking languidly at its distant spires, and carelessly asked some one what town it was. 'Worms.' Worms! The battle-field of the Reformation!" And yet it was nothing but a dull, dreary German town, on a marshy plain. But whatever may be the outward appearance of the

place, Worms, where Protestantism achieved its noblest victory, is invested with a spiritual and deathless glory, a glory which even time, which "antiquates antiquity itself," can never obscure.

And thus the castle of Wartburg stands immortalized, in history and Christian memory, as Luther's Patmos. And whatever changes may have passed over the physical outlines of that hoary castle, it still lives, pictured in the memory of the great Reformer; and the image of that solitary room where he mused, and struggled, and prayed, still lingers in the memory of Luther in heaven, and will live, when every material vestige has departed, one of the consecrated spots of earth, as Hamilton says, "worthy of a mental pilgrimage even from the bowers of Paradise restored."

The capture of Luther, and his confinement in the castle of Wartburg, are invested with a romantic interest, and constitute one of the most important and thrilling epochs of the Reformation.

Luther, in obedience to the Imperial summons, appeared before the august Diet of Worms, and fearlessly confronted Charles V., the German princes and Roman dignitaries. In many respects, that was the most imposing assembly ever convened on earth—an empire against a man. It was the sublimest hour of Luther's life. "Cranach's picture represents Luther as he stood there, so lone and strong, with his great fire-heart; a new Prometheus, confronting the Jove of the sixteenth century and the German Olympus." There stood the Reformer, in the conscious majesty of truth, "strong in the Lord and the power of his might;" and when summoned by that Imperial Diet to revoke what he had written, he answered, with unblenching firmness, that unless convinced that he was in error by the testimony of Scripture, or by clear and plain argument, he would not recant. "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen."

Subsequent efforts were made, in private interviews, to induce some concessions on the part of the great Reformer, and, if possible, to evoke a full recantation of the alleged heresy; but Luther was inflexible in his adhesion to the Bible and the religious views set forth in his books.

The intrepid monk is subjected to the ban of the empire, and ordered to return whence he came within the space of twenty-one days.

On Friday morning, the 26th of April, 1521, after a social meeting with some of his friends, Luther departed from Worms under a sky overhung with storms. His heart overflowed with praise to God. "Satan himself," said he, "kept the Pope's citadel, but Christ has made a wide breach in it, and the Devil has been compelled to confess that Christ is mightier than he."

The edict against Luther, to which Charles V. affixed his signature and the seal of the empire, after designating the Reformer as the impersonation of Satan and the propagator of all the worst heresies of former ages, proceeds thus: "We have therefore dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all reasonable men count a madman, or possessed by the Devil; and it is our intention that, so soon as the term of his safe-conduct is expired, effectual measures be forthwith taken to put a stop to his fury."

The Elector of Saxony, who entertained the greatest admiration for Luther, and a deep sympathy for the cause which he had thus far so heroically espoused, devised an expedient for sheltering the Reformer from the gathering storm. It was arranged that Luther should be captured on his way home, and conveyed secretly to the castle of Altenstein or Wartburg, without informing the Elector which, so that, if interrogated, he might honestly declare his ignorance of his whereabouts.

This projected capture was communicated to the Reformer on the eve prior to his departure from Worms; and his views concerning it are expressed in a letter written to his friend Cranach, the artist, from Frankfort. In that letter he says: "I shall suffer myself to be taken and concealed, I do not know myself where. And though I would rather suffer death from the tyrants, especially from the furious Duke George, nevertheless I must not despise the counsel of friends, but must wait for the proper time."

This preconcerted plan of a friendly capture was executed on the afternoon of the 4th of May, in the most romantic part of the Thuringian forest. As Luther, in company with Amsdorf and his brother James, were passing along the circuitous mountain road near the ruined church of Glisbach, they were startled by the sound of prancing steeds echoing through the solitude, and suddenly there rushed from a narrow pass near Altenstein, five masked and armed horsemen. James, in con-

sternation, leaped from the wagon and fled from the scene. The driver, showing signs of resistance, is hurled to the ground, while Armsdorf is grasped by another of the assailants. In the meantime Luther is seized with feigned violence, invested with the mantle of a knight, and placed upon a horse. This done, Armsdorf and the wagoner are released, and the five horsemen, with their captive, move off, and are soon lost in the thick gloom of the forest. The driver, bounding into the wagon, drove off with Armsdorf to Wittenberg; and every where throughout the surrounding villages and country, the report of Luther's capture spread, and the wail of sorrow was heard throughout Germany.

The two noblemen, Burkhard von Hund and John von Berlepsch, with their noble captive, wandered about the forest, waiting for the shades of evening. In the meantime Luther, wearied with this unaccustomed exercise on horseback, was permitted to repose under the shadow of a forest beech, and refresh himself from a spring that bubbled at his side. That tree and spring are still designated as "Luther's Bäche" and "Luther's Brunn."

As the shadows of night mantled the forest, they proceeded on their way, and about midnight climbed the steep ascent to an "ancient fortress, surrounded by the black forests which clothe the mountains of Thuringen." Luther was thus conducted to the lofty and isolated castle of Wartburg, in earlier times the retreat of the ancient Landgraves.

The Reformer, now safely immured in the castle, is required to exchange his ecclesiastical garb for that of a knight, and interdicted all tonsorial applications, to let his beard and hair grow, so as to avoid recognition by any of the attendants in the castle, to whom he was known only by the name of Knight George. Indeed, he was so entirely metamorphosed in the outer man, that in writing to Spalatin, he says: "You would hardly know me. Indeed, I have not for some time known myself."

The report of Luther's sudden disappearance spread in every direction; but the manner of his abduction was veiled in mystery, and gave occasion to the wildest fancies and most gloomy imaginings.

Some said he was captured by friends, and secluded beyond the Rhine; some that he had fallen under the stroke of the

assassin; and others that he had been seized with violence by his enemies, and dragged away in the most brutal manner.

Such extravagant rumors excited the wildest commotion among the people. At one time the piteous wail of sorrow burst from the assembled crowd: "Never more shall we behold that noble man, whose voice, like the sound of a trumpet, stirred the depths of our hearts." And then, kindling with indignation, they poured forth threatenings of vengeance upon his enemies.

The partisans of the Pope, who had haughtily triumphed in the first flush of an imagined victory, began to tremble before the maddened populace, and to shrink and shudder before the surges of passion and vengeance that swelled up from the people, and sounded to their guilty fears like the ominous mutterings of a coming storm of retribution. "It might have been thought," says D'Aubigné, "that the pallid ghost of the Reformer, dragging his chain, was spreading terror around, and calling for vengeance."

Melancthon, severed from his intimate friend and affectionate colleague, is sad and dejected. Wittenberg is overhung with gloom, and filled with consternation; whilst the friends of the Reformation are dispirited and paralyzed, like an army in the heat of battle, by the sudden disappearance of the general who was heading it on to victory.

Suddenly, intelligence is received which spreads a momentary smile over the gloomy face of Wittenberg. "Our well-beloved father still lives," exclaimed Philip, exultingly; "take courage, and stand firm." But it was only a transient gleam of light upon the overhanging clouds. Luther was indeed living, but an imprisoned captive. The proscriptive edict of Worms was circulated by thousands throughout the empire, and the Reformation seemed ready to sink under the iron hand of despotism. But above and beyond all human power, a mightier hand was conducting these seeming reverses to a glorious issue. That which seemed to threaten the Reformation with utter extinction, was but unfolding a new phase of Divine providence, leading it to a purer and higher form of development; and that which seemed a momentary paralysis, was destined in the rebound to impart a mightier impulse.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE mother of Adelaide sat, with her first-born, lovely and affectionate daughter, upon a hillock that bordered the retired valley in which they lived. At the base of the eminence there flowed a clear rivulet, whose banks were decorated with trembling rushes, verdure, and flowers. The mother was lost in the sweet recollection of the past. In the meantime Adelaide descended to the bank of the stream, plucked a flower, and handing it with a sweet smile to her mother, inquired:

"Why is this flower called the Forget-me-not?"

"You well know," said her mother, affectionately, "what is signified by the words *forget me not*, and what feelings they are intended to express. When you utter these words, the sentiment of the heart *floats* in the breathing of the lips, and a sound becomes the token of your emotions; but when you present this flower, the sentiment of the heart *blooms* in its chalice. Do you not think that its simple form renders it beautifully appropriate as an emblem of friendship and love? It has no need of fragrance, even as the pure feelings of the heart do not require many words to express them."

"But when did the delicate flower receive its lovely name?"

"Nature, my child, is like a parent to mankind. Every where she presents the beautiful to those whom she loves, and in the beautiful she presents the good and the true to those who are willing to seek and know them. But man must first cultivate goodness and truth in himself, before the emblem which nature presents can be understood."

Then the mother drew forth a small miniature, and asked Adelaide whether she recognized the likeness.

"O yes," she replied, "it is my father! How beautiful! I see him smile; I hear him speak."

"But this would not be the case," said the mother, "did we not cherish him in our hearts. Then, if the likeness were far more beautiful, we would neither see him smile nor hear him speak. See how the beautiful flower grows and blooms on the banks of the clear rivulet. Thus love dwells only in pure

and ingenuous hearts, and it beautifies and ennobles life just as the flowers adorn the stream upon whose mirror-like surface their loveliness is reflected. As the stream flows along, does it not appear as if it were crowned with flowers? Thus love radiates the heart; and for this reason it is so still and peaceful in our pleasant home—Love abides there. Look at the beautiful color of this unpretending flower. It is the color of heaven. So is love a heavenly plant; it springs from celestial seed, and bears celestial blossoms."

Having thus spoken, the mother, with an affectionate smile, presented the flower to her daughter, and said, "Adelaide, my beloved child, *forget me not.*"

But Adelaide threw herself into her mother's arms, and a bright tear of joy shone trembling in her eye as she replied, "I do not need the flower, dear mother; not the emblem; I cherish the feeling itself.

C. A. S.

LEARNING AND RELIGION.

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

THERE are many who entertain peculiar views upon the value of learning to religion, and still more who do not understand the mutual relations which they sustain to each other. Learning has been of great service to the cause of religion, whilst religion has always been the friend and protector of learning. In accomplishing his will and purposes on earth, God has always united these instrumentalities, thereby clearly intimating that by man they should not be separated. A mere glance at sacred history will establish this assertion; a more careful examination will confirm it. Look for a moment at *Adam*, the first of our race. When God called him into being, he was, undoubtedly, a perfect man; for even by the omniscient eye he was pronounced good, and was deemed worthy of the society and fit for the fellowship of his Creator. In intellect, he was doubtless second only to the winged seraph at the footstool of the Omnipotent; and in knowledge he was equal to all the demands which his position and situation could possibly make. So intimately and minutely was he acquainted with the nature and propensities of all the creatures of Paradise, that God regarded him as fully competent to give

them their several names. Let it be remembered, also, that as the first man Adam must needs be God's first priest on earth, to him the interests of religion must be intrusted. He was the first earthen vessel in which the treasure of God's Word was contained, and he was learned in the highest sense of the term. God might have created him—as all his children have since been created—without knowledge and without learning; but as he was to be so intimately connected with the knowledge and worship of His name among men, it pleased the All-wise, in the earliest infancy of his cause on earth, to show the mutual relation and dependence of learning and religion. Had not extensive knowledge been necessary to Adam, he would have been suffered to acquire it in the natural and gradual process of education. The grand object of his life, moreover, was simply and solely the establishment of his Maker's praise; and by making him what he was, God has plainly declared that this can best be done when man is instructed, educated, and learned. Look also at *Moses*, the mighty deliverer of Israel from the Egyptians. He was fully instructed in all the learning of that nation. To accomplish this end, the Almighty caused a series of events to occur, of the most thrillingly interesting character. No one can mistake the finger of God in the history of Moses. An important crisis had arrived. The cry of God's people had pierced the sky; the day of their oppression was passed; the guilt of their enemies must be punished, and a man must be produced equal to the emergency. He must be a man of thorough scholarship, of profound and universal learning, and Moses is therefore carried to the very court of the king, and instructed in all the knowledge of Egypt. Why this, but to show the relation of learning and religion? to give the sanction of the Divine example to every effort of the Church to elevate the standard of attainment in those who are the leaders of Israel? A similar instance of sanctified learning being employed by God for the establishment of his cause among men, is found in the history of the apostle *Paul*. As in the case of Moses, and subsequently also of Luther, he was educated in the schools of those from whom his conscience obliged him afterwards to separate. This peculiarity in the arrangements of Infinite Wisdom seems to have been necessary in order to acquaint those great reformers and deliverers with the pre-

cise condition of the enemy's camp—with its weaknesses and imperfections, and thus to enable them the more successfully to attack and destroy it. The apostle Paul was an accomplished scholar. Not satisfied with the means of instruction which his native city afforded, his thirst for knowledge led him to forsake all the endearments and attractions of home, that he might sit at the feet of the distinguished teachers of Jerusalem. This, also, was wisely ordered and overruled by the great Head of the Church. Its condition was such as to demand peculiar qualifications in him who should be chosen to superintend its interests; and in the selection and elevation of Saul of Tarsus, our Heavenly Father has again showed unto us of how great value learning is to religion, and has stamped "error and presumption" upon their brow who, with no other qualification than sincerity, attempt to make war, first upon learning and education, and then also upon the enemies of the Most High. God has never divorced his cause from human learning, and the result has ever been and will ever be fatal when attempted by man. If the inspired apostle could employ his education to advantage in defending the truth and in opposing error, might not some of his uninspired successors find valuable assistance from the same source? and instead of ridiculing such attainments as he made, ought they not to seek the advantages which they so fully confer?

One more illustration from God's providence over his Church will conclude our illustrations from history. We point to *Luther*, whose name was given by way of reproach to those who embraced the views of the Reformers, and is still borne by the largest denomination of Protestants in the Christian Church. We point to him as another instance in which the Almighty selected as his champion a man who possessed a thorough acquaintance with all the learning of his day. Of Luther's scholarship we need not speak: it is known and read by all in his numerous writings. We would direct attention, however, to the fact that he was employed as a pioneer in the work of reform by Him who knew precisely what was needed for such a work, and who could easily raise up one possessing the necessary qualifications. Had Luther been a man of but limited learning, he could not have accomplished the work assigned to the leading spirit of the Reformation. In this in-

stance God has again linked the success of his cause with the possession of the most extensive acquirements ; and if He does not neglect this means in his grand purposes on earth, it is foolish for men to pretend to despise it. Does not the past clearly show, that at each great crisis of the Church God employed men of profound learning to fulfil his designs? Has he not made it the handmaid of religion? We can never dispense with its assistance ; we need it in every age. Does astronomy, with its sublime revelations, furnish the hope to our enemies that they can disprove the truth of God's Word? We need but a full knowledge of that science to establish our faith. Do the varieties of the human race lead the skeptic to the belief that all the nations of the earth are not the descendants of one original pair? Let but science, guided by revelation, institute the inquiry, and skepticism is at an end. Does the formation of the earth, or the disposition of its strata, argue an age greater than that derived from Bible history? We need but apply the test which geology itself gives us, to snatch from infidelity every note of rejoicing. With the sanction, then, of the Divine example, let the Christian Church employ all the learning which can be obtained, for the defense of religion ; let every effort be made to educate her ministry ; let every advantage and every assistance be given to our colleges and seminaries, both in students and in funds ; and every ray of light reflected from science and literature will but add to the brightness of our holy religion.

LEAVES FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO.

MAN'S WEAKNESS AND GOD'S POWER.

ONE evening, in the spring of 184-, I went about two miles from the village in which I resided, to hold religious services at a private house. These weekly lectures, appointed in different neighborhoods, were usually well attended, and served to awaken a good deal of interest. A sort of home sociability pervaded our meetings, made up as they were of the different families who lived nearest to each other ; and the addresses on these occasions were perhaps a little more familiar than on the Sabbath ; or it may have been that they were applied more

readily by individuals to themselves, because there was a sort of home atmosphere in the place, and the minister's presence appeared more like a pastoral visitation than any thing else.

But on the evening in question, my own feelings were not as deeply enlisted as usual. I could not discover the cause. It was certainly not in nature, for the sun never had a more brilliant setting, nor did the moon ever shed a more enchanting light upon hill and valley. It was a night to be remembered. The ripples of the stream along which I rode appeared to be crested with pearls, and its sweet music, rendered more distinct by the increasing stillness around, seemed like a lullaby that was hushing nature to sleep. There was every thing in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath, to stir up devotion; and when I entered the spacious, old-fashioned building, standing a few rods from the roadside, and surrounded by fruit trees which had just put on their fresh dress of green, I found that every room was full. ;

Under these circumstances, naturally tending to give an impulse to thought and earnestness, I could not account for the inertness within. My mind moved with a heavy, sluggish motion. Words did not come unbidden, and flow out with an impetuous, gushing freedom; and when the meeting was over, I felt dissatisfied with myself. But, as I afterwards learned, the Lord was carrying on his own work through the instrumentality of these feeble ministrations.

A few days after, I met an individual, the father of an interesting family, and a man of considerable intelligence and influence, who said to me, "Your lecture the other evening suited my case precisely, and I felt constrained to apply it all to myself. That evening," he continued, "I struggled hard with conscience. I started for the meeting, and when about a mile from home, resolved to return, and made the attempt, trying to persuade myself, as I turned my back upon the means of grace, that it would be useless to go; that it would be throwing away time, and would cost unnecessary trouble. But the conflict within became so severe, that I was compelled to retrace my steps. Three times did I change my determination, and as often did conscience plead so powerfully that I could no longer resist its expostulations. And just as I entered the meeting I heard the question, 'Is there one sinner here who is

burdened with a sense of guilt, and wants deliverance?" And the response of my heart was, 'Yes, I am that sinner.' I have reason to rejoice that I followed the convictions of duty, for I believe that meeting was a blessing to my soul."

This individual had been a professor of religion for years; but ever since that memorable meeting, if we may judge the tree by its fruits, his piety has been more ardent and uniform; it has certainly been more active in every good work.

The incident here related enabled me to see and feel as I had never seen or felt before, the meaning and force of those inspired words: "That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." We have this treasure in earthen vessels, and are therefore often discouraged. But we should remember the power of God. The seed is frequently sown with a feeble hand; but if only sown, it may be germinating unseen while we are despairing of results.

LUTHER THE HONORED INSTRUMENT OF GREAT BLESSINGS TO THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY REV. J. J. REIMENSUYDER.

THE earth has perhaps never witnessed a scene of such moral grandeur, in which a mere man was the principal actor, as Luther's appearance before the Diet of Worms. On his way thither, the desire to see him was so great, that the streets and houses of the towns through which he passed were literally filled with people. When he was reminded of the great danger to which he was exposed, and the fate of those who preceded him in the same cause, he replied: "If they should kindle a fire between Wittenberg and Worms that would reach to heaven, I would appear at Worms in the name of the Lord. To Worms I am called, and to Worms I must go; and if as many devils should be there as tiles on the roofs of the houses, I must go." When the day came, he appeared in that august assembly with calmness, and with perfect confidence in God. When he was asked to retract his doctrines, and a brief, satisfactory answer was demanded, he said with a loud voice: "Unless I am convinced out of the Holy Scriptures, or with plain, perspicuous

proofs, I cannot, and will not, recall any thing; for it is neither safe nor advisable to do any thing against conscience. Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen.” The consequences dependent on that hour, and on the heroic confidence and courage of the Reformer, eternity only can reveal. Had he then hesitated, had he failed to exercise faith in God, had he permitted the fear of death to alarm him, what would now be the state of the world it is impossible to conjecture. But, supported by Almighty grace, he completed the great work which he had commenced, and secured blessings to the Church and the world which cannot be estimated by finite minds.

Among these blessings was the free use of the Bible, and with it, divine light, heavenly power, and a thousand comforts in life, in suffering, and death. The Bible only, with the hope of immortality and reunion in the spirit-world beaming from its pages more beautifully than the bow of promise from the sky, has been able to support the fainting, sinking heart, amid the many calamities and afflictions of the present life. This blessed book, this book of books, this light from Heaven which guides the simple and the wise to the realms of bliss, and without which the king and the peasant, the learned and the ignorant would alike be unable to find the heavenly way, has been placed in our hands through the instrumentality of Luther. He fought for the whole Protestant Church, and the whole Protestant Church is therefore deeply indebted to him. Protestants of all denominations should never forget how many sleepless nights, how many conflicts, how many tears and prayers it cost to secure for us, by the grace of God, the free use and possession of the Scriptures, the evangelical ministry, and the holy sacraments.

Liberty of conscience is another blessing secured to us through the instrumentality of Luther. Previous to the Reformation, men were required to engage in religious exercises in the very manner dictated by others, even against conscience; or take, as the only alternative, excommunication from the Church and the funeral-pile. They had to conform to a certain external system of religion, or die as martyrs in the most shocking and cruel manner. Many a parent who loved his family as he did

himself, but loved Jesus more, was torn from his home without the expectation of ever seeing it again. A single instance will answer as an illustration of the cruelty and wickedness of the pretended friends of God and his Church. The name of Huss is familiar to the reader. He was a pious man, a good preacher and professor. He preached in towns, in villages, in groves and fields; wrote pious books and excellent letters, by which he accomplished a vast amount of good. It was not long, however, before he was summoned to give an account of his doings, and for this purpose he received from the German Emperor a letter of protection, or safe conduct, as it is sometimes called. But he had scarcely arrived in Constance, the place of his destination, when, under pretext that there was no necessity to keep one's word to heretics, he was cast into a dark prison. This was not unexpected to Huss, and he was willing to suffer for Jesus, who in this dark prison was his comfort and delight. During the night, he dreamed that he painted on the church in which he used to preach an image of Jesus, which a stranger immediately effaced. After this, he saw skilful painters come, who restored the picture, and made it more beautiful than it was before. The priests who were present endeavored hard to obliterate it again, but did not succeed. He awoke in great joy. What he thought of his dream we know not. I mention it to show how his mind was fixed on Jesus; for it was doubtless thinking of Jesus that caused him to dream as he did, and to rejoice in his prison. Many petitions were sent by many noblemen in favor of his liberation, but it was all in vain. He was required to recall his doctrines or die. He refused to recant, unless his teachings could be refuted by the Scriptures; and certainly as a conscientious Christian he could not do otherwise. As his enemies were unable to refute his doctrines, he was doomed to die; for in those times, when reason and argument were on the side of the accused, racks and gibbets, and fire and sword, were employed against them. A paper crown was placed on his head, with images and figures of evil spirits painted on it, and the dreadful sentence was pronounced, "We commit your soul to the infernal devils!" But Huss said, "I commit my soul into thy hands, O Lord Jesus!" His neck was then fastened to a

pole by an iron chain, and his body with wet cords. Wood and straw were placed around him, the fire kindled, his body burned, and its ashes scattered in the Rhine. How fearful is it to behold, even at a great distance, the work of sin, when it has attained its summit of guilt and wickedness!

The freedom of conscience we enjoy is one of the blessed consequences that have followed the Reformation. It is true, this privilege results to us more immediately from our republican government and institutions. But the question arises, Would we have such a government and such institutions, if the Reformation had not secured the free use of the Bible and freedom of thought? Would we, as a nation, be what we are, if Luther had not been chosen as the honored instrument of bringing moral day to a world shrouded in moral night?

Luther also restored the doctrine of *Justification by faith in Jesus*. He removed, by overwhelming arguments, the confidence which men had in their own works, and exhibited the merits of Christ in their true light and in their full power. Perhaps the question may be asked, Was there no faith immediately preceding the Reformation? Did it remain for Luther to call faith into being? We reply, there was faith enough, but not faith of the right kind. There was faith in human ordinances, human merits, and human justification; but there was no faith in the divine Word, no faith in a righteousness and justification from God. We mean there was no such faith among the people generally; though here and there individuals were found, who exercised true faith in God. Luther had many severe trials and fierce conflicts before he succeeded in apprehending that faith which justifies the sinner. He was designed by his parents for the medical profession, and was wandering with indifference on the broad road of death, when, in the providence of God, the way to Erfurt became his way to Damascus, and he was addressed by the tempest and thunders of heaven. To the unconverted Saul of Tarsus, the voice exclaimed, "Why persecutest thou me?" To the unconverted Luther, the tempest was not less impressive and loud. As his friend, touched with a fatal stroke of lightning, sank lifeless at his side to the earth, a voice was heard, saying, "Luther, why seekest thou not me?" How strange the circumstances in this case! The flash of

lightning which killed Luther's friend, awaked Luther from the dead and gave him life. From that very time he began to seek the Lord. From that time he bade adieu to the joys of earth, and went in search of other joys. I cannot pursue his history from this period until the happy moment when he found true faith in God; but we rejoice to know that he did find it, and that he restored the true doctrine concerning it to the world. The article which teaches us that sinners are justified gratuitously for Christ's sake through faith, he calls, the Article with which the Church must stand or fall.

In addition to all this, Luther banished from the service of the Church the use of the Latin language, which the common people could not understand. He restored to the laity the wine in the eucharist, of which they had been most unjustly deprived. He secured safety to rulers and public officers from the usurpations of the Pope, who was in the habit of removing them from office almost whenever he pleased. He proved that Christ only is head of his Church, and that he has no visible deputy or vicegerent on earth.

Do we rightly consider and appreciate these blessings? Every beautiful hymn that we sing; every touching, feeling, comforting passage of the Bible that we read; every instructive sermon that we hear, should cause our hearts to expand in profound gratitude to God, who, through the instrumentality of his servant, caused the darkness of ignorance to disappear, and restored to us the beautiful light of intellectual and moral day.

THE small flower that shows to the vulgar eye only a mingling of agreeable tints on a velvet-looking surface, exhibits, when examined by the microscope, splendid saloons of exquisite workmanship. The floors are covered with a material, compared with which Persian carpets are rude manufacture of plebeian coarseness. The walls are adorned with gorgeous tapestries, and the ceilings bedight with jewelry. Populous cities of sentient beings are found to inhabit portions of matter too small to attract the least observation from vulgar minds. Not only do their crowded streets, and busy marts, and festive gatherings show forth the wonders of Divine power, but each one of these minute beings possesses a happiness for which the great God has exercised a care, and the infinitesimal contrivances of its frame are so many witnesses for creative power and skill.

E C L E C T I C .

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

THE following tribute to the memory of Amos Lawrence, brother of our late Minister to England, is from the pen of President Hopkins. It presents an example of spontaneous, large, and unostentatious benevolence that ought to have many imitators in the Church :

"When it was that he came to the determination not to increase his property, I do not know. Nor do I know the whole amount of his charities. Probably that will never be known. I am, however, safe in saying, that since 1840, his benefactions have not been less than FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. This he did not dispense at random, nor yet by any rigid and inflexible system that could not be moulded and shaped by the calls and aspects of each new day. He wished to know his duty as a Christian man, and to do it, and to gratify his best affections. He aided family connections near and remote, and old friends and acquaintances. If any of them needed a few hundred dollars to help them over a difficult position, it was sure to come. But his sympathy was not limited at all to kindred or acquaintance, or in any way narrowed by sect or party. He was a true man, in sympathy with suffering humanity, and was always glad—it gave him real pleasure—to find a worthy object of his bounty. He sought out such objects. He learned histories of reverses, and of noble struggles with adversity, that were stranger than fiction. Those thus struggling he placed in positions to help themselves, furnishing them, if necessary, with sums from one hundred to a thousand dollars, or more, as freely as he would have given a cup of cold water. He visited almshouses, and hospitals, and insane asylums, and retreats for the deaf and dumb, and the blind, and became deeply interested in many of their inmates. He was watchful of every thing needed there for comfort or for instruction, and his presence always carried sunshine with it. He distributed useful books. He aided genius, and encouraged promising talent."

We wish the Presidents of all our struggling and poorly endowed Colleges and Universities were able to record something like the subjoined experience.

In January, 1744, unexpectedly to all, and without being applied to, Mr. Lawrence gave five thousand dollars to the College over which Dr. Hopkins presided. Hearing it casually mentioned that this did not wholly remove the debt, he sent the following July, without another word on the subject, a check for five thousand dollars more. This put the College out of debt, and added two or three thousand dollars to its available funds.

Dr. Hopkins goes on to remark :

"In January, 1846, he wrote, saying he wished to see me; and on meeting him, he said his object was to consult me about the disposition of ten thousand dollars, which he proposed to give the College. He wished to know how I thought it would do the most good. I replied at once, "By being placed at the disposal of the Trustees, to be used at their discretion." He said, "Very well;" and that was all that passed on that point. So I thought; and knowing his simplicity of character and singleness of purpose, I felt no embarrassment in making that reply. Here was a beautiful exemplification of the precept of the apostle, "He that giveth, let him do it with simpli-

city." Such a man had a right to have for one of his mottoes, "Deeds, not words."

His next large gift was the library. This came from his asking me, as I was riding with him the following winter, if we wanted any thing. Nothing occurred to me at the time, and I replied in the negative; but the next day I remembered that the Trustees had voted to build a library, provided the Treasurer should find it could be done for twenty-five hundred dollars. This I mentioned to him. He inquired what I supposed it would cost. I replied, five thousand dollars. He said at once, "I will give it." With his approbation, the plan of a building was subsequently adopted that would cost seven thousand dollars, and he paid that sum.

His next gift was the telescope, which cost about fifteen hundred dollars.

Thus, in different ways, he had given to the College between thirty and forty thousand dollars, and he had expressed the purpose, if he should live, of aiding it still further.

Having thus spoken of the use of his property, I observe that it was distinguished by the three characteristics which seem to me essential to the most perfect accomplishment of the ends of benevolence; and that in two of these he was preëminent.

The first of these is, that he gave the money in his lifetime. No man, I presume, has lived on this continent, who has approximated him in the amount thus given; and in this course there are principles involved which deserve the careful attention of those who would act conscientiously, and with the highest wisdom. There may, doubtless, be good reasons why property destined for benevolent uses should be retained till death, and he is justly honored who then gives it a wise direction; but giving thus cannot furnish either the same test or discipline of character, or the same enjoyment; nor can it always accomplish the same ends. By this course, Mr. Lawrence put his money to its true work long before it would have done any thing on the principle of accumulation, and to a work, too, to which it never could have been put in any other way. He made it sure also that that work should be done, and had the pleasure of seeing its results, and of knowing that, through it, he became the object of gratitude and affection. So doing, he showed that he stood completely above that tendency to accumulate which seems to form the chief end of most successful business-men, and which, unless strongly counteracted, narrows itself into avarice as old age comes on, almost with the certainty of natural law.

The second peculiarity in the bounty of Mr. Lawrence, and in which he was preëminent, was the personal attention and sympathy which he bestowed with it. He had in his house a room where he kept stores of useful articles for distribution. He made up the bundles he directed the package. No detail was overlooked. He remembered the children, and designated for each the toy, the book, the elegant gift. In this attention to the minutest token of regard, while, at the same time, he could give away thousands like a prince, I have known no one like him. And if the gift was appropriate, the manner of giving was not lost so. There was in this the nicest appreciation of the feelings of others, and an intuitive perception of delicacy and propriety.

The third characteristic referred to, of the bounty of Mr. Lawrence, was, that he gave as a Christian man—from a sense of religious obligation. . . He looked the great doctrine of stewardship full in the face, and prayed earnestly over it, and responded to it practically as few have done.

This is what is chiefly needed by us all, as intrusted by God with our various gifts and means of influence. This it is that is needed by men of wealth. The feeling of the absolute ownership of property, and of the full right of its disposal within the range of human law, is entirely different from that of stewardship—of a trust held under another, and to be administered with

reference to his will. This position is one which the man of wealth is most slow to take. Every natural feeling resists it. But not till this position is taken will the man himself find his true place, or wealth its true uses, or the wealthy themselves the highest and the appropriate blessedness which it can confer.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

This spot is full of interest to all who love freedom and the principles which governed the actions of the Father of his country, and lay at the foundation of his character. Pilgrims from every land visit this shrine. There is an appropriateness in its seclusion from the busy haunts of men, and perhaps also in its unpretending simplicity. Let the stately monument be erected elsewhere—here the heart needs not its prompting.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

AMERICAN citizens will rejoice to see our Government take the right stand to secure the exercise of religious liberty to our citizens abroad. The following article is from the treaty just made between the United States and the republic of Uruguay. A similar article, we trust, will be inserted in all future treaties with foreign Governments :

“The citizens of the two republics, respectively, residing in any of the territories of the other party, shall enjoy, in their houses, persons, and properties, the full protection of the Government. They shall not be disturbed, molested, or annoyed in any manner, on account of their religious belief, nor in the proper exercise of their peculiar religion, either within their own private houses, or in churches, chapels, or other places appointed

for public worship; which places of worship they shall be at liberty to build and maintain in convenient situations, interfering in no way with, but respecting the religion and customs of the country in which they reside.

"Liberty shall also be granted to the citizens of either of the two high contracting parties to bury their dead who may die in the territories of the other, in burial-places of their own, which, in the same manner, may be freely established and maintained; nor shall the funerals or sepulchres of the dead be disturbed in any way, or upon any account."

THE NEW-GRENADA COLONY.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Williams College, gives the following account of a new enterprise connected with Foreign Missions. We record it as an interesting item in the history of the world's conversion. We believe that, under the *present* system of missionary operations, the foundations of Paganism have been shaken; and if, as our correspondent asserts, facts seem to indicate the augmentation rather than the decline of its influence, we believe, nevertheless, whatever *outward* signs of vigor it may exhibit, that there is internal decay, and that its power is, in reality, waning. Still, the plan detailed in the following extract, if carried out to any extent, will undoubtedly accelerate, in no small degree, the progress of Christ's kingdom, and be a mighty coadjutor, if not the leading instrumentality, in the work of bringing the nations under the dominion of the Son of God. Our correspondent says:

"The history of the New-Grenada colony is briefly as follows: You will remember that nearly a half century ago the great system of foreign missions was originated by Gordon, Mills, and others, then students in this institution. This event, which must always be regarded as an era in the history of the Christian Church, was preceded by a revival somewhat peculiar in its nature. The revival of 1851 (nearly a half century from this epoch) was in *every* respect a *parallel* to that just described—commencing in the fall session, continuing during the summer, and entirely through the following winter. This striking parallelism, together with some other circumstances, seemed strongly to indicate the designs of Providence in bringing out of this late revival a great scheme, somewhat analogous to that of Mills, and it may be destined to become no less celebrated.

"It has long been felt by the Church that her solitary missionaries, isolated here and there amid vast masses of heathenism, are ill able to make head against the mighty influence of Pagan idolatry by which they are surrounded, and amid which they are, in a degree, overwhelmed. The solitary light of a single missionary penetrates, after all, but a little way into those vast regions of darkness; and, in fact, statistics show that the influence of missionary labor is *not keeping pace with the growing power of Paganism*. Accordingly, it has been thought by some that the ultimate conversion of the world must be realized by some other means than those now in operation. The new project is to *concentrate* missionary force at a single point; in other words, to *colonize among the heathen*. The details of the plan are somewhat novel in their character, and perhaps you will think a little tinged with romance. The design is to combine some of the best materials, in respect to talent, that can be found among the successive graduates of the

institution, and in this way form a colony in some favorable location, from which shall go forth a powerful and irresistible religious influence. It is to be, so far as possible, a *model* colony, unsupported by and unconnected with any of the established missionary boards, independent, and supporting itself by the ordinary methods of industry. All the arts and conveniences of civilized life are to be transplanted and cultivated.

"The spot selected for the location of the colony is the rich and beautiful valley of the Cauca, (New-Grenada.) The Cauca river, taking its rise in the Cordillera chain, flows through it, and magnificent mountains tower up on either side of the valley to the height of 17,000 feet. A fine succession of broad table-lands admit every variety of temperature in climate. The most costly dye and ornamental woods grow luxuriantly along the margin of the river, and are found in considerable quantities far up the slopes of the mountains. Large tracts in this valley, which is in itself of great extent, are owned by General Mosquera, late President of New-Grenada; and on his estates the vine and the cocoa tree have been extensively cultivated. He has also expended great sums in importing from Europe and the North American continent valuable fruit and ornamental trees. Gen. Mosquera, interested, no doubt, in this project—the advantage that would accrue to him from the introduction of American enterprise, &c.—has offered to *give* a sufficient quantity of this land for the support of a colony; and, indeed, holds out inducements strong enough for any one, even though he could be influenced only by the strongest pecuniary considerations. Measures have already been taken for surveying the locality, its resources and capabilities; and if the report prove favorable, the colony will be established forthwith, for numbers have expressed a willingness to go on the prescribed conditions. This colony, as you will gather from the above, is *not* a crusade against Romanism or heathenism; it will proceed quietly about its industrial occupations, and let its influence speak thus indirectly."

THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH IN FOREIGN LANDS.—The first Lutheran Synod in India has lately been formed, and the minutes of the first meeting have been sent to this country, and appended to the triennial report of the Foreign Missionary Board. The report and appendices form altogether the most interesting and encouraging document that has been laid before the Church for a long time. We doubt not it will quicken the zeal of those who have already contributed to the progress of the gospel in India. Our Home Missions claim a prominent share of our regard and sympathy; but let it not be forgotten that the field is the world, and that India is a part of it.

STATE OF MISSIONS IN INDIA AND CEYLON AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1852.—Missionary societies, 22; missionaries, 448, of whom 48 are ordained natives; native catechists, 698; missionary stations, 316; native churches, 338; communicants, 18,480; native Christians, 112,525; vernacular day-schools, 1364; boys in these schools, 47,814; boarding-schools, 94, containing 2430 Christian boys; 128 superior English day-schools, with 14,637 boys and young men; 347 day-schools for girls, with 11,570 scholars; 103 boarding-schools for girls, with 2788 scholars. Seventy-one services are held for Europeans. The entire Bible has been translated into ten languages; the New Testament into five others, and separate Gospels into four others, besides numerous works for Christians. Missionaries maintain in India 25 printing presses. This vast missionary machinery costs over £190,000 annually, of which one sixth, or £35,500, is contributed by European Christians resident in the country. When we consider that by far the greater part of this agency has been brought into operation during the last twenty years, well may we exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Progress of Popery in Prussia.—The papers of Prussia speak of a regular *Papal Nunciature* being about to be established at Berlin, so that an ambassador from the Pope will stately reside at the Prussian Court. What a melancholy evidence of the increased attachment of even Protestant princes to Popery! doubtless on account of its tendency to support the Crown and suppress the aspirations of the people after their natural rights and liberties.

Gustavus Adolphus Society.—Scientific lectures were delivered during the last winter in Königsburg, Prussia, in aid of the funds of this laudable Society.

The Mormonites have recently commenced operations in the city of Hamburg!

In Sweden, a portrait painter, named Pettersen, was lately sentenced to banishment by the civil court for ridiculing the ascension of Christ to heaven; an additional evidence that religious liberty is but imperfectly enjoyed in that Protestant country. Our Saviour commanded his disciples to *teach* all nations, but not to enforce their instructions by civil penalties; and when one of them drew the sword even to defend his Master, he met with a rebuke.

In Hamburg, the civil authorities justly fined the editor of the *Freischutz* for publishing slanderous reports against Dr. Wichern, an evangelical and zealous minister of that vicinity.

In Breslau, Prussia, the Sub-regent, Ottinger, was fined \$50 for indignities offered to Rev. Dr. Hahn, the General Superintendent, in his official duties.

Converts to Protestantism.—Two converted Romish priests from Bohemia, Messrs. Flizek and Szrameck, have recently been appointed to the charge of evangelical churches in Silesia.

Swedish Intolerance.—A Synodical Committee of the Evangelical Church in France addressed a letter to the Lutheran Archbishop of Upsala, urging him to use his influence against the religious intolerance practised by the civil authorities of his country; but this dignitary refused to interfere.

The Union of Lutherans and Reformed in Prussia.—Different Synods of this kingdom have recently taken occasion to publish their undiminished attachment to the existing union of the two Protestant denominations, under the name of *Evangelical Church*, as introduced in 1817 by Frederick William III.; and the present King has recently, on different occasions, expressed his attachment to the union.

In Bremen, on the other hand, six pastors, among whom are Rev. Mallet, Treviraues, Pauli, &c., have addressed a petition to the Senate of that city, requesting that the churches of Bremen might be placed on the basis of the old Confessions. Three other city pastors, Rothe, Paniel, and Nagel, remonstrated against such a change.

SELECT FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Heppes History of German Protestantism, from 1555 till 1581.—As this work covers the ground from near the time of Luther's death for twenty-seven years, and the author had free access to the rich collection of original documents in the archives at Cassel, it must doubtless be interesting, and reviewers pronounce it a work of superior merit.

Meyers Commentary on the New Testament, with a revised Greek text, a new German translation, and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary.—This work forms an important addition to the library of the intelligent pastor, affording him valuable critical and exegetical aid in investigating the true import of the books of the New Testament. Yet the author's conclusions cannot always be approved, and should not be adopted without examination.

Harless's Sermons.—The sixth volume of this valuable series of discourses has just left the press. \$1.

Weises Christology of Luther, and the Christological Problem of Evangelical

Theology, a work of much interest and value, liberal, and favorable to the unity of the body of Christ. 1 vol. 8vo.

"Real Encyclopædia" for Protestant Theology and the Church. By an association of some of the ablest writers of Germany, among whom are Alt, Hoffman, Rödiger, Tholuk, Julius Müller, Rothe, Jacobi, &c. The first volume has just appeared, and furnishes a fair specimen of what the highest attainments in German learning can accomplish. The work will form about ten 8vo volumes of 800 pages each, and extend over all departments of theological literature.

HOME ITEMS.

THE third Annual Report of the Pittsburgh Infirmary, under the care of the Institution of Protestant Deaconesses, is highly encouraging to the friends of that noble charity. Four years ago it commenced with one patient, in a rented house and without a dollar. Now it has a capacious edifice and ample accommodations for the sick. During the past year, 185 patients have been received, and during the four years of its existence, 927. These are cheering facts, and constitute an ample reward for past efforts, and the strongest motive for future activity.

The minutes of the twenty-ninth meeting of the Synod of South Carolina show that the members of that Synod are actively engaged in the service of the Master, and that their labors have been greatly blessed. Several of the churches have received large accessions; the cause of education is well sustained, and the Classical and Theological Seminary at Lexington promises to be increasingly useful.

SELECT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Works of Lyman Beecher, D.D. Volume third of this valuable work, especially useful to young preachers, has just left the press.

Epistle to the Hebrews, in Greek and English, with an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary. By S. H. Turner, D.D. pp. 186. It is a brief, simple, and instructive work.

Outlines of Moral Science. By A. Alexander, D.D. pp. 272, 12mo.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews. By Professor E. C. Wines. 1 vol. 8vo. \$2.50. A learned, profound, and discriminating work, triumphantly refuting the objections of infidels, and successfully vindicating the excellence of the Mosaic code.

Luther and the Reformation. By John Backman, D.D., LL.D. pp. 520. This work, which has just left the press, is an excellent and satisfactory refutation of Romish slanders against the great Reformer, and vindication of his character. It merits extensive circulation.

Character and Value of an Evangelical Ministry. By S. W. Harkey, D.D., Professor of Theology in Illinois State University. pp. 190, 12mo. An excellent plea for the cause of God, well calculated to stir up our churches to a sense of their defects and obligations.

SELECT ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. By a number of distinguished writers of England, Germany, and America. In 2 vols. royal 8vo, pp. 1878, with maps and illustrations. It is the best work on this subject in the English language, and discusses the criticism, geography, natural history, antiquities, &c., of the Bible. \$7.

Eclipse of Faith. By Henry Rogers. This is a work of a superior order of intellect, which in most graphic style refutes all the principal objections of modern infidels against the Bible.

Matrimony; or, The Love Affairs of Our Village. By Mrs. Caustic. An interesting, amusing, and instructive work for the young of both sexes, and of excellent moral tendency.





Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
ENGRAVED FOR THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1853.

No. 3.

THE MEANS OF SELF-CULTURE.

SELF-CULTURE lies at the foundation of all good character. Without it we are nothing, with it we may be every thing. To train our intellectual and moral faculties, to fit them for spontaneous and harmonious action, is all-important. By culture the mind may be supplied with exhaustless stores of wisdom, the evil passions may be subdued, and the better part of our nature developed. The man who is content, like the worthless weed, to rot where he grows, instead of embellishing society by his intellectual and moral worth, defeats the end of his being, and can scarcely be said to live. In the accomplishments of those around him he takes no delight, for they remind him of hours misspent, opportunities unimproved, talents wasted; and deriving no pleasure from without, he has no world within to which he can retreat for consolation and repose.

Knowledge is the proper aliment of the soul. The uninterrupted pursuit and constant acquisition of new truths is often attended with a greater enjoyment than that which accompanies the accumulation of wealth, a successful campaign for high office, or the most brilliant achievement. Witness the almost frantic exultation of the philosopher of Syracuse on the discovery of a method for testing the purity of the crown of King

Hiero, and the still more remarkable manifestation of delight in the great Newton when, on verifying his theory of gravitation, as he approached the conclusion of his reasoning, the intensity of his pleasure deprived him of all power over the nerves of motion, and he found it necessary to call in the aid of another hand to finish the operation. When the sage of Samos completed his demonstration of the equality of the square of the hypotenuse and the sum of the squares of the other sides of a right-angled triangle, there were no bounds to his joy. No California explorer ever opened a mine with the ecstacy he experienced. A hecatomb to the gods could not adequately express his gratitude and triumph.

Among the means of self-culture, the first is *resolution*. This is a characteristic which seems born in some, but which can be cultivated by all. Even those who are naturally indolent and sluggish may acquire a resolute purpose. Its power is almost omnipotent. It imparts strength to weakness, and opens to poverty the world's wealth. It spreads fertility over the barren landscape, and bids, as if by magic, the choicest fruits and flowers spring up and flourish in the desert. It disarms difficulties at first apparently insurmountable, and it almost endows us with a new sense. The determination to attain a certain end is nearly the attainment itself. He that has resolved upon a certain thing, by that very resolution has scaled the greatest barrier to its accomplishment. But an unconquerable resolution must take possession of the soul, so that all its powers may be exerted, and the *vis inertia* of our nature overcome, so that we may be deaf and dumb to the temptations that surround us, and press forward continually towards the prize which is to be the reward of our toil. Such a determination it must be as the Romans manifested when Hannibal, after the slaughter of Cannæ, triumphant and apparently irresistible, stood thundering at the gates of Rome; such as Lucan ascribes to Cæsar—*inscia virtus stare loco*—an inflexible resolution, undismayed by obstacles, uninfluenced by opposition, or rather so influenced that opposition will make us like the fabled "spectre ships, which sail the fastest in the very teeth of the wind." Difficulties, instead of discouraging us, must rouse us into action, and stimulate to greater exertion. Our language must be, "Either I will find

a way or I will make one." Our spirit must be that of Bonaparte, who, when told on the eve of a battle that circumstances were against him, replied: "Circumstances! I make or control circumstances, not bow to them." Little more than two centuries ago, you might have witnessed a small, sickly, timid boy, at a country-school in England, subjected, in addition to the harsh treatment of the master, to the tyranny and frequent blows of his associates. One of them was particularly severe in his maltreatment of the poor lad, who in a corner, alone and friendless, in bed, in the still hour of night, shedding bitter tears, would reflect on his unhappy state and the cruelty of his schoolfellows. "I cannot," said he, "repel blow by blow; I cannot pay back in kind what he inflicts, but I will take my revenge. I will apply myself to my books; I will be at the head of my class; I will look down, as a superior, upon this cruel boy." The resolve of the disconsolate youth was acted upon. He did apply himself, and with such success as not only to be at the head of his class, but afterwards of England, of Europe, and of the world. It was the great Newton himself, who as the high-priest of nature searched out many of her mysteries, and removed the covering that had been spread over her since her foundation. Frequently in subsequent life did this philosopher allege that if he had done more than his fellow-men, it was due to a resolute purpose rather than to any genius he possessed. It was the same spirit, too, that gave a hemisphere to the world. Now that the continent on which we live is fully known, it may seem to many that its existence must have appeared a plain truth, which Columbus could have had no difficulty in detecting. But does not history tell us that the distinguished Genoese was obliged to persevere amid the opposition of the learned and the indifference of the rulers of that day, wandering from court to court, trying in vain to procure a hearing for his chimerical scheme, as it was then regarded? Determined, however, in his convictions, he persisted till he saw and reached the new world. Instances, too, are on record in which this feeling has overcome the disadvantages of defects which seemed at first to forbid its exercise. One of the most eminent illustrations is the well-authenticated case of Saunderson, who, though deprived in infancy not only of sight, but of

the organ itself, contrived to become so well acquainted with the Greek language as to make himself master of the ancient mathematicians in the original. His distinguished success in the higher departments of the science is attested by the fact that he was appointed to fill the chair that had been occupied by Newton at Cambridge. The lectures of this blind professor on the most abstruse points of the Newtonian philosophy, and especially on optics, filled his audience with admiration; and the perspicuity with which he communicated his ideas is said to have been unequalled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE USE OF RICHES.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D. D.

THAT active beneficence, extensive and systematic liberality, are enjoined upon all the followers of the Lord Jesus, can admit of no question, with any one who believes in the divine authority of the Bible. It is made the test of discipleship. The early Christians felt that it was not so much a matter of duty as a privilege, to contribute largely to the wants of others. In the mother Church of Jerusalem, we read that many sold their possessions, and laid the proceeds at the apostles' feet: from which, distribution was daily made to such as were in want. And in other churches, and for a long period, the weekly contributions sufficed, not only for the support of the ministry, and of the poor of each congregation, but the treasures of the church were employed to assist the heathens that were poor and (as was frequently the case) deserted by their nearest friends. In the dark ages, as they are called, the charities of the benevolent and pious were lavished upon religious houses (or convents) and churches. In many countries, a large portion of the landed property thus fell into the hands of the clergy. This was a sad abuse of the principle of benevolence, and led, at the Reformation, as is commonly the case, into the opposite extreme. And as the State took upon itself the support of religion, confiscating, for this purpose, the accumulated wealth of ages, little or nothing was left for the people to do, except in the way of private benevolence, for which all times and countries have always furnished sufficient opportunity;

realizing the Saviour's words, "The poor ye have always with you." But in our country, through the wise orderings of Providence, a different state of things, respecting the maintenance of religion, has obtained. The voluntary principle has come into universal use, except in a few churches here and there, that have sufficient property for the support of the ministry. But, the great principle of entire consecration, as exhibited in the Church of Jerusalem, has nowhere been generally understood and practised. Individual instances, numerous and exemplary, have never been wanting, and abound at the present day. Yet the Church at large is still at a great distance from the gospel standard. Covetousness is the prevailing character of professed Christians; else it would not be necessary to appeal so continually to the sympathies of church members for aid in carrying on the benevolent operations of the day. There would be more of that spirit which the Macedonians manifested, when, instead of waiting to be asked, much less urged, to administer to the wants of the poor, persecuted Christians at Jerusalem, they earnestly entreated the apostle to accept their bounty. Now, we know, as just hinted, that there are numerous examples of an enlarged, systematic benevolence to be found in various parts of our land, to say nothing of foreign countries. But are there not many churches and many professors that know little or nothing, by experience, of the blessedness of giving? many who are backward to sustain the gospel among themselves, let alone to contribute to its dissemination abroad, by aiding home and foreign missions, as well as other benevolent enterprises? The gospel does not, indeed, prescribe a fixed proportion of our income that is to be devoted to charitable purposes, but leaves this to be determined by every one's own conscience and feelings. But it abundantly teaches that to be penurious in this matter, is to cut ourselves off from a proportional share of spiritual and heavenly blessings. This is clearly contained in the apostle's declaration, that he that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly. It lies in all the rich promises made to the bountiful and charitable. For from all share in these promises we cut ourselves off, by withholding our hand. The idea is the very foundation of our Saviour's advice, to make ourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, who may receive us, when we fail on earth,

into everlasting habitations. I do not envy the prospects of that man for eternity, however bright he may conceive them to be, who has not been in the habit of depositing a portion of his income in the bank of heaven; or, if you prefer the expression, in the treasury of the Lord.

If, then, we have any respect for the authority of Christ, any confidence in his Word, any attachment to his person, any devotion to his cause, we cannot hesitate in regard to the manner in which we are to employ our money. After deducting what is absolutely necessary for carrying on our business, and for the support of ourselves and families, and making a reasonable provision for the future, the rest of our property should be conscientiously devoted to the furtherance of the gospel, the amelioration of our race, and the benefit of the needy. But, as it would subject us to great perplexity, if we were to wait till we have a sufficiency for future wants—and, indeed, on this plan, we should never begin to exercise benevolence, since it is a fact, vouched by all past experience, that the desire of wealth, unchecked by benevolence, grows faster than the acquisition; and as this principle would cut off two thirds of men from all share in the blessedness of giving, a different rule is laid down to regulate our beneficence. It is recorded in the 16th of 1 Cor.: “Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God has prospered him.” From this we learn, that it is the duty of every Christian to devote at once a certain portion of his income to benevolent purposes, and to lay it aside at stated intervals for this use. Once a week, on the Lord’s-day, is the apostle’s rule. But as it may not be in the power of every one so to do, we shall keep to the spirit of the demand by doing it at stated periods; say once a month, or as circumstances render it practicable. So much is clear, that it is only by regular and sustained contribution that we can answer the demands of duty. And it is to be hoped that every one will come to a definite decision on this point, inquiring, in the fear of the Lord, what proportion of his income he should employ in this noble and profitable manner. And if any ask to what particular use it is to be put, we answer, that every benevolent and charitable enterprize deserves encouragement; always preferring those that promise the greatest results. It will be found, on careful inquiry, that to introduce the gos-

pel, with its accompanying blessings, is the most effectual way of promoting even the temporal welfare of a people, and therefore the great religious efforts of our day, in the way of missions, colportage, Sunday-schools, Bible, tract, and volume distribution, deserve our chief attention. And one that contributes largely and regularly to these sacred objects, will not be found backward in assisting in a case of bodily distress. The truth is, that temporal sufferings appeal so powerfully to our natural sympathies, that many a one would make a great sacrifice to alleviate them, who would consider it as money thrown away, to assist in sending the gospel to the heathen, or to the destitute.

Here I would venture to throw out a few hints for such as have not hitherto been in the habit of laying aside a portion of their income for pious and charitable purposes. I make no doubt that you have often contributed, when called upon by some agent of a benevolent institution. Perhaps you are ready at all times to do something that would be called liberal on such occasions. But that is not just the point we are aiming at; nor does it come up to the principle inculcated by our Lord. Nothing short of a regular system of action will answer this purpose. If, then, you have not hitherto acted on such a plan, you need not give up the idea as if it were now too late to begin. Through the forbearance of God, we may at any time return to the path of duty while life is prolonged. And if we acknowledge our past failures and short-comings with sincerity, and an earnest desire of amendment, we shall not be rejected. Only make the trial, then, at once, and in earnest. You will soon be able to judge of the wisdom and excellence of this scriptural mode of exercising charity. And do it, too, with the conviction that you are truly laying up treasure for yourselves in heaven, while thus acting out of sincere devotion to the cause of the Saviour, and in obedience to his command.

Again, if you cannot at once bring yourselves to do as much as some have done, begin on a small scale; just as your heart is disposed. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver;" and what you give grudgingly will not be accepted by him. But be sure to give something weekly, or monthly, or quarterly; though the oftener, the better. I mean, it is better to give a shilling weekly, than four shillings monthly; and better to

give half a dollar monthly, than six dollars a year. Better, because it keeps the subject alive before your minds, and will thus keep up a greater interest. But regulate this matter by your convenience. Only see to it that you do not deceive yourselves, and by saying that it matters not whether you give weekly or monthly, you finally neglect it altogether.

And if you seriously enter upon such a plan, and execute it steadily, you will be surprised to find how your heart will be enlarged by it, and your charity grow. There will be such a pleasure and satisfaction connected with this duty, as is scarce to be found in any other. You will take a deeper interest in the spread of the gospel and the evangelization of the world than you have hitherto done. You will want to hear and read of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, for which you have been contributing. Your prayers for this sacred cause will be more frequent and more earnest. And your own souls will become as a watered garden.

THE BELOVED KETHA; OR THE MODEL WIFE.

AFTER ST. PAUL'S PATTERN.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

IN this age of electric progress, it may be questioned whether woman is *progressing wisely*, in altogether overlooking the "ancient landmarks" which the "holy women of old" followed, and which are set up for the example of their descendants, and in their stead most confidently receiving every modern theory and enthusiastic invention, while advancing towards her moral, intellectual, and physical development. Would not her *real* happiness (not to say domestic) be far better consulted by following out the apostle's counsel, "Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands, [in every thing,] as unto the Lord"? Luther, the great Reformer, is reported to have said, when a monk, to his friend Philip Melancthon, "that if he wanted an obedient wife, he would have her carved out of *stone*, otherwise he would not expect to find one." But Luther's subsequent history proves that his icy skepticism on this subject was most genially dissipated by the charming influence of his gentle and pious Ketha; for after his marriage with the nun, Catharine

Von Borne, he thus writes to a friend: "I must contrive to increase my income; my happiness needs no increase. Catharine, the dearest half of me, is by my side, and salutes you. She is well, thank God, and even more gentle and yielding than I dared to expect. I would not exchange my poverty for the riches of Croesus." And there will be found a most beautiful moral lesson in the lovely and peculiar characteristics given us of Catharine, (or Ketha, as her husband oftentimes playfully and affectionately called her,) and which most impressively, yet touchingly, rebukes those women who *take a manly* stand upon their "own rights;" making themselves so famous and world-renowned in the present era. To her husband Catharine might most truthfully have said, "God thy law; thou mine." She finely carried out St. Paul's admonition, "Let a woman see that she *reverence* her husband." In Ketha's quaintness and simplicity, she was in the habit of addressing Luther by the title, "Herr," or Sir, which created infinite amusement to her friend Margaret Melancthon. But the ties of love and respect which bound Ketha to Luther were peculiar; it was a spiritual bond, which drew their hearts in unison. Had he not unclosed the fetters of her mind, and opened her prison door, and bid the sorrowing captive go forth free as the morning, in the noble liberty with which Christ has freed his people? Was not he the herald who had proclaimed to her a Saviour without the deeds of the law, or penances of cloisters, or any other inventions of *human origin*? A tenant of the "Nymphal Cloister," and offered as the bride of Heaven by her noble but impoverished parents; a lovely budding flower, most cruelly torn from the parent-stem; she was snatched as it were from a living death by the writings of the great Reformer, whose works were read by the nuns of this cloister by permission of the Lady Abbess, with the pious design of arousing in their minds an abhorrence of the wicked heretic Luther. But the beautiful Ketha, with eight of her companions, arose from their perusal and study to bless Luther, who brought to them the joyful news of a free and full salvation. They all fled from the convent, and Ketha found protection and a refuge with the Elector Frederic, and also with Philip and Margaret Melancthon. While sojourning with her truly Christian friends, the lovely Catharine had several distin-

guished suitors for the honor of her hand, but she requested of her friend Margaret that she might not be persecuted with their undesired attentions, as her heart could never be interested in either of them; and with a true woman's tact, Margaret perfectly understood her friend, whom she not a little annoyed by her playful pleasantries concerning the "terrible Luther's" monkish notions. For, although not approving of the celibacy of the monks and clergy, he had, it seems, considered the question settled that *he* was *not* to marry. At this time he must have been about forty years old, and Margaret intuitively perceived that the young Ketha's enthusiastic veneration for her unseen liberator possessed the germs of an incipient, yet faithful and blessed attachment. It was rather a curious circumstance, that of Luther's being employed by Catharine's most persevering admirer to plead for him, and secure an interest in the heart of the reluctant fair one. He undertook the matter, supposing that some religious scruples were in the way, and he was not a little surprised and puzzled at Catharine's continued inflexibility. But,

"The bard has sung, God never formed a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!"

And thus was the surprised and grateful Luther led to his Ketha, the crowning star of his eventful life of toil and labor. His contemporaries counted those three years *lost* which the Reformer passed in the quiet contentment of home life, after his marriage to his beloved Ketha. Undoubtedly they were mistaken, as she gave a charm to his character, and softened his asperities by her unvarying tenderness and faithful love. She was evidently his "kindred spirit," and commanded his esteem by her mental culture, as well as by her womanly graces she charmed his heart. His letters to her were often addressed, "To the learned and most wise lady, Catharine Luther, my gracious spouse." In reply to an anxious letter he writes:

"To my gracious lady, Catharine Luther, my dear wife, who torments herself unnecessarily, Grace and peace in our Lord Jesus Christ. Dear Ketha, thou oughtest to read what St. John says in the Catechism, upon the confidence we ought to

have in God. Thou art tormenting thyself, as if he were not all-powerful, and could not produce new Doctor Martins by the dozen, if the old one should be drowned in the Saale, or perish in any other manner. There is One who takes better care of me than thou, or even the angels of heaven can do. He sits at the right hand of his Father, and is all-powerful. Then tranquillize thyself. Amen."

And he commends her to one of his friends as a teacher of the German language, and as even excelling himself in native elegance of diction and fluency of style. Luther, in his will, made over to his wife all his valuables, with his estate, after this fashion: "*Because*," as he says, "she was my faithful and pious wife, who has ever loved me tenderly, and who, by the blessing of Heaven, has given to me and *educated* five children *most happily*." And, as a wife's eulogy, what can be more admirable and touching than Luther's simplicity of heart-expression to his cherished companion, upon her recovery from a severe illness: "God also gave you back to me, Ketha, in answer to my prayer." What an eloquent tribute to a wife's virtues! With what a halo does this spiritual breathing of the great Reformer illumine the memory of his beloved Ketha!

This is a speaking picture. How truly is a good wife from the Lord—a heaven-descended gift! "In her the heart of her husband may safely trust," "and she will guide his house with discretion."

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

THE main edifice of Pennsylvania College, a view of which is presented in this number of the Magazine, is a chaste specimen of the Doric order of architecture, consisting of a centre building and two wings, with end projections. The building on the western side is the Linnæan Hall, erected in 1846, and intended principally for the Cabinet of the institution.

Pennsylvania College originated in the wants of the Lutheran Church of this country, and grew out of a classical school established in Gettysburg in 1827, and designed to furnish with academic training candidates for the Christian ministry. It received its collegiate charter from the Legislature

of Pennsylvania in 1832, and was organized during the ensuing summer, with Doctors Schmucker and Hazelius, and Professors Baugher, Jacobs and Marsden, as its first Faculty. In the spring of 1834, Doctor Kranth was called to the presidency, and continued in office until the fall of 1850. Since the organization of the College, at different periods in its history, Doctors Reynolds and Schmidt, and Professors Stoever, Hay, Haupt and Muhlenberg, have been connected with the Faculty. At present the following gentlemen constitute the corps of instructors: Rev. H. L. Baugher, D. D., *President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science*; Rev. M. Jacobs, M. A., *Professor of Chemistry, Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy*; M. L. Stoever, M. A., *Professor of History, Latin Language and Literature, and Principal of the Preparatory Department*; F. A. Muhlenberg, M. A., "*Franklin Professor*" of the *Ancient Languages*; H. S. Haber, M. D., *Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology*; J. A. Lefevre, B. A., and L. I. Bell, B. A., *Tutors in the Preparatory Department*.

Pennsylvania College has been in existence upwards of twenty years, and during this period its progress has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends. It occupies an honorable position among the literary institutions of the land, and has secured the confidence and favor of an intelligent community. It has proved a blessing to the Church under whose auspices and for whose special benefit it was founded, and has been an instrument of much good. Its representatives are scattered through the country, occupying responsible posts in the Church and filling important offices in society. In almost every State of the Union, and even in distant climes, they are found making an impression upon the community and exerting an influence for good. It has been the *Alma Mater* of all the collegiate institutions which have since sprung up in the Church. From this source have they generally drawn their professors and tutors. Between two and three thousand have been connected with the College, enjoying either in part or in full the advantages of its instruction. Of those who have graduated, one hundred and twenty have entered the gospel ministry or are preparing for the work, and they constitute perhaps only about one third of the whole number educated by the institution, who are laboring as

watchmen in the vineyard of the Lord. This shows to what extent the wishes of the pious founders have been realized. The primary object in establishing the institution was to bring cultivated intellect into the service of the Church, and to furnish facilities by which young men might be thoroughly and efficiently qualified for the ministry of reconciliation.

Efforts are now making for the permanent endowment of the College, so that it may be placed beyond the fluctuations to which our literary institutions are frequently exposed. Some progress towards this object has already been made by the sale of scholarships, which are still offered by the trustees on the most favorable terms. The Pennsylvania Synod, through its indefatigable agent, Rev. B. Keller, has succeeded in raising the major part of fifteen thousand dollars for the endowment of a *Professorship of German Language and Literature*, and recently the "*Franklin Professorship*" has been founded by the reception of upwards of seventeen thousand dollars from Lancaster, as the Lutheran interest in Franklin College, chartered by the Legislature in 1787.

Pennsylvania College has reason to hope for continued prosperity, and to expect future favor. Few institutions offer more inducements for young men to enter their halls, or furnish greater facilities for the acquisition of knowledge. Its location is beautiful and proverbially healthful. Its government is paternal, and a high tone of moral feeling prevails. The expenses are moderate, and the course of instruction is thorough and extensive, whilst the Faculty are experienced teachers, zealously devoted to their work, and deeply interested in the intellectual and moral improvement of the young men committed to their care.

Our Church should feel a deep interest in the prosperity of all her literary institutions. They have strong claims upon her sympathies, her liberality, and her prayers. Their importance to the ministry cannot be too highly estimated. In them the youthful mind is developed under the influence of those sacred truths which we value above all price. They are designed to elevate the character of the Church, and to furnish those who minister at her altars with that knowledge so essential to success. From these fountains streams do issue to gladden the city of our God.

LEAVES FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO.

A MENTAL RESERVATION.

IN a charming valley, which, in the times of our Revolutionary struggle, was the scene of strife and carnage, there stands an old stone house, erected, I think, before, or immediately after those days of darkness, when the silence of this secluded spot was interrupted by the tread of hostile armies, or the war-whoop of the Indian intent upon spoil. Since then the march of improvement has taken the place of the measured step of armed battalions. The iron horse, the emblem of peace and civilization, puffs and whistles as he speeds his way, and the canal bears its heavily freighted barges to the growing metropolis. The spire of the ancient church, built previous to the war of seventy-six, still points heavenward: and the creek which then flowed at the base of the rock-formed elevation on which the church edifice stands, still murmurs sweetly as it falls over the smooth-faced tables of limestone that lie along the shore and reach out into the bed of the stream. Within a much briefer period, great social changes have taken place. The first time I visited the old stone house, it was owned and occupied by a gentleman of intelligence and fortune. His landed estates were ample and productive. His table was furnished with every luxury, and his dwelling was the home of a most generous hospitality. When afterwards I became a resident of the place, I soon heard whispers—they were only whispers—of impending reverses, of dark days coming; and it was not long before the old stone house passed into other hands, and its former proprietor, with his interesting family, had to take up their abode in a little obscure tenement, whose appearance was in sad contrast with that of their former residence.

The cause of this painful reverse was soon known. The demon Intemperance had entered that peaceful home, and the man of generous impulses had yielded to the tempter until he had no mastery over himself. Business was neglected, and ruin quickly followed. Nor was it any wonder; he had been led astray when it was the universal custom to partake of the intoxicating cup. Some of the most prominent members of

that community had become its victims. And among these was another individual, to whom I refer, because he acted an important part in the incident I am relating. He was a man of an original cast of mind; a decided genius in his way; one who could entertain you at any time with some pleasing story, or the utterance of some new and striking thought. He was aware of his fault, and confessed it, but did not reform. He undertook, however, the reformation of his neighbor, whom, I have no doubt, he sincerely pitied. First he endeavored to prevail upon him to sign the pledge of total abstinence; and at last, as an inducement, when all other arguments had failed, offered to sign it himself.

I recollect well when they came to my house. I was filled with amazement. Gladly I handed them the pledge; and when they had signed it, I put it away carefully as a most precious document. I see them now, sitting on a log by the roadside, after the important act which I hoped was to give them their freedom had been performed. But there was a striking difference in the expression of their countenances. At the time I could not explain it. The one who had been foremost in the transaction was as cheerful as if he felt no conflict between resolution and appetite, and was evidently saying all he could to strengthen the resolution of his companion; the other appeared as if he had lost his best friend, instead of having escaped from his worst enemy. Indeed, he had *not* escaped; and that was the cause of the dark cloud that shaded his brow. He felt already the power of his demoralizing habit rising within him. It had been too long his master to yield thus easily, and without an effort to retain its dominion.

The struggle was short. Both soon fell again into their old courses. The one who had taken the lead in the work of reform was the first to violate his promise. In truth, he did not turn aside from the path of ruin for a single moment, but went right on, indulging his appetite as before. And when I asked him to give a reason for his inconsistency, his characteristic answer was: "Why, Sir, I signed the pledge altogether for the benefit of my neighbor. I wished to restore *him*, for the sake of his suffering family. I had no thought of abandoning a habit whose power I feel too strongly to

attempt its conquest, and when I signed the pledge, I did it with a *mental reservation*."

Poor fellow! he was a strong man, both physically and intellectually; but he was in the grasp of one stronger than himself. He had passed far beyond the outer edge of the charmed circle, and had reached where the eddies were too fierce and rapid for the moral strength that was left him.

With what solicitude should the young keep out of temptation's way! With what diligence should they guard against the formation of an appetite that enervates the body and degrades the mind, produces poverty and dishonor, and binds the soul to eternal woe!

OUGHT NOT CHRIST TO HAVE SUFFERED THESE THINGS?

How was it, that God punished his own Son, whom He had publicly acknowledged as the well-beloved, in whom He was well pleased; who always did his Father's will; who was without sin, or the least shadow of a stain; that He punished him as the greatest of malefactors? Yet the fact stands on record. The evidence is complete. The infidel cannot deny it. For very shame he must acknowledge that Jesus was the holiest of men, while yet he was treated as the most abject of criminals. Why was this? Was it to make men doubt whether there is a superintending Power that governs the world? Why did Jesus himself, who had so often and so easily avoided all the machinations of his enemies, who confessedly had all the powers of nature at his command, (explain it as you will,) why did he surrender himself without resistance; yea, go to meet his captors, when he knew that they were coming to seize him? Where was the wisdom which all his previous conduct had displayed? Was it to discourage all future generations, all the noblest spirits that might arise, from ever attempting to benefit an ungrateful world, by showing that a long life of benevolence and virtue would only incur a deathlike hate on the part of the base and worthless multitude? Or was it to destroy all confidence which the good man puts in God, by letting it be seen how He would desert his favorites in their extremity, and leave vice to triumph over virtue? Oh, no! But what was the object and intent of his unparalleled

sufferings? God has told us. He declared it, in the plainest terms, full seven hundred years before the event, that when it happened, men's faith in his providence might not be extinguished; that when the fact was published, the mystery might be explained. Hear what Isaiah saith: "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Well might the eunuch of Queen Candace ask, "Of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?" True, what could lead a man so to express himself? When was there ever such a sentiment conceived in the creative imagination of an uninspired writer? Let the infidel explain, on the known and acknowledged principles of the human mind, how such an idea as is contained in the 53d chapter of Isaiah could ever find entrance into the brain of any one, sane or insane. Then let him look at the history of our Saviour's crucifixion, related by four competent and credible witnesses, and see how every thing in the history tallies with the prediction; and then let him ask, How came this to pass? Did Christ suffer himself to be seized and crucified, just merely to bring about a seeming accomplishment of an unaccountable oracle, (unaccountable on his assumption?)

But, then, Christ must have let all the chief priests, and the Roman governor, and Joseph of Arimathea, into the plot; for otherwise the fulfilment could not have been so exactly brought about. Or, did the evangelists invent the whole story of our Lord's crucifixion, so that there never was such an occurrence, though the apostles, in a short time, began to preach every where of a crucified Saviour? All this is manifestly absurd. What, then, remains? Is not the conclusion evident as the sun, that Christ was "delivered, by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," to die, "the just for the unjust?" Thus did God make "him to be sin," a sin-offering, "for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;" might be restored to the favor of God, be treated as righteous for his sake, and "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." And now, "who-soever believeth in the Son of God hath eternal life; but he that believeth not shall not see life."

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

EXPERIENCE tells us that every thing earthly is of a fleeting and transitory nature. "Passing away" is inscribed in characters too plain to be misunderstood. Nothing is too bright, too beautiful for the hand of the spoiler; indeed, beauty and brightness are the first to decay: so that "too bright to last, too beautiful for earth," have passed into proverbs, and daily do we see them verified.

But never does the beautiful, short-lived as it may be, pass from the earth, without fulfilling its mission; for beauty is not a useless thing, sent into this world for no other object but to delight our senses for a few transient moments. No; it has a higher, a nobler, and a holier end. It is sent on a mission of love to this world of sin and sorrow by God, the Author of beauty, who is himself the prototype of all that is bright and lovely.

Beauty is every where around us. It sparkles in the dew-drop; it nestles in the rosebud; it sports in the moonlight; it floats in the summer cloud. We need but raise our eyes, and beauty meets us at every turn; and the dew-drop, the flower, the moonlight, have each a lesson of their own. Would you know their teachings? Go read the book of nature, whose volume is ever open, whose pages contain a mine of riches which can never be exhausted.

A flower was springing on a moss-grown rock, half hid by the tall grass waving around it. A child, in her wanderings, spied the treasure, and plucking, carried it to her mother; and sweet was the lesson taught by her, in answer to the child's question, "Who made the pretty flower?" She tells her that it was God's hand that formed the tender leaves, 'twas He that gave it beauty and fragrance; that when we admired its bright colors, we might love Him for causing the sweet flowers to grow. Think you the lesson so learned will ever be forgotten? Its mission is fulfilled, and the flower withers; but was its beauty given for naught?

The setting sun is just brightening the landscape with his parting rays; lovingly the soft light lingers on hill and dale, on wood and meadow; the clouds, clothed in gold and crim-

son, are reflected in the clear bosom of a sleeping lake; the whole landscape is bathed in beauty; a peculiar light, soft and dreamy, never seen but at the sunset hour, is shed on all around: it is a scene to fill the mind with admiration, and cold must be the heart that is not at the same time filled with love and adoration for the great Artist whose pencil, dipped in light, has traced the lovely picture!

Look at that young mother, gazing so fondly at the sweet babe cradled in her arms. No wonder that her heart twines around its infant loveliness; for beautiful it is in its helpless innocence, a smile playing on its rosy lips, its golden curls nestling brightly round its fair brow, while its clear blue eyes are turned confidingly to hers. But that mother is one of the world's daughters. Never has her heart yearned over the babe of Bethlehem; never has she yielded to his gentle sway: and now her babe is her idol, her whole soul is wrapped in that young being. The child grows older, and many are the questions the lisping prattler puts to her whose task it is to train his young mind—questions that the careless mother is ill prepared to answer. He asks her about God, heaven, and death, until she who has so long resisted every effort to lead her to the Saviour, is awakened from her careless indifference by the questions of her babe. She feels how utterly unfit she is for the task of training an immortal spirit, and at last gives *herself* to God, who alone can enable her to perform her duty. But now the mission of the babe is accomplished, and God takes him to himself. The mother, though sorrowing, knows that her flower is transplanted to another and a happier clime, and she thanks her heavenly Father for the blessing which, lent for a season only, was the means of bringing her to her Saviour. Who will say that that short life was spent in vain?

The heavens are overcast with clouds; the mantle of darkness hides from our eyes the glad sunlight which so lately caused all nature to wear a smiling aspect. The sharp lightnings flash athwart the sky, the threatening thunders roll in fury over our heads, and our guilty spirits tremble as we think that this may be but a faint emblem of the awful storm that shall one day break over our sinful souls, its fierce thunders driving them to perdition. For how shall weak and erring man stand before a God whose voice is the thunder, the light-

ning his breath; who maketh darkness his secret place, and his pavilion round about him dark waters and thick clouds of the sky? But when we are almost ready to despair, a ray of sunlight breaks through the darkness, and lo! a vision of beauty appears in the cloud: daughter of the sunlight and the rain-drop, could it be otherwise than beautiful? When we look upon its brightness, our dark thoughts pass away; for as it sweetly bends over the gloom, it whispers of mercy to fallen man; it tells us that though our God is awful in majesty, his name is Love.

But while we gaze enraptured on its form of light, our hearts rising in silent devotion to that Being whose kind hand placed the bow of promise in the sky, its mission is fulfilled, and the rainbow vanishes.

Such is the holy mission of beauty, to lift our hearts to God, to draw us to him by cords of love; and if it often fails of the end designed, it is because we do not hearken to its gentle tone, and its silent teachings are disregarded. When God thunders in his wrath, he speaks in a voice which cannot but be heard, though its warnings are often disregarded. But, would we profit by the still small voice of Beauty, we must listen attentively for it, since it is easily lost in the busy hum of the world.

H.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

BY REV. P. RIZER.

RESPONSIBILITY is imposed upon men by the very act of giving them a revelation; and we are all morally bound to examine its communications, and act towards it according to our convictions of duty. Now, suppose I find a commandment in the Bible requiring me to make God alone the object of religious worship and prayer, and at the same time hear a "voice," said to be that "of the Church," expounding this as not prohibitory of praying to saints; if I violate the commandment of God, and keep the traditions of men, will I be held innocent, at that tribunal from which there can be no appeal, because others have tempted me to go astray? By no means. It would be my own deliberate and voluntary act, in deciding to understand the Holy Scriptures precisely as others require

me, and that too, sometimes, contrary to my deliberate convictions; therefore I must be held responsible for all the consequences of any errors which I may happen to entertain. If "*the Church*" alone, whatever it may be in the estimation of these pretenders to infallibility, could be held responsible for the mistakes and sins committed under the rule which it would substitute for private judgment, the matter would not be so serious and important to individuals, whether they believe truth or error. But, unfortunately for this system, every man is responsible, in his own private capacity, for his moral acts; and should his belief of a lie, occasioned by the teaching of a false spiritual guide, happen to end in sin and shame, he will surely incur the Divine indignation.

The *intellectual structure* of man proclaims his right of private judgment in matters of religion, because he cannot, in the nature of the case, avoid its exercise. All efforts to induce him to forego this privilege must fail, so far as the main question is concerned. For if he believe and adopt the single dogma, *that the Church is infallible*, it is a matter of private judgment. It is impossible, according to the laws of mind, for one man to admit the truth of any proposition on account of evidence brought before the mind of another man. I may believe what another tells me on his simple parole, without asking for the proof which led him to a decision, because I may have confidence in his integrity; but this necessarily implies a prior process, in which my own private judgment had something to do. Now, how can I obtain that confidence in the Church which is essential to faith in her infallibility, and which must exist before I can conscientiously receive one single interpretation from her, unless I exercise my private judgment? And if I cannot avoid this, it follows that I have the inalienable right, and exercise it in the very commencement of my religious inquiries. This is corroborated and sustained by the Holy Scriptures themselves, which never contradict the Divine will as expressed in the untarnished book of nature. "Prove all things," says St. Paul; "hold fast that which is good." "Beloved," says St. John, "believe not every spirit, [or teacher,] but try the spirits, whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." Can any thing be plainer than these exhortations addressed to Christians,

individually as well as collectively, for the very reason that we are liable to imposition and deception by others, either through their weakness or wilful perverseness?

It is true, Christ promised to be with his Church "always, even to the end of the world;" and that, "wherever two or three" might be "gathered together in" his "name, there" he would be, "in the midst of them." But this does not by any means imply that he would inspire them supernaturally, as he did the apostles, who had a peculiar mission. Has the Church of Rome, by her history, proved that she is *infallible*, and therefore better qualified for deciding on Christian doctrine and duty than any individual believer? She has not even determined the source of her pretended infallibility. Is it in the Pope, in the councils, in the universities, or in the bishop? Sometimes she teaches one thing, and at other times quite the contrary; and thus, by her inconsistency, proves that she is any thing else than a safe guide in matters of religion.

A STRING OF PEARLS

From the Poems of Alexander Smith, the young Glasgow poet.

THE lark is singing in the blinding sky;
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom Sea
Is toying with the Shore, his wedded bride;
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells;
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair,
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day that sometimes comes
In winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin, crazy smile; then bursts in tears:
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers.

E C L E I C T I C .

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE.

WHAT does Christian temperance require, and what does it forbid? In fashion it censures all that is wasteful, all that trenches on immodesty, and all that feeds pride and starves almsgiving. In dress and in furniture, in the table and in the equipage, it prescribes simplicity without affected singularity, plenty without luxury, liberality without ostentation, and the spirit of those who eat to live, rather than the tastes of those who live to eat. It requires a chastened moderation in the day of prosperity, and a sustained meekness and trustfulness in the day of adversity—a holding of the world loosely, but a holding of our own inclinations and desires tightly, and under vigilant control. It does not prescribe austerities for their own sake, or as in themselves meritorious. The maceration of the body, the severe penances, practised in the ritual of La Trappe, or by the first anchorites of the Egyptian desert, it does not find paralleled or commended in the New Testament. Yet it regards Paul's charge, that the body be brought under subjection to the soul. It sees in that body, in the case of each Christian, "a temple of the Holy Ghost." Rome shows its Loretto,—a sacred house, the chamber of the Virgin Mary, which it fables to have been carried in the air from Syria, and planted down where it now stands in Italy. The gospel teaches us to see in the believer's body the true Loretto, a house that shall be translated into a higher world, and rebuilt there—another, and yet the same; and therefore to be honored, even in its present and earthly uses.

It may be objected, Are no amusements allowable to the disciple of Christ? The Book of Ecclesiastes is perhaps misquoted in defense of worldly enjoyments. Misquoted, we say, for the earlier portion of that book, instead of containing what were really Solomon's parting counsels to his reader, but records his erring principles and endeavors, in his earlier and misguided pursuit of happiness. To quote its opening statements and sentiments as if they were the final result and settled principle of Solomon's experience, is to mistake the details of the preceding disease for the recipes of the subsequent recovery. But does the Bible forbid all cheerfulness and joyousness? Does true piety scowl from under the knit brow on all that savors of gladness, and hope, and peace? By no means. Our Saviour was present at feasts. One of his apostles, (it was Matthew,) after being called to forsake the receipt of custom and follow Christ, gave a banquet to his friends. Our Saviour honored a wedding-festival at Cana in Galilee, by a miracle there wrought. He watched the sports of children, and grounded on them one of his parables. He praised the beauty of the lily, and the blithe trustfulness of the bird. Surely, he who did all this, and who, as the God of Providence, is yet waking the melodies of the grove, and flashing splendor along the skies, painting the tulip, and perfuming the leaf of the rose and the heart of the violet, is not disposed to inhibit to man all joy and delight in the use of the senses which He has formed, and in the contemplation of the objects with which He has surrounded his creatures. Nature, and art, and society, all may minister to the Christian's enjoyment. But heaven is his chief point of attraction even here, and whatever is alien in spirit to that world of light and purity, he must dread. His pleasures should therefore be rational, and not unduly exciting, and not in excess—the relaxation and not the business of life.

An easy test as to the lawfulness of many forms of recreation might be found on inquiring, Should I be willing, were Christ bodily and visibly present, to pursue this amusement under his meek yet searching glance? Could the modern theatre, or the modern ball-room either, be visited by a Christian, if this test were once applied? Take each, with its ordinary accompaniments, and its general results on the minds and religious character of its visitants, and could we look to see our Saviour there stand by us with approval beaming from his eyes? Can we imagine him, had he visited at the time the court of Herod, watching with benignant smile the young and fair girl, the daughter of Herodias, as in her dance she pleased her father and the chief lords of Galilee? Even had not the prophet's gory head been the grim prize of her gracefulness, can we conceive of Christ's sympathizing in her exhibition? Weddings in the East of old were, and are yet, frequently celebrated by the dancing of hired women. The Almehs of Egypt, and the Bayaderes of Hindostan, thus display themselves, as contributing their portion to the amusements of the wedding-festival. Imagine such an accompaniment of the nuptial festivity at Cana in Galilee, commenced beneath Christ's eyes, and would you not almost expect that the scourge of small cords, which did its work so vigorously in the Jewish temple on the sellers of doves, would have done an anticipatory work there; thus avenging the insulted purity of the home, as He afterwards vindicated the outraged majesty of the sanctuary? If worldly pleasure were innocuous and evangelical, as some represent it, it ought certainly to fit those practising it, better than it actually does, for the infirmities of age and the tremendous realities of the death-bed. But are such votaries of pleasure cheered in sickness and soothed in decay, and in the near view of the grave, by their reminiscences of the years given to levity and folly? Read the language of the gay, and witty, and accomplished Chesterfield, as he describes his listlessness, and weariness, and wretchedness, in the closing scenes of life. See the Madame de Berry, who had so flaunted in gay and guilty splendor in the court of Louis XV., as she is dragged, shrieking, in her last years, to the revolutionary guillotine, the least self-possessed and the most frantic of its female victims. And can you doubt more? Read, above all, the stern language of the New Testament: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "To be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace." "Be not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." "What concord hath Christ with Belial? Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils. Do ye provoke the Lord to jealousy? Are ye stronger than He?" Christian sobriety and moderation, then, are requisite to our discipleship. Have we them? Is the Church elevating or sinking her standard of Christian attainment as to this grace? Does not the age require the former and prohibit the latter; and demand that Christians, whilst loving the *men* of the world with a true philanthropy, should protest against the *ways* of the world with more of holy decision; and for every new advance in *knowledge*, become more weaned, in holy *self-denial*, from vanity, and sense, and sin, and from "all that is in the world;" from "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life," all which, as the apostle John testifies, "is not of the Father, but is of the world."—*Dr. Williams on Religious Progress.*

THE RAINBOW.

THE very name of the rainbow is a pleasant compound, greatly superior to the *arco-baleno* of the Italians, but not to be compared to the poetical *arc-en-ciel* of the French.

How elegant is the form of the rainbow! Arched and unsubstantial; the perfect curve of beauty that the artists say so much about. Then its unsullied and divinely contrasted hues; distinct, yet blending; red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet; deep and glowing, yet fading imperceptibly into one another,

"Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

Painters have seldom succeeded in transferring the evanescent splendor of the rainbow to the material canvas. Its airy transparency, the rich, yet delicate hues of which it is composed,—

"Orange and azure deepening into gold,"—

and the optical delusion that combines apparent nearness with actual remoteness, are the great difficulties to the artist, and the chief attributes of the phenomenon.

The glorious ministry of the sun appears so indispensable, that the notion of a lunar rainbow is something unfamiliar and strange. M. Bohault tells us of brilliant *colored* rainbows on the grass, formed by the refractions of the sun's rays on the morning dew. It is pleasant to fancy the daisies and buttercups peeping up through this new and gorgeous raiment.

Milton says, in the twelfth book of *Paradise Lost*, that Noah descends from the ark

"With all his train;
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow,
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new."

It is curious to observe in what trifling touches the shades of character are defined. Let us compare this bow of "*three listed colors*" with Shelley's account of a rainbow in his exquisite poem on *A Cloud*:

"The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the *million-colored* bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below."

A greater contrast could scarcely be exhibited than this, or one that would illustrate with greater accuracy the antagonistic natures of the two poets. Milton's gigantic mind—looking at nature as set within bounds more distinct and formal—limited the hues of the bow to the three primary colors, which was not just; for the secondary shades of orange, green, and violet are as lovely to the eye. Shelley, with his daring enthusiasm of diction, his extended philosophical views and boundless liberality of opinion, errs (on the side of justice, however) in calling it the "*million-colored* bow."

Let us recall, in conclusion, the lines of Coleridge, from *A Hymn written in the Vale of Chamouni*.

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full-moon? *Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows?* Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents like a shout of nations
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!"

HAVE ME EXCUSED.

DR. FRANKLIN is said to have had a servant who was never in the wrong. At length the Doctor's patience was exhausted, and he said, "My friend, you and I must part. I never know a man who was good at making excuses, good at any thing else." And who that has been conversant with the development of men's minds in regard to religious duties, will not see the propriety of the Doctor's remark? There are those who cannot be approached in the way of enforcing any serious religious obligation, but they are prepared for you. They are guarded as by a flaming sword that turns every way, and effectually prevents every successful assault. It is a matter of melancholy curiosity to witness the sagacity and skill with which almost every form of religious obligation is prevented from gaining any hold upon the heart. A man is angry; but it is honest and rational indignation at what is wrong. He is covetous; but it is that he may aid more worthy objects than any he has yet seen. He is extravagant; but his station in life requires it. He is slothful; but active exertion would ruin his health. He neglects his family; but some noble enterprise of science or philanthropy calls him away. So every self-denying duty of religion, in its turn, knocks in vain at the door of his heart. He must be excused.

Here is a constant process of self-deception. The man who is armed at every point with an excuse, is the very man who will toss all these pretenses to the winds, wherever his own heart is deeply interested. He who cannot speak of Christ to a little circle of friends, or to a neighbor, through diffidence and modesty, can utter himself boldly and with power when any worldly interest presses him. He who cannot pray because he has no gift, can engage in any of the forms of social intercourse with facility and delight.

The self-excuser is a self-deceiver. He is inflicting injury on his own soul by all his attempts to evade the transitory inconvenience which religious duty imposes. He weakens his own moral power. He reduces himself to miserable impotency in the Church of God, if unhappily he is connected with it. If he is good at excuses, he is "good for nothing else."

THE HARP-STRING.

A few months ago, I saw, in the sunlight of a pleasant morning, a rare and beautiful sight. A spider had stretched his web from a tree across to a neighboring bush. In the gentle breeze of the dawn it floated gracefully about, now perceptible and now lost to the view. As I carelessly watched its motion, a tinge of exquisite green light appeared for a moment on the attenuated line, and then passed along in a beautiful wave of changing color. Sometimes but a single point of the web was illuminated by the sun, and only the minutest particle of an emerald was visible. Again the colored part extended itself in length, and appeared like the rich blending of rays from many brilliant and precious jewels.

There is said to be an analogy between light and sound, and I felt the reality of its existence in the effect produced by what I saw. That little web was as a harp-string on which the sunlight made sweet music. There was harmony in that mingling of colors, and melody in the noiseless changing from shade to shade.

But what most deeply impressed me was the faithfulness of nature to "nature's God," as contrasted with the unfaithfulness of believers to Jesus Christ their Saviour.

That little ray of light, arrested in its progress by the minutest thread, came to my eye with an excess of glory that compelled me to observe and wonder at it, while it produced upon my soul an effect similar to that of the softest strains of music.

But we that do believe are enlightened from on high. The Lord of glory is our light and our salvation. He is to us the Sun of Righteousness, and He shines upon us, that we may let our light shine before men. But are his rays reflected from us to the world, or are they absorbed and lost in the darkness of our own hearts? Falling on each believer's heart, "a harp of thousand strings," do they make sweet music? Does the world hear it? Can our Saviour hear it?

THE CANARY BIRD.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG READERS.



tide of his melody, he was silent. His mistress took him from the cage, and he turned over in her hand and died! On dissection, it was found that he had completely split his wind-pipe from top to bottom!

The canary bird can be taught a great many tricks, some of which are surprising enough. I had a bird once who was quite a cunning fellow. He used to play with me every day. When I let him go out of his cage in the room which I occupied as a study, he would play all manner of capers. Sometimes he would be still for a long time, until, perhaps, I had almost forgotten that he was out of his cage, when he would suddenly fly from the place where he was sitting, and pop over my table, just hitting my head with his wings.

But Willy—for that was the name of this bird—had not so thorough an education as some birds of his species which I saw about a year since at a public exhibition. These birds, with a multitude of others in the same collection, performed many surprising feats. The gentleman who had the birds in charge would bring them out, one by one, and they would go through

their several parts on the platform. First he made a crow march out of the cage where he was kept; and a little canary bird, at the bidding of the gentleman, flew from the place where he was sitting, hopped upon the back of the crow, and rode several times around the platform, the crow seeming to like the sport as well as his rider. Another canary bird stood on the barrel of a pistol when his master discharged it, without stirring an inch at the noise. Afterwards he made two or three of these birds fly through a small ring that had been suspended a few feet from the floor, the ring being surrounded with pitch, which was on fire at the time. Then he harnessed one of them up to a carriage, and made him draw it around the platform. Indeed, this gentleman had taught these little birds to perform all sorts of cunning tricks, which amused me exceedingly.—*Woodworth's Stories about Birds.*

A THOUGHT FOR THOSE WHO HAVE TO DO WITH CHILDREN.

IN order to gain the hearts of children, it is needful to be fraught with expectation and fervor. Their sunny temperament shrinks away from all that is dark and gloomy; and, what is worse, if they have a sombre teacher, by an inevitable association of ideas, his shadow is apt to rest ever after on every religious subject. The gospel is pure and genuine gladness. It is God reconciled; it is peace in the conscience; it is the blessed prospect of glory. And did we tarry under its shining, its hopefulness should gild our countenances, and beam on all our movements. The Christian and Christian teacher should be an embodied gospel; and if despondency or severity be our habitual temperament, we may be devout, but we are not evangelical. We have got a wrong version of the Christian revelation, and are giving forth an erroneous view of it. But more than this, few have ever effected any thing important, as reformers or evangelists, who did not carry with them a genial atmosphere, and look at the bright side of things. The philanthropist is one who takes up a lump of rusty ore and espies in it a bar of precious metal. He is one who dredges rags from the kennel, and sees them converted into sheets of virgin paper, ready for the poet's pen or the artist's pencil. He is one who sees in an island of dirty savages a commonwealth of intelligence and piety, not come as yet; and who discovers in a convict-ship a gymnasium for moral discipline, and the probationary school from which many a renovated and ennobled character may emerge. And he is one who, in a ragged-class, would detect the possible germ of many a virtuous and many a lovely thing—so many problems for Christian zeal, and so many trophies for all-conquering and all-transforming grace.

APPLICATION OF A CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

It has long been known to physiologists that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possess the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. No attempt, however, has been made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when

Mons. Boulin speculated on what might be the consequence of administering colored articles of food to silk-worms just before they began spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still farther his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silk-worms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silk-worms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk, as secreted by the worm, of many other colors.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY of the Lutheran Church of the United States.—This Association promises to occupy an important place among our benevolent institutions. It proposes to establish a fund of at least \$50,000 to assist poor and destitute Lutheran congregations in obtaining houses of public worship. The 31st of October next has been appointed as the day on which simultaneous collections are to be taken up for the proposed fund. Thirteen Synods were represented in the Convention, held in Frederick, Md., at which the Society was formed, and the action of the Convention received the warm sanction of the General Synod, at its meeting in Winchester, Va.

The Constitutional (Presbyterian) General Assembly, at its recent meeting in Buffalo, N. Y., proposed to raise during the present year the sum of \$100,000, to be distributed in small loans among the feeble churches of that connection.

The Bible in Common Schools.—The Board of Education of the O. S. Presbyterian Church, in its report to the General Assembly at Philadelphia, “urge the sustaining of the common schools with the Bible in them, and zealously oppose the efforts of Papists to interfere in the affairs of the State by attempting to obtain appropriations from the State Treasuries for the purpose of establishing sectarian schools.” In the Maryland House of Representatives, a bill prohibiting the use of sectarian books in public schools was amended by adding a proviso that this prohibition shall not extend to the Bible, and ordered to a third reading.

The American Education Society has afforded aid during the year to 308 students preparing for the ministry, of whom 179 were from New-England, 44 from the Middle States, 78 from the Western States, and 7 from other lands. Last year, 294 students received aid. During the year, 32 students have closed their preparation for the ministry. The supply of ministers by no means keeps pace with the demand.

Padre Gavazzi.—The violence perpetrated upon this individual whilst lecturing against Catholicism at Quebec and Montreal, will strengthen the public sentiment in favor of liberty of speech. It has been truly affirmed that “this cardinal right cannot be assailed in any case, or any where, without an outrage upon humanity which the whole race are bound to resist.” Intelligent Cana-

dian Catholics do not pretend to justify or palliate this attempt to crush a most sacred and fundamental right. Gavazzi has been invited back to Montreal by many prominent citizens, to finish his course of lectures.

Tent Preaching has been commenced in the vicinity of the Crystal Palace, New-York, and succeeds beyond expectation. We notice among the preachers the names of some of the most eminent ministers of the Presbyterian Church. While Satan is collecting his agencies around this great centre of attraction, it is well that the Church has undertaken to reach, with the influences of the gospel, the masses who will congregate in that vicinity on the Sabbath.

Illinois State University.—This Institution has sprung into existence with the vigor that is characteristic of the West and Western enterprise. May its growth keep pace with the rapidly-increasing wants in which it originated! We learn from the annual Catalogue that the present Faculty consists of Rev. Francis Springer, A.M., President and Professor of the Natural Sciences and Political Economy; Rev. S. W. Harkey, D.D., Professor of Theology, and also, for the time being, Professor of Mental and Moral Science, Belles Lettres, and the German Language; Rev. Edmund Miller, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Principal of the Preparatory Department; Rev. Daniel Garver, A.B., Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages; John M. Lingle, Tutor in the Preparatory Department.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE civil authorities of the *Isle of Malta* have, at the suggestion of the British Government, expunged the article in their Constitution by which the Romish religion is alone tolerated.

Rev. Fliedner, the founder of the modern institution of *deaconesses* in Prussia, who also a few years ago visited our country, and brought with him several deaconesses for the Infirmary at Pittsburgh, under the charge of our indefatigable brother Papavant, has recently issued an appeal to young ladies to devote themselves to this benevolent calling.

Protestant Superstition.—A recent German paper gives a detailed account of the expulsion of his Satanic Majesty from a *demoniac*, by the pastor of the parish of Lauterseifen!!!

In *Corsica*, hitherto an entirely Roman Catholic island, a *Protestant* church has been organized.

The *Grand Mosque at Laghuat, in Algiers*, has been converted into a Romish church, and the Governor-General and Romish Bishop of Algiers have both declared, that wherever the French flag waves the Cross shall be erected.

The *Sultan* has proposed the King of Prussia as umpire, in the affair of the *Holy Sepulchre*.

The *Division of the Romish Priests* of France into two parties is daily becoming more strongly marked. The *ultramontane* party is unconditionally devoted to the Pope; whilst the Gallican seeks to vindicate a qualified independence to the Romish Church in France.

German (not Roman) Catholics.—In Hamburg, as well as in numerous other parts of Germany, the civil authorities have revoked the privilege of public worship granted to these dissenters from Popery and adherents of Ronge or Zersky, a few years since. The alleged ground ordinarily is the lax and often infidel doctrines adopted by many of them; but the real causes are hostility to

liberty of every kind, the liberal political tendencies of these new churches, and a disposition manifest throughout the major part of Europe, to favor Romanism as the *natural ally of monarchy*. This same disposition is likewise evinced in the (Protestant) Palatinate, by the recent suppression of a paper, because it contained a collection of quotations from Jesuit authors, without annotations!

In *Munich*, the capital of Bavaria, a recent work of *Dr. Marriott*, of Basel the distinguished friend of evangelical religion, was suppressed, because it characterized Popish indulgences as opprobrious!

The *Austrian Government* has lately passed an edict rigidly forbidding any Benevolent Society from applying to foreign countries for contributions. How would the Romanists of our land regard a similar law, preventing them from receiving foreign aid to sustain their operations amongst us?

A *Society* for the benefit of *German emigrants*, of the evangelical religion, to North America, has been organized at Berlin, in Prussia, under the direction of *Dr. Krummacher*.

Discovery of African Jews.—A German traveller in Africa reports that he has discovered a race of negroes near the kingdom of Bambara, that are Jews, and have numerous copies of the Books of Moses; and although they speak of the prophets also, they have none of their writings.

SELECT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS AND REPRINTS.

Layard's Discoveries among the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, &c. This latest work of the celebrated Oriental archæologist possesses no ordinary merit. The facts he has brought to light are of the greatest value to the evidences of the Bible, and of surpassing interest to the biblical student. His descriptions of personal incidents and characters are exceedingly curious and interesting, and the volume alike desirable to the Christian and the scholar. A judicious and satisfactory abridgment of the same work has also been recently published by Putnam, in one octavo volume. The original work is from the press of the Harpers.

Home Life in Germany.—By Charles Loring Brace. pp. 443. \$1.12½. The character of Mr. Brace as an attentive and judicious traveller is established by his work on Austria and Hungary. The present volume is a successful attempt to introduce the reader to the private life and domestic habits principally of the middle and lower classes of society in Germany. Its sketches are truthful and vivid, and though not a religious work, it contains much that is interesting to the Christian and philanthropist. Being moreover a delineation of the fatherland, the land of a Luther, it possesses double interest to our readers.

The Old and the New. By William Goodell, Missionary of the American Board to the East. This veteran soldier of Christ here gives us an interesting and instructive view of the changes wrought by the blessing of God on the labors of Christian missionaries in the East, during the last thirty years. The work is a triumphant vindication of the Missionary enterprise against the objections of infidels and narrow-minded believers, whilst it presents much interesting information on Oriental manners and customs.

D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. The fifth volume of this very interesting and graphic work has left the press, and brings down the Reformation in England to the death of Wolsey, with whom the supremacy of the Pope departed from England, we trust for ever. This volume possesses all the attract-

ive features which conferred such extraordinary popularity on its predecessors; and is well deserving of a place in the library of every pastor and of every Christian.

Pastoral Theology; or the Theory of the Evangelical Ministry. By A. Vinet, Prof. of Theology at Lausanne. Translated by Dr. Skinner, with Notes. 12mo. pp. 387. A valuable work for ministers of the gospel.

The Training of Little Ones for Christ, is the title of a sermon preached by the Rev. J. A. Seiss, A.M., on the occasion of the anniversary of the Sabbath-school connected with the Second English Lutheran Church in Baltimore, of which Mr. S. is pastor. The discourse contains many valuable suggestions in reference to the religious training of the young. The leading thought, that "every child within the domain of the Church should grow up a Christian," though the preacher claims for it no novelty, is one that needs to be reiterated, until it shall be the aim of believing parents to have their little ones engrafted so early upon Christ, that they may be unconscious of ever having had any other master.

Education.—An address delivered before the Linnæan Association of Pennsylvania College, April 18th, 1853, by A. Webster, D.D., of Baltimore, Md. Man is wrong, and his reformation must begin in the heart. True education is not the leading out of the human powers as they are—nothing could be so terrible as the successful and complete development of such a nature—but the sowing of good seed, the pouring in of sweet and holy precepts, the precepts of Christ, the only true Reformer. These thoughts are evolved with a pleasing and forcible originality of illustration.

The Life of John Arndt, author of the work on "True Christianity." By John G. Morris, pastor of the 1st English Lutheran Church, Baltimore.—This is the biography of an individual to whose writings tens of thousands have traced their religious impressions. If the success of this deeply interesting book is equal to its merits, it will have a wide circulation. It is indeed "high time that the Lutheran Church in this country should be furnished with a history of her own great men;" and we hope the present volume will be so widely welcomed as to encourage the author to prosecute his plan of furnishing other biographies of a similar character. Published by T. Newton Kurtz, Baltimore.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Hippolytus and his Age; or the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Gennadius and Alexander Severus. By C. J. Bunsen. 4 vols. This work is based on a manuscript discovered at Mt. Athos in 1842, and first published by M. Miller in 1852. It seems to be the production of Hippolytus, Bishop of Pictus, near Rome, and was written about A. D. 225. It possesses extreme interest, as it dissipates in a high degree the pretensions of Churchmen and Papists, and presents a most interesting view of Christianity in its transition period. This work will doubtless soon be presented in a cheaper and more condensed form.

Dr. Müller's Christian Doctrine of Sin. Translated and published in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, Edinburgh.

Tenneman's (Abridged) History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern. 1 vol. The first edition was translated very imperfectly into English. The second has, however, been corrected throughout by the able hand of T. D. Morell, and may be recommended as one of the very best epitomes of the different systems of Intellectual Philosophy.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1853.

No. 4.

LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG.

BY REV. T. STORK, D.D.

No. II.

"How truly, Solitude, art thou the fostering nurse of greatness!"—TUPPER.

It is interesting to observe how much solitude had to do in the formation of the great characters of Scripture biography. Abraham, exiled from his native home, a pilgrim and sojourner in a strange land, grew strong in faith by living alone with God. Moses, as a shepherd, leads his flock to the most retired part of the desert, and then he comes to Horeb and sees the burning bush, and by his solitary meditations and communion with God is prepared for his eventful work. Elijah was the son of the desert. He who was appointed to go before the Lord, to prepare his ways, "waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel." There from his youth, till near the age of thirty, familiar with the rough face of Nature, in her dark, pathless woods, overhanging cliffs and swollen streams, amid stillness and solitude, was the Baptist nursed and hardened into a hero and a reformer. There having caught his wild and solemn eloquence from the "tameless torrents dashing by," and his theology from the visions of God, he came forth from the desert with the stern aspect and sublime attitude of a mighty and heroic reformer. And much every way had the seclusion of Luther amidst the dark forests of Thuringia to do in the formation of his character as the great Reformer; and it was obviously designed by Providence as an important preliminary to the subsequent achievements of the Reformation.

"Many kindling seeds of good will sprout within thy soul;
Thou shalt weep in solitude, thou shalt pray in solitude;
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of solitude."

How descriptive of Luther's actual experience in the castle, passing through successive alternations of tears and joy, prayer and praise! At one time, sitting at night in his lonely chamber, he groaned under his dreadful physical sufferings; and then, as some gleam of God's goodness in his afflictions flashed on his soul, exclaiming, "Thanks to thee, O Christ! that thou wilt not leave me without the precious marks of thy Cross." At one time, wrapt in gloomy reverie, the Church rises before his morbid fancy, all wretched and forsaken; and yielding to despondency, he exclaims, in the utter dejection of his spirit, "Alas! there is no one, in this latter day of His anger, to stand like a wall before the Lord, and save Israel!" And then gentler and more hopeful thoughts would steal through his anxious mind, tranquilize his fears, and diffuse a heavenly peace through his heart; and he wrote to Melancthon these beautiful sentiments: "If I perish, the gospel will lose nothing; you will succeed me, as Elisha did Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit." Thus did the heart of the captive monk perpetually oscillate between hope and fear, alternately sighing and singing; and sometimes, as the sunshine of hope and heaven came streaming down, through his loneliness would his heart swell up into praise, singing like the birds around the "mountain on the isle of Patmos." It was at such intervals of joy that he would begin his letters with the fanciful dates: "From the region of air and birds;" and "From the midst of the birds who sing joyfully among the foliage, and praise God day and night with their sweet melody."

In one of his letters to a friend, his description of his mountain retreat is quite characteristic: "My residence is now in the midst of clouds in the empire of singing birds, without speaking of other birds, whose mingled voices would drown a tempest. Near here there is a wood, vocal from the first to the last branch with songsters, besides ravens and crows. From morning to evening, and sometimes during the night, their cries are so indefatigable and so incessant, that I doubt whether there is any spot in the world where so many birds assemble. Not a moment's silence; willingly or unwillingly, you

must hear them; old and young, mothers and daughters, glorify, as they best can, their name of raven."

However reluctantly Luther at first acquiesced in this preconcerted exile and seclusion, he was enabled afterwards to recognize in it the hand of a wise and beneficent Providence, "*and sing the grace of solitude.*" That temporary suspension of his public activity amidst the most exciting scenes of polemical conflict, and that quietude of seclusion, inviting him to introvert his mind and study Divine truth, not merely for contention, but as a means of regeneration and life, had a most important influence upon his personal religious character, as well as upon the subsequent development and progress of the Reformation. In that solitude of self-inspection and communion with God, his heart was more than ever imbued with the spirit of the Bible, and his whole intellectual being was penetrated and transfigured by its influence. His pale, worn countenance, as he sits there over his Bible, is lighted with a fire, as if reflected from the radiant jasper walls of the celestial city. He writes, and clasps his hands, and looks upward, and blesses God for the Bible, entranced with some passage, the glory of which the Holy Spirit lets in upon his soul.

It must be apparent that without this living, burning, personal experience of the power of God's Word, Luther would have been morally unfitted for the work of the Reformation. He entered, as Zwingle said, into God's thoughts in his Word, and dwelt there as in a tower of invincible strength and glory.

"When one of the elementary truths of the gospel masters the mind," says one, "it quite transfigures it with power and glory. It gives it the wings of a seraph, the freedom and swiftness of a celestial nature." Thus Luther, baptized into the very power of the Bible as a spiritual element, was made superior alike to the fear of man and the blandishments of the world. It lived and breathed in him, a spiritual existence, a powerful, practical life. It made him, like Apollos, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, "and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds." This powerful, transforming experience of God's Word Luther gained, in an eminent degree, in the quiet study, and by the intense, soul-trying, spiritual discipline through which he passed in the Wartburg.

This friendly imprisonment, so far as it affected Luther per-

sonally, may be further viewed as a providential preventive of spiritual pride and fanaticism, into which some of the earlier Reformers fell. If Paul needed a thorn in the flesh, lest he should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations given to him, may not Luther have equally needed some check against a similar liability, when there was so much around to tempt his frail and sinful humanity to spiritual pride and self-exaltation—a proclivity so strong and determinate in our sinful nature? And when every thing depended upon him instrumentally, and the least giddiness in Luther might have imperiled the cause he was designed to advance, may we not justly anticipate that Providence would interpose to prevent any sinful development in the Reformer that would be prejudicial to the Reformation? And are we not authorized, therefore, in viewing this imprisonment as the hand of God, withdrawing Luther from the “sphere of intoxicating ovations, and throwing him into an unknown retreat?” There his soul, tempered and chastened by adversity, in communion with God and the unseen world, would retain its proper spiritual equipoise, “and the principles of a Christian life be thenceforward evolved with greater energy and freedom.”

The remarks of a great American thinker are so pertinent in the illustration of this point in Luther's history, that we cannot forbear their insertion here: “Afflictions, desertions, and temptations are as needful as consolations. Jonah's whale will teach a good lesson, as well as Pisgah's top; and a man may sometimes learn as much from being a night and a day in the deep, as from forty days on the mount. I see Jonah come out of a whale, and cured of rebellion; I see Moses go up to the mount with meekness, but come down with a huff and break the tables. Further, I see three picked disciples attending their Master to the mount, and fall asleep there. Jesus has given you a hand and heart to execute great things for his glory, and therefore he will deal you out a suitable measure of afflictions, to keep your balance steady.”

We have, thus far, considered the results of this temporary imprisonment upon Luther personally. In a future article we shall discuss its influence upon the Reformation, and attempt an exposition of the *psychological phenomenon* of his inkstand assault upon the Devil.

SUMMER EVENING.

BY MRS. J. L. GRAY.

Twilight shadows, softly stealing,
 Veil the fading landscape o'er:
 Bees their luscious loads are bearing
 To their homestead's crowded door.

'Neath you old tree's scanty shadow,
 Near the brooklet's verdant brink,
 From the fragrant, new-mown meadow,
 Come the thirsty kine to drink.

Idly in the waters standing,
 Gazing on its gentle flow,
 Pensively they seem to ponder
 On the weight of human woe.

Forth from ivy-covered cottage,
 Humbly built upon the plain,
 Come the herdsman's son and daughter,
 Harry and his sister Jane.



Knowing naught of wealth, nor caring
 For its glittering pomp or power,
 Lightly, gayly, o'er the green-sward,
 Trip they at the twilight hour.

Graceful poised she bears her milk-pail;
 He the little tripod bears;
 Happy in their flowing treasure,
 Happy in their morning years.

Sneer not ye who in the city
 Spend your hours at ball or play;
 Are your hearts as free from sorrow?
 Are ye innocent as they?
Easton, Pa., July, 1853.

Do you press your downy pillow
 With a breast as free from woe?
 Dreams as light, flit they around you,
 As these humble children know?

Gems may deck an anxious bosom,
 Smiles from breaking hearts may come;
 Tears unwept, and sighs unbreathed,
 Mar the merchant's costliest home.

Wisdom bideth with the lowly;
 To the humble grace is given;
 Peace on earth their happy portion—
 Peace on earth and rest in heaven.

THE MEANS OF SELF-CULTURE.

Patient application and unwearied effort are essential in the work of self-culture. It was thus that Demosthenes, clause after clause and sentence after sentence, elaborated his immortal orations. There is no excellence without great labor. The greatest results of the mind, like the coral reefs of the ocean, are produced by small but continuous efforts, by the plying of constant assiduities; and as the sweetest rose often grows upon the sharpest thorn, so the severest labor often produces the most profitable results. Indefatigable labor is necessary to overcome that indolence of our nature which often clings to us as tightly as the serpents entwined themselves around the bodies of Laocöon and his sons. The mind, unemployed, is like the blade of Hudibras:

"Which ate into itself for lack
Of something else to hew and hack."

There is a disparity in men's natural endowments, but how often does the less favored far outstrip him upon whom Nature has more generously lavished her gifts! Too much influence is often ascribed to Nature. Many, with all that has been done for them, sink into oblivion and contempt. It may be to the sluggish and supine a pleasing doctrine that Nature does every thing, and without her aid nothing can be accomplished. For then, if we are favorites, we are excused from further exertion, and if we are proscribed, no exertion will avail. But the man who entertains this doctrine of intellectual predestination usually predestines for himself. Without industry, all Nature's gifts are like the steward's buried talent; they produce nothing, and moulder in their native soil: the heart, of which they were designed to be the ornament, becomes their sepulchre; their garden is their grave. Man is formed for activity. Exertion is the true element of a well-regulated mind.

We must be in earnest. This was the spirit of those who have accomplished most for their race, who *being dead, yet speak*. It was in the seclusion of Erfurt that the Saxon Reformer received into his soul the new *evangel* of faith and freedom. It was also in solitude that the eloquence of him was formed who

addressed the Athenian people in those fervid strains which

“Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

It is said of Socrates that he could remain a whole day utterly lost in profound reflection. Fichte, even in childhood, had acquired the power of abstraction to such a degree that he could stand motionless for hours gazing on the distant ether.

But it may be remarked that this spirit of endurance cannot come except from a habit of labor, carefully acquired and steadily maintained. The habit of close investigation cannot be formed in a day. Exercise is the principle of all culture. As the arm tied up in a sling gradually loses its strength and becomes averse to motion, so for want of exercise the mind is enfeebled and loses its vigor. Repetition enables us to perform that which was at first difficult, perhaps painful, with ease and satisfaction. As a traveller is apt to fall into a beaten path and follow its course, so the thoughts are disposed to pursue the track which they have often followed before; or as the stream gradually wears the channel deeper in which it has been accustomed to run, so the current of the mind is influenced by the course in which habit has taught it to flow.

But a want of leisure is often presented as an apology for the neglect of mental culture. Those, however, who constantly urge this plea are daily wasting time which might be devoted to self-improvement. The industrious, systematic man always has leisure, and it is surprising what a methodical disposition of the time will accomplish. How much has frequently been accomplished by men who have been engaged in occupations involving an immensity of responsible duty, by gathering up the fragments of time! At the time that Sir Walter Scott was publishing works at the rate of four volumes a year, he was faithful and efficient as an advocate and a clerk of the Court of Sessions in Edinburgh. The best productions of Lord Brougham were written when he was barrister in full practice and leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Those profound and labored works of Cuvier which are unrivalled in depth of thought and accurate research, were the result of hours abstracted from the multifarious duties of high and official station.

No matter how arduous the labors of a man's profession may be, he still has time for literary culture.

Faith is necessary to the successful exercise of the mental faculties. There must be faith in the practicability of self-culture. An individual must believe that he is capable of producing successful results. There must be confidence in our own powers, confidence in the power of effort, confidence in a higher than human power—that God will help us if we will help ourselves. This very faith is often the forerunner of success. The very belief of the possession of capacity to achieve any just and meritorious object often impels the mind to active effort. We should be schooled to draw on ourselves, to feel that there is a power within us which can reason, and that, under Heaven, it depends upon our own will whether these faculties shall reach their exalted destiny. That which is timorously undertaken is often relinquished in despair, or, if performed at all, is seldom well performed. Pope furnishes an illustration, who, in his youth, thought that there was nothing he could not accomplish to which he would devote his energies; and Dr. Johnson has observed that this minute perception of his own powers was the occasion of his reaching as high a pitch of perfection as it was possible for a man with his moderate endowments to attain. A modest estimate of our own powers is always becoming, but it is by no means inconsistent with a proper reliance upon ourselves. We continually see the salutary effects of this self-reliance; but notice the single exemplification furnished in the faculty of memory. Engage in the investigation of any subject you please with an entire confidence in memory, and it will rarely desert you; distrust it, and it has gone. Such is the nature of all the properties of the mind.

But the active mind, when it once begins to operate, seizes knowledge from every direction, and collects from every source its appropriate food. A single thought, or a casual circumstance exciting inquiry, has been the means of leading to some of the greatest discoveries and some of the most wonderful inventions. Copernicus had heard that one of the Greek philosophers believed that the earth revolved on its own axis every twenty-four hours, and performed its revolution round the sun in the course of a year. The remark had been made again and

again by others before Copernicus, but was doubtless regarded as a wild hypothesis. He made it a material for his thoughts to work upon, and the result was an entire revolution in the opinions of the schools, and the universal adoption of what every tyro sees to be among the simplest truths of astronomy—the relative position and motion of the planets, with the sun for their centre. A beautiful illustration is also afforded by Galileo's discovery of the regularity of oscillation in the pendulum. It was while standing in the cathedral of Pisa that his attention was directed to this most important fact by observing the movements of a lamp suspended from the ceiling, which some accident had disturbed and caused to vibrate. Now this was a phenomenon which had often been observed, but no one had seen it with that philosophical attention with which it was examined by Galileo. The young Italian philosopher saw at once the important application which might be made of the thought suggested to his mind, and by careful and repeated experiment he discovered the principle of the most perfect measure of time which we yet possess. The residence of Priestley in the vicinity of a brewery arrested his attention to the extinction of lighted chips in the gas floating over fermented liquors, which led him to examine and analyze the several gases; and the various results of his first experiments were succeeded by others, which, in his hands, soon became pneumatic chemistry. To the mind of Galvani, the muscular contractions upon the leg of a frog suggested the idea of galvanism; and so simple a thing as the falling of an apple, seen by all the world a thousand times before, presented to Newton the thought that gravitation was the mighty bond of the universe, upon which the mechanism of the heavens is balanced. The man who is intent upon the business of self-culture will make every thing tributary to this purpose. Every object with which he comes in contact will minister to his improvement, and will, like the fabled touch of the Phrygian king, be turned into gold. It is said of Sir Walter Scott that he never met with any one, even the most stupid servant who watered his horse when he travelled, from whom he did not gain some new ideas which were of value to him.

Our own country affords peculiar facilities for the exercise of self-culture. Here the ancient and trite maxim, *Quisque, suæ*

fortune faber, is strictly and emphatically true. Under the influence of our free and equal institutions, the door of competition is thrown wide open to well-directed talent, no matter how obscure its origin.

With us there is no royal favor to court; "every freeman is a chartered king," and an improved intellect will shed a greater lustre around his brow than the brightest jewel in a monarch's crown.

MY FIRST SERMON.



EVERY path of life has its pleasing reminiscences: they lighten the heart under many a burden, and the recollection of the pleasures of departed days often cheers us amidst the trials of the present. There are few associations more pleasant than those connected with the ministry, and few classes of men feel their effect more powerfully when enduring the heat and burden of the day. How many can sympathize in what I have now to say! No one but the experienced can conceive the nervous anxiety of one called for the first time to address an audience of immortal minds concerning the things which make for their peace, and you may well imagine mine, when I say that I was not yet twenty years of age. I had relinquished a lucrative employment, forsaken the endearments of home, was separated from them by a thousand miles of distance, persuaded that duty called me to the Lord's work: and I was about to commence my labor, and stand face to face with fellow-travellers to eternity, that I might invite them to "come to Jesus of Nazareth." I had never before realized the crushing weight of my own unworthiness, my utter incapacity for the task in which I had engaged; and had it been possible, I believe I would fain have relinquished it. The time, the place, the circumstances—how indelible the impression! A quarter of

a century has elapsed, and yet they come up as vividly as if it were but yesterday. It was the evening of the anniversary of the Saviour's advent, hallowed by all its pleasing associations. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, were thinking of the only absent one from the Christmas fire. The place was an humble, unpainted schoolhouse, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Mohawk. Every spot of the surrounding country was consecrated by some legend of Indian atrocity, and many an old man present could point to where the ancient blockhouse stood, where many a deed of darkness had been performed. I know not what the march of improvement may have done, for since that night I have not visited the spot. Some stately church may occupy the lonely site; a thriving village may have clustered around it. But as you journey westward some fifty miles up the stream, just before you reach a point where the valley becomes so narrow as to afford scarcely room for the canal, the river and the railroad to pass through the deep gorge made by the abrupt and overhanging precipices, on the high and shelving bank upon your right hand there *then* stood in the deep woods my first preaching-place. It was crowded with an audience of plain, unsophisticated people, collected to hear what they knew to be my first effort. But simple as was the place and the congregation, I literally trembled, for I seemed to stand on holy ground. "*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,*" was the text. I know not how I spoke, for the agitation of the moment was too great to admit of effort, or to leave an impression on my own mind of my manner of utterance. The manuscript which contained my thoughts I still cherish as one of the fondest memorials of the past. How often I have since spoken, it would be difficult to calculate. Years of thought and experience have afforded me doubtless greater adaptedness to the work. But I have never spoken with more earnestness, with deeper emotion, or a more awful consciousness of the preacher's office. The audience dispersed, and I have never met them since. I have passed the middle time of life. The rocks, the hills, the river are all unchanged, save as they echo the increased hum of human activity. The greater part of my hearers have probably been called before the judgment-seat. God grant that there may be some soul in heaven to record, as I do now, some pleasant recollections of my first sermon!

A RUSTIC DOMINE.

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

WEEP ye, pale mourners, when the grass is stirred
By the swift wing of homeward-speeding bird?
Weep ye when light and glaring day depart,
And rose-leaves gather to the parent-heart?
Weep ye when hushed are singing-bird and bee,
And weary wings are folded silently?
Ye weep not then.

Ye weep not then. But when the earth's green breast
Is stirred to let some pale form pass to rest;
When human souls, that long have strayed, at last
To the great parent-heart are gathered fast;
When all earth's mournful sounds have ceased to be,
And weary lids are folded silently,
Why weep ye then?

Albany, July 9, 1853.

L.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

OUR Lord, in his conversation with Nicodemus, refers him to the lifting up of the serpent, to exemplify the nature of gospel faith. Let us look at it. When the Israelites were wandering in the Arabian desert, they provoked the Lord by their repeated rebellion to send fiery serpents among them, whose bite was mortal. Perishing under this scourge, they confess their sin and request Moses to intercede for them; whereupon God directs him to elevate a brazen serpent in view of the camp, and to publish that whosoever would look upon it should be healed. There was no natural connection that could be discovered between the brazen serpent and the cure of the disease. The only inducement to look up to the image was confidence in the mercy, power, and truth of Jehovah; and we may justly conclude that for one who was in the last agonies to crawl to the door of his tent to catch a glimpse of the brazen serpent, required a conviction that God was too gracious to mock his people with false hopes, greatly as they had sinned; too wise and powerful to lack means of restoring the most desperate case; and above all, too faithful to fail of

performing what he had promised. All who had so much reverence for God left as is implied in these convictions, looked ; and all that looked were healed. Even so was the Son of man lifted up. The crucifixion of Christ is the most remarkable fact that has ever occurred in the wide empire of God. It is an object of admiring contemplation and mysterious import to angels, and, we may add, to devils too. It stands isolated and alone, like the brazen serpent in the wide waste of the desert, flaming in the sun. To this fact the attention of the sinner is called. He is assured on the authority of God that, in consequence of the death of His Son, he may be healed, restored to perfect soundness of his moral nature ; and so soon as he believes this declaration, on the word of God, he *is* healed. From the moment that he admits into his heart the saving truth that Christ died for his sins, he is justified ; he is justified before God. Having accepted the offered amnesty, he is no longer considered as a rebel, but reinstated in the rights and privileges of a citizen ; having returned to his Father's house, he is no longer a stranger, but a child. But he is also justified in his own heart. He feels that he is no longer in a state of condemnation ; the burden of sin that weighed him down and crushed his spirit is removed ; the suffocating fear of punishment is gone ; he breathes free ; he is a new creature.

EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

WHEN we enter the churchyard, and look around on the silent mounds that contain all that was mortal of so many who once mingled in the active scenes of life, but have left its busy haunts for ever, how often do we find ourselves standing by a grave which, by its small size and the simple inscription on the tombstone, whispers that it is the resting-place of a child ! And the tear will start unbidden when we think how early the little one exchanged the cradle for the grave ; how soon it was snatched from the warm embrace of a mother, and laid in the icy arms of death ; how from the home that had been gladdened by its infant loveliness the light has departed, and the fond mother bows her head in anguish. With the image of that deserted home and that heart-stricken mother before us

we seem to hear her exclaim in her sorrow: "Why was the silver thread so early broken, while yet my darling was in the morning of existence, while yet all was bright around him, and life was naught but a dream of happiness; when his young heart had just been learning to return the affection so richly lavished upon him, and his innocent prattle and merry laugh were the light of our dwelling? Why was the ruthless hand of Death suffered to snap the lovely bud? Were there not trophies enough in the conqueror's withered wreath, but this too, our joy and pride, must be added ere its loveliness was half unfolded?" But listen, sorrowing mother; a voice seems to come from your infant's grave, bidding you dry those fruitless tears, and mourn no longer for the early lost. The angel Death, who seems so terrible to you, was but His messenger "who doeth all things well." He loved your child with a stronger and holier love than burns even in a mother's bosom. He knew that if the tender bud were left to unfold in earthly bowers, it would be nipped by the frost of sorrow, broken by the storm of adversity, and, worse than all, blighted by the mildew, sin, whose deadly influence has changed many a bright flower to a poisonous weed. He heard your earnest prayers, daily offered for your darling. His ear was open when you pleaded so earnestly that he might be saved from the evil that is in the world; that his life might be one of happiness, and his young feet be guided in the path of virtue. Would your prayers have been answered as well if your little one had been left in such a world as this, where the very air breathes of sin; and even you, who so anxiously prayed that he might be led in the path of holiness, and whose duty it was to guide his infant steps, were constantly setting him an example far from being free from the baneful principle? Yes, God, in answer to your prayers, has transplanted your cherished bud into the garden of Paradise, where it shall bloom in beauty, safe from the evils of the world. True, the messenger he sent to bear it to its new abode was Death; but why should this thought be so painful to you? for though he laid his icy fingers on the laughing brow, and it was changed to marble; though he dashed the rose from the cheek and lip; closed the beaming eyes, and silenced the lisping tongue; then bore the frail and lifeless body in his arms, and laid it in the damp, cold grave,

yet the happy spirit was all unharmed the while, and lovingly it nestled in the angel's bosom, and safely was it borne to its bright home on high. True, your prayer was answered in a way far different from what you anticipated; but should this make you less grateful that the early lost was thus early saved? Should you murmur because, though you know that your treasure is safe; though you know that "God gave, he took, and will restore;" yet you are now for a time deprived of the presence of your loved one, and life is robbed of all its beauty, and earth seems lone and cheerless? Would you then disturb his peaceful slumber? Would you call his happy spirit from the realms of bliss, where it sparkles a bright jewel in the Saviour's coronet, back to a world of sin and sorrow, because you miss his sunny smile and lisping voice as he twined his tiny arms around your neck, and whispered "Mother?" Oh, selfishness! unworthy of a mother's love! Oh, ingratitude! unworthy of a heavenly Father's kindness! Let every wish like this be banished, and bright-eyed Hope point you to the time when you shall again receive your treasure, never more to lose it; and let Faith wipe your tears while she whispers, "The early lost are early saved."

H.

THE EARLY LIFE OF PAUL.

BY REV. J. A. BROWN, READING, PA.

Who that has read of the miraculous conversion and subsequent labors of Paul, has not wished to know more than can now be known of the early life of this greatest of the apostles? Full memoirs of this period, giving an account of his family, his youthful feats at play and study, his training, what he experienced and what he did at Tarsus and Jerusalem—in a word, his inward and outward life—would be a work of surpassing interest. For such a book would we gladly exchange a multitude of volumes that are pressed upon us in this age of book-making. But regrets for what is lost, and wishes for more, are alike vain. In many things of the present world the unknown greatly exceeds the known, and we must wait, as one of the delightful anticipations of the future, for full and more satisfactory knowledge. Meanwhile it may be interesting

to gather the few scattered references to the early life of Paul to be found in the Acts and Epistles.

Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, has the honor of being his birth-place. Through this city the Cydnus, flowing down from mount Taurus, rolled its cold waters on to the Mediterranean. Nature here appears in her most captivating and romantic forms, and there is much to awaken in the soul the sublimest emotions. Of Tarsus itself Paul declares that it was "no mean city;" and ancient authorities inform us of its rivalling, if not surpassing, Athens and Alexandria in its wide-spread fame for philosophy and literature. It was the favored resort of many a youth who sought to satisfy his thirst for wisdom, or who aimed at distinction in the highest walks of intellectual attainments. From the schools of Tarsus, Greece and Rome received some of their most distinguished teachers and professors. But of all who were born in this city, or who resorted thither to study, none has now such lofty distinction and enduring renown as the youthful Saul of Tarsus.

He was born of Jewish parents—"an Hebrew of the Hebrews"—and could boast of a descent from one of the most illustrious tribes of Jacob. His father was a Pharisee, and there are indications of his parents having been pious, at least according to the law. As the name Saul means *asked*, like Samuel, he may have been the firstborn, and given in answer to prayer. On the eighth day, according to Divine appointment, he was consecrated to God and received the seal of the covenant. What pains were taken with his early training we can only conjecture. As his father enjoyed the right of citizenship, and Paul was "free-born"—a privilege enjoyed as the reward of special merit, or purchased at a great price—we may infer that his family occupied a position of respectability, and perhaps lived in affluence. Descended of honorable parentage, and living in a city so celebrated for its learning, his mind must have been early imbued with the classic literature of the age, a familiar acquaintance with which he showed in after years. Paul's early education and knowledge of heathen philosophy and literature were of great service to him when he became a preacher to the Gentiles. A dark cloud overhangs the period spent at Tarsus, and we are left in ignorance of

these early years, as in the case of John the Baptist and Elijah, his great antitype.

It tends to confirm the conjecture of his being given in answer to prayer and designed for the service of the Church, that he was early removed to Jerusalem, where he was carefully instructed in the sacred learning of the Jews. How profoundly he studied the Hebrew Scriptures is clear from the use made of them in his preaching and writing. At this time there was at the head of the Jewish doctors one who has been eulogized by the Jews, and whose name is immortalized as the teacher of Paul. He has been regarded as the son of Simeon, who took the infant Jesus in his arms, and grandson of the famous Hillel. At the feet of this distinguished rabbi, Gamaliel, was Paul brought up, and "taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers."

As the period of Paul's sojourn at Jerusalem extended over the time of Christ's personal ministry, it is an interesting question whether he ever listened to Him who "spake as man never spake." If he did not hear him, he could scarcely help hearing of the fame of Jesus. What were his thoughts as he heard of him who claimed to be their expected Messiah? With an earnest spirit and an inquiring mind, he could hardly avoid some mental conflicts on the subject of religion. The old formalism could not have satisfied the deep yearnings of his soul. But whatever doubts and perplexities he may have experienced, through the force of early education and strong prejudice, he managed to silence his misgivings and cling to Judaism. Of his sincerity in rejecting Christianity we cannot doubt, for he tells us that "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." In his opposition to Christ he sinned ignorantly through unbelief, which is some palliation of his guilt.

Arrived at mature years, we behold him a thoroughly educated Jew, of ardent temperament, great zeal in the advocacy of his own religion, and ready to persecute unto death any who would attack the system received from the fathers. Opportunities were not wanting to show his zeal. Jerusalem was stirred up with the death and resurrection of Christ and the preaching of the apostles. His Jewish pride rebelled against the doctrine of the cross. Foremost he stood amongst those who were deter-

mined to put down this new doctrine. When the proto-martyr, Stephen, was stoned to death, he was there; and not as an excited spectator, but as an accessory to the deed. He not only consented to his death, but held the clothes of those who performed the bloody and cruel office. Disdaining to wet his hands, he wet his soul in the blood of the martyr. From this moment his fiery zeal and aroused hatred knew no bounds. Men and women he forced to prison, and delighted his soul in their bitter sufferings. To distant cities he pursued the scattered sheep of Christ, and was determined to let none escape. How terrible are misguided zeal and fanaticism! How blind are error and superstition! On his way to Damascus, bent on harrassing and destroying the followers of Jesus, Paul is suddenly arrested in his mad career, and subdued by the conquering Saviour. The persecutor becomes a suppliant for mercy, and an advocate of the faith he once destroyed. Among the redeemed throng around the throne of the Lamb, there is not a nobler monument of redeeming grace than Saul of Tarsus.

OLD PICTURES CLEANED HERE.

BY J. G. M.

I HAVE often read these words in gilt letters on large sign-boards, in London and other European cities, and I have thought that I might also use them to designate my own employment. My business is not literally to scrub the dust and dirt from old paintings, and then, by a few touches of the pencil and a coat of varnish, to restore them to their original freshness and beauty, but it is to brush away the cobwebs and rub off the mould from the historical canvas, and reproduce in their pristine colors the little-known or long-forgotten facts of by-gone ages.

I have been at work on one to-day; and let me hang it up in the exhibition-room of your magazine. If you had a catalogue of your literary pictures, my production should be labelled, "A LUTHERAN MARTYR; *an original—by an old painter.*"

The intelligent traveller can scarcely pass through any city or town in Germany which has not been distinguished by

some memorable event. The most interesting historical associations are connected with nearly all. He will be reminded that in this place some character celebrated for his talents and writings run his career of renown, and now lies buried in the parish church; that some extraordinary and thrilling circumstance in the age of chivalry or in the period of the Reformation, or in the Thirty Years' War, or in more modern times, occurred at that place. He passes through such towns of deep historical interest almost every league he travels, and happy is he if his own previous reading supplies him with the facts, or if he has a travelling companion who can furnish them for him.

A few years ago, I was leisurely jogging along a pleasant public highway in the interior of Germany, wearied, homesick, companionless, and hungry. I was in no mood to be interested in any thing or by any body, man or woman. I was most decidedly out of sorts. Besides, my purse was low and my spirits lower. It would be some days before my letter of credit could be of any avail; and as I knew not how to replenish my purse in the event of a total exhaustion, I was, as may be imagined, in no very enviable frame of mind. I once thought of the expediency of asking permission of the public authorities of some town to deliver a lecture on America, and as I had some experience in the lecturing business, I anticipated success. As every body you meet in Germany has a brother or cousin in our country, some of whom I probably knew, I thought I could interest the villagers by recounting the wonderful exploits of their relatives in America. Though the road on both sides was lined with fruit trees in full bearing; though my knapsack was not heavy, having sent my trunk ahead; though the weather was charming and the road perfect; though the Bavarian beer was good, and my tobacco-pouch well supplied with the best of Knarter; though a German student who had overtaken me and walked with me for a few miles was full of wit as well as wine, yet I was dull, melancholy, and morose.

After plodding my weary way along for several hours, the church steeples of a town before me appeared in sight. I had passed through so many villages on that day, and felt so little concern about them and every thing else, that I did not even ask their names; but the one before me attracted my special attention; and when, in reply to my inquiry of a shepherd, I

was told that it was Passau, I was at once aroused. I forgot my weariness. I acquired new agility. I hastened my steps. A crowd of interesting and painful reminiscences of the olden time rushed in upon my mind. It was not long before I had taken up my quarters in a snug little chamber at the hotel "Zum Baierischen Hof," in Passau. This town is situated on the Danube, just where the smaller rivers, the Inn and the Ish, enter it, in Lower Bavaria.

And what rendered it interesting to me? Let me tell it in the form of the following narration, drawn up on the spot:

On the evening of the 17th of August, 1527, a man of about fifty years of age, covered with dust, and evidently fatigued, was seen sitting on a stone bench in front of a peasant's hut, about twenty miles from Passau. His general appearance did not indicate that of an itinerant beggar; and when he was observed by the inmates of the humble dwelling, their curiosity was excited, and they inquired his name and pursuits.

"Ask not my name now," he replied; "but I am tired and hungry; give me a piece of bread, and allow me to rest here for a few hours, and Heaven will reward you."

"Stranger," rejoined the peasant, "it shall never be said that Gottfried Werner, a Lutheran Christian, turned away a weary wayfaring man from his door. Come in, friend, and Barbara, my wife, shall provide for you what my poor house can afford."

"A Lutheran Christian! God be praised! then I am among brethren. Brother, I salute you! A common faith, a common Lord, and a common baptism bind us together;" and the two men, excited by the holiest emotions, cordially embraced each other amid the salutations and tears of the whole family.

The stranger entered, and partook heartily of the humble fare set before him by Barbara. After many questions of an ordinary character, Gottfried made bold to inquire more particularly into the history of his guest, and into the cause of his apparent deep dejection.

"Ah!" said he, "I have a melancholy tale to tell, a tale of flames and blood, and horrible cruelty! No wonder I am dejected. May God forgive me, if other feelings should rise within me. My name is Thomas Kaiser, and it was only yesterday that I saw my own dear brother, Leonhard Kaiser,

burnt at the stake in Passau. May Heaven blast the murderers!"

"Hold, friend!" interrupted Gottfried; "do you not know that our Lutheran faith teaches us to bless and curse not; yea, to pray for them who spitefully use us and persecute us?"

"Yes, I know it, I know it," said Kaiser; "but just imagine a man's feelings when he sees his younger brother burning at a stake, and hears his piteous groans! Oh! Sir, the recollection of that scene maddens me, and—"

"Be temperate, friend," replied Gottfried, again interrupting him. "I can well imagine your feelings, but do not forget that now the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, as those of Rome are."

"What a kind and affective monitor you are!" rejoined the guest; "but to look on my younger brother, bound hand and foot, and tied by a stake; to see the wood piled up against him, the accursed executioner applying the torch, the flames wreathing around him, his flesh falling off by pieces, the bare bones exposed, his manly form consumed—Heaven! it was too much!" And striking his forehead with violence, he hastily paced up and down the room.

"Are you in earnest? For Heaven's sake, is all this true?" cried Barbara.

"Yes, all true," said the stranger, now a little more composed; "and as your interest is excited, I will relate the whole story, with as much composure as I can muster, if you desire it."

"Do tell it," they all cried out at once.

"I will; but do excuse me if I should occasionally become roused, for Heaven knows I have suffered much. Oh! can God's grace ever reach such infernal murderers?—But I forget. It was but yesterday—the fire is not yet extinguished which consumed my brother: the fire which will consume his persecutors will be eternal!—it was but yesterday, in Passau, which accursed place I have left for ever, that the dreadful tragedy was enacted. A few weeks ago, in the courtyard of the Prince's palace, in that doomed city, a high platform was erected, which was occupied by magistrates of high distinction. A chair was also placed on the stage, on which was seated, clothed in his pontifical vestments, the bishop of the diocese. Two other

bishops were seated on each side. An abbot, four provosts, and a great number of civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, among whom was Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadt, were also furnished with appropriate positions. A crowd of citizens in armor, and an immense mass of the populace filled the surrounding space. When the bishop gave a sign, the doctor official stepped forward and announced that a Lutheran preacher, who was a prisoner, was present, and inquired whether it was the bishop's will that he should be brought forward and tried. When the bishop nodded assent, a man was led up, bound with cords like a felon—and that was my brother, the youngest child of my father."

"Good Heavens!" cried Barbara, "how could you look on that scene?"

"Woman, replied Kaiser, "at first I trembled, but not from mere animal fear or weakness, but from apprehension whether my brother would hold on to the truth to the end! The official then loosed the bonds of the prisoner, and declared in a loud voice to the multitude that he was acting in obedience to the oath he had taken to exterminate the Lutheran heresy from the land. He then turned towards my brother, and asked him whether he would recant his heresies. He made no distinct reply to the question, but requested that the proceedings might be conducted in the German language, for the people did not understand Latin, and it was proper they should know what was being done. But they would not consent. They even at first denied him the privilege of speaking in his own defense, for fear that he might use the German language; but out of mere favor, as the official said, an advocate was appointed, who should speak in his name."

"And what did he answer?" asked several at the same time.

"Did he show himself inclined to recant?"

"My brother was a Lutheran Christian," was the impressive answer of Kaiser. "He answered as became him. He declared that he would recall nothing that was taught in the Scriptures, and that he would adopt nothing that was not proved by the same divine Word."

"That's real Lutheran talk!" said a hired laborer of the peasant, who was also present. "What a power there is in the gospel to sustain a man in every trouble, yea, even in death!"

"Your remark is very sensible, Hans," said Gottfried, "but do not interrupt Kaiser. Proceed, if you please."

"Cheerfully," replied he, and thus continued: "When my brother refused to recant, the officer stepped forward and handed the written charges to a notary, that he might read them before the crowd. My brother repeatedly requested that these charges might be read in German, but it was not allowed. The advocate appointed to defend him now began his speech, and begged the privilege of having a copy of the charges taken for the benefit of the prisoner's friends and his advisers; and he also had the courage to ask for a postponement of the trial. Neither request was granted, and my brother was called on to answer each charge consecutively. The trial then began."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

ECLECTIC.

THE HOME MISSIONARY ARGUMENT.

THE argument for Home Missions has lost nothing by familiarity. Repetition has not worn it out; it has only worn it bright, the more effectually to flash conviction on the mind. It has been gathering, if not new elements, at least new volume and power. The subject expands under our gaze; it grows upon our thought; each succeeding year lifts it to a loftier position, and invests it with grandeur and more commanding claims. Like some vast mountain, rising from the bed of the sea, it is heaving itself up into the view of the nations; every day its horizon enlarges—every hour it attracts a wider and deeper interest. We need not to be plied with a continual succession of novelties, to produce conviction and excite interest in reference to this great cause; the argument lies in facts already known. It is enough to stand on the margin of that vast territory we are to cultivate, and let the soul fill with the conception of its grandeur—its untravelled immensity—its interminable forests, whose sleeping echoes are yet to be awaked by the woodman's axe; its lakes, into which, I had almost said, Great Britain might be planted, and be an island still; its rivers, for which all Europe could not furnish an area without as many turns and doublings in their course as the Israelites described in the wilderness; its population of more than eleven millions, destined at no very distant period to become more than two hundred millions; its destitutions and desolations; its thousands growing up without the means of common education; its tens of thousands who are forming

characters without the influence of sanctuary, Sabbath, or Bible; and its hundreds of thousands whose minds superstition hath blinded, "lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Oh, if we have the spirit of Him who, "when he saw the multitudes, was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd," we should need no other argument than to *look* at this vast field as it spreads out before us. *Any* multitude of immortal beings is an impressive spectacle; but a multitude wandering from the fold of God, seeking rest and finding none, yet straying still farther from the source of life, is a sight to touch the tenderest chords of Christian commiseration.

But these multitudes are our countrymen; and we are bound by the first principles of Christianity to provide for our own. They are one with us in government; most of them in language; all of them in interest. Their glory is our glory, their shame is our shame, and their fall will be our fall. Our destinies are inseparable. And if the world has any hopes built upon the continued existence and prosperity of this republic; if the course of civil and religious liberty is to advance over the earth with the success of our great experiment; if, in its march to universal dominion, Christianity is to receive its mightiest impulse in this land of free institutions; if our triumph is to be a triumph for all nations and for all ages, then does it become us to look well into that field of Home Missions which God has committed to our care. There the momentous question is to be decided. The elements are gathering, the forces are mustering along those water-courses and over those broad prairies, which are to determine the future legislation, the general course, and final destiny of the whole country. Let the sacramental host move at once, and move together, and move in the name and strength of the Lord, and they will move to a certain and glorious victory.

We are urged to such efforts by most animating encouragements. We feel that we are working in coincidence with the divine plan, as indicated in many an illustrious chapter of our history. Why did God preserve this whole country, more than a century after its discovery, for the English race, turning the foot of the Spaniard to the sunny regions of the tropics? Why did He induce Columbus, just before making land, to veer a few points southward, so that, instead of striking the coast of Florida, as he would have done, had he adhered to his original purpose of sailing due west, he struck the West India Islands? Why did God keep this great country from the English until they had renounced the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff? And why did He keep it from the Protestants until they had purified the Reformed faith from its still remaining Romish tendencies? Why did He wait until He had sifted three Protestant kingdoms for the precious seed wherewith to plant this western world? Why did he hold in check for two centuries the emigration of Papists and infidels to this country, until the goodly vine, transplanted, had taken root and grown strong, and filled the land with her boughs and her fruit? Why did He blast every attempt of the Spaniards to colonize the Valley of the Mississippi? Why, when La Salle, upwards of one hundred and seventy years ago, had taken possession of the whole country, from the mouth of the Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico

politically in the name of Louis the Great, and spiritually in the name of the Church of Rome; and when, a few years after, the French attempted to realize the design of La Salle, by erecting a chain of forts through Peoria and Vincennes, towards the south-west, building chapels and celebrating mass in the same—why did God drive them from every one of those posts, and defeat their well-laid scheme? Why did He compel Napoleon the First to relinquish his cherished design of founding a French empire west of the Mississippi, by so embarrassing his affairs at home that he was obliged to sell the whole territory to us for purposes of revenue? In fine, why were the immense treasures of California hidden from all the world, even from the keen-scented Spaniard, until she was annexed to this republic? And tell me, if any one can, why was it that the title-deed of transference had no sooner passed into our hands, than she gave up her mighty secret, and unlocked her golden gates? Is it possible not to see the hand of God in all this? Who can believe that a country over which divine Providence has thus kept watch and ward for three and a half centuries, is to be given up after all to the superstitions of Rome? No; from these remarkable interpositions we gather the joyful assurance that God has reserved this broad land as an appropriate theatre for such a development of Christianity as the world has never seen. We believe that He has given the whole of it to his Son, that here he may achieve the most signal triumphs of his gospel; that he is to gather together, in one, all peoples and languages, fuse them into common brotherhood, raise them to a more exalted manhood, and stamp upon them his own divine image. Hence this exodus of the nations. When was there ever a simultaneous movement from all parts of the earth, tending to, and terminating in, one and the same land, but God was about to make some new and magnificent display of his providence or his grace? So, we doubt not, it is to be in the present instance. We believe that this endless stream of immigration will not enure to the advantage of Satan, but to the unprecedented enlargement and glorification of the kingdom of Christ. But we also believe that this is to be accomplished through the instrumentality of his people. And the surest indication that the end is to fail, will be the failure of the appropriate means. Here, then, is the great work of Home Missions. We are to supply this whole territory with the preached gospel; to meet these swelling millions, as they pour into that theatre of our country's future greatness, with the influences of a pure Christianity; upon that young and forming character, to stamp the image of Christ so that no after changes shall be able to efface it; to give a direction to those gathering and growing energies, so that no subsequent revolution shall ever entirely divert them from the support of good government and sound religion; to save the West for the sake of the nation, and the nation for the sake of the world; to win for our Lord a field on which he may reap his richest harvests; a field where his Spirit may breathe on three hundred millions of hearts, bound together by one government and one language; a field from whose countless churches shall ascend on each Sabbath morning such an anthem of praise as never yet rose from earth to heaven; an anthem which, whether it mingles with the loud waves of the Atlantic, with the deafening roar of Niagara, with the thunder-voiced chorus of the great central valley, with the

gentle breezes of the South, or is prolonged in majestic echoes on the Pacific, bears aloft the same familiar tongue, the same sweet refrain, the same precious theme, the same new song—THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE LAMB!—*Address of Rev. E. L. Cleaveland, D.D.*

CHEERFULNESS.

OF all the virtues, cheerfulness (based upon Christian character, of course) is the most profitable. It makes the person who exercises it happy, and renders him acceptable to all he meets. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning; it promotes health, and gives clearness and vigor to the mind. It is the bright weather of the heart, in contrast with the clouds and gloom of melancholy. It is infectious, and may be communicated to all around. I have seen a bright-faced child in the midst of a family, over which some shadow of dulness was creeping, suddenly disperse the clouds and bring a clear sunshine over the whole group. Such a child in a family is worth his weight in gold.

A mother's cheerfulness is important. She is to the family the centre of the solar system, and as she smiles or frowns, the household is bright or dull. But in proportion as cheerfulness is beneficial, its opposite is hurtful. There is a species of melancholy which has a pleasant flavor to the heart, but pensiveness is the proper name for this. There is a constitutional melancholy, which manifests itself in a love of mournful music, and lonely landscapes, and pathetic poetry. I have seen this displayed in very early childhood. I remember a child who, at the age of five years, was often found in some sequestered part of a garden, with her lip curled and the tears flowing down her cheeks, without the power to tell the reason. If asked for explanation, she would dash the tears away, and say she could not help it. This kind of melancholy is of dangerous tendency, and may bring evil if indulged or encouraged. There is misery enough to beget real sorrow, and we should rather nerve the heart to resist despondency, than indulge a state of mind which, seconded by the influence of real trouble, may break down our courage and destroy our energy.

I am afraid many good and pious people make a great mistake in cherishing gloomy views of life. Under the idea that it is necessary to wean the heart from the pleasures and possessions of this world, they speak of it habitually as a vale of tears, a path of thorns and briers, through which we must pass in our journey to another state of existence. This is certainly an erroneous view of life, and is the fruitful source of many evils. It disgusts the young and the cheerful with religion and religious people, who become associated in their minds with moody dulness or revolting gloom. But the effect of these views upon persons of a melancholy temperament is even worse. They are apt to sink deep into the mind, and, coinciding with its tendencies, to overshadow the whole being with the dismal mist of habitual despondency.

Dr. Paley remarks that "it is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer

evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing. Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

"If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess.

"A child is delighted with speaking, without having any thing to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see."

No one can read this passage without perceiving its truth, and deducing the inference that life is bestowed as a benefit by the Creator to the tenants of the earth, the air, and the sea—to fishes, insects, birds, and quadrupeds. And is man the only exception to this beneficence? Is life a good to all beside, and a curse to him? There seems to me to be impiety in the very thought. Let us look then upon life as it really is—a great and good possession—good, not only as the means of preparing us for another and better world, but good in itself; a path leading to another country, but still a pleasant path. Such are the true views to be taken of life; and we ought to support, cultivate, and cherish a spirit of cheerfulness, by the habitual contemplation of our present existence in this aspect.—*Fireside Education*.

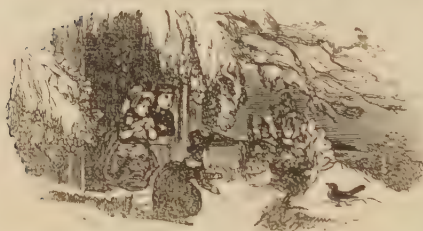
EXAGGERATION.

THE habit of exaggeration in language is a characteristic in many people, which appears to us to afford a truer index of their general qualities than is ordinarily observed. A great depth in any faculty, or acute intensity of any feeling, is seldom possessed by those who invariably use the most imposing words they can find to express their opinions and sentiments. The stereotyped grandiloquence and florid warmth of tone, used by them in discussing simple matters, or relating simple incidents, are, to matter-of-fact organizations, little beyond the flourishing of drum and trumpet, which, upon close examination, is found to be the issue of sheepskin, brass, and common atmosphere. There are those who never experience a moderate degree of pain, but they speak of it as a "splitting" headache, an "awful" spasm, or "dreadful" torture. If they meet with a slight incision of the skin, they have "cut their finger to the bone." The superlative is the reigning mood with them.

We once kept account for a lady, during a three-miles' walk through rather sandy lanes, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of the journey. We chanced to tell this lady of a visit we had paid to the Porcelain Works at Worcester, and mentioned, among other things, that a part of the materials used was ground animal bones. Shortly afterwards we were told that we must have made a mistake in our recital, for Mrs. H. had repeated our account, and impugned our veracity by declaring that cups and saucers were made of ground human bones, and saying that we had assured her of the fact. We informed her one day that a marble figure, just put up in a friend's hall, was three hundred weight, and were laughed at soon after for having told Mrs. H. that it was three tons.

The habit of exaggeration in language should be guarded against; it misleads the credulous and offends the perceptive; it begets much evil in promising what it cannot perform. Those who, when we ask a favor, affirm they will do it, "cost what it may," and though they may have to "move heaven and earth," are never found by us to be so likely to confer it as a certain steady person we could name, who says he will "do it if he can." Strong exaggeration in every-day language should be avoided, as being mentally and morally unhealthy, and conversationally wearying.

BE KIND TO THE BIRDS.



THERE is one trait of character in our American boys, which I think deserves to be checked; and that is the incessant war they carry on against familiar birds and the lesser quadrupeds. As soon as a boy can hurl a stone, he becomes a Nimrod, and goes

forth as a mighty hunter against the blue-birds, cat-birds, swallows, and robins that venture into our gardens, orchards, and fields. Not even the little wren, that comes with his fair offer of a dozen beautiful songs a day, for the rent of some nook or cranny about the house, is safe from the whizzing missile. Not even the little sparrow, that would build beneath your window, is tolerated. Not even the little ground-squirrel, that enlivens the woods, is permitted to eat his nut in safety. And when the boy becomes a youth, the same exterminating war is carried on, though with a different weapon. With the fowling-piece in his hand, he roams the orchard and the field, slaughtering, without discrimination, jays, woodpeckers, sparrows, black-birds, bob-o-links, and the rest of the feathered family.

Now, is not this all wrong? Does not this partake of cruelty? And, besides, is it not obvious folly? For my own part, I love to see the birds enlivening the landscape. The rigor of our climate drives them away for half the year, but I mourn when they are gone, and rejoice at their return. They are a great resource to those who will observe them. Their songs, however varied, are ever beautiful. Their forms, habits, and capacities are themes of interesting study. It is delightful to see them building their nests,

rearing their young, pursuing their food, and displaying their various musical gifts. Why, then, should we drive these creatures away? Some of them, it is true, are thieves, and take more cherries and corn than we are willing to spare them; and I approve of necessary scarecrows and suitable pelting in these cases. But why banish the whole feathered race, most of whom are not merely innocent, but absolutely useful in diminishing the number of noxious insects? It is not so in other countries. In England, birds generally are protected and cherished. They are seen by hundreds in every hedge and field. In the heart of an English city, I have sometimes waked up in the morning, and, from the bursting melody of finches and sparrows around, have imagined myself to be in the country.

Why is it that our custom in respect to birds is so different in America? Because the first settlers of this country cut away the forests, slaughtered the Indians, smote the bear and the bison, hunted down the panther and the wolf, have we derived from them a spirit of extirpation, which, now that the monsters of the forest are slain, is given up by men, but lives in our children, and vents itself on cat-birds and sparrows? I know not; but be this as it may, I mourn over the solitude which is gradually gathering over the landscapes, from the absence of the feathered songsters; and I mourn over that spirit of wanton cruelty which makes man the enemy, instead of the friend of harmless birds. *Sow well and reap well.*

NOTHING LOST BY PRAYER.

WE know not the secret history of this world's mightiest transactions and its proudest monuments; but from the little that we know, we can affirm that the men who have prospered best are the men who have taken time to pray. It was to prayer that Henry IV. of France ascribed his crown, and Gustavus owed his victories. The father of the modern fine arts was wont, before he began any new composition, to invoke His inspiration who in other days taught Aholiab; and the Goliath of English literature felt that he had studied successfully when he had prayed earnestly. And what Michael Angelo and Milton and Johnson found so hopeful to their mighty genius, cannot hinder us. You have read in our own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him safely back to his huzzaing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins.—*Hamilton.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

Music and Theology.—In the curriculum of the new Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky., it is proposed to organize a distinct department, for the teaching of sacred music to all the pupils. The proposal is worthy the attention of all our theological schools. A thorough knowledge of sacred music, as a part of the equipment of every minister, is highly important, and ought to be considered indispensable.

Temperance.—A World's Temperance Convention is to be held in the city of New-York, September 6th. The moral power of such a gathering must be widely felt. These voluntary assemblings of the friends of temperance, from different States and countries, are among the encouraging signs of the times, and indicate that union of purpose and feeling in which there is strength, and which gives the promise of success.

The Young Men's Christian Association of New-York holds monthly meetings, which young men generally are invited to attend. The object of the Association is to throw around the young men of the city the powerful guardianship of Christian principles. It would be well if such Associations were organized in all our large towns. They would save many from the corrupting influences to which they are now exposed.

Worthy of Imitation.—The Congregational Society in West Haverhill, Mass., has contributed the present year, for purposes connected with the welfare of the Society and the support of the gospel, a sum falling but a few dollars short of \$5,000, and this from a property on the books of the Assessors of less than \$100,000, or more than *five per cent.* on the valuation.

A Grand Scheme.—The members of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association have organized themselves into a large class, for the study of the Bible. They propose to make themselves acquainted with the geography, productions, and history of Palestine, from the earliest period; the manners and customs of ancient nations, forms of government, and other topics that may serve to illustrate the sacred text. If young men all over the land were to follow this example, we would have no fears for our country.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Evangelical Churches in France.—The Rev. Mr. F. Monod, one of the most respectable Protestant ministers of France, in an address before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, gave a detailed and interesting narrative of the evangelical churches of his country, fully sustaining the fact, that whilst they had to contend with Romish opposition and persecution, the Lord had poured out his Spirit on many portions of their field of labor, and cheered their hearts by numerous indications of spiritual prosperity.

Prussian Intolerance.—In *Danzig*, the civil authorities have prohibited the public worship of the Anti-Romish German Catholics for the future.

Papal Progress in Holland.—The Pope has recently established five bishoprics in Holland, and an archbishopric in Utrecht. In the Representative Chamber, decided disapprobation has been expressed at these Romish movements, and the King received with unqualified approbation a petition with 50,000 signatures from Amsterdam, against these hierarchical assumptions. The Romanists *absolutely forbid* the establishment of a single Protestant church in the dominions of the Pope; but have the presumption to establish bishoprics and churches in any Protestant country, without asking permission. Protestant governments ought to demand the same rights in Papal territories which they freely grant to Popery in theirs. Even our own citizens are not allowed to build a church in Rome; and must be satisfied with the privilege of worshipping in the upper chamber of our Minister in that city!

The Book of Mormon has appeared in a German translation in Germany.

Superstition in Pomerania.—Some religious fanatics, in this agitated land, applied their remedies to expel an evil spirit from a supposed demoniac, with so much energy, that they resulted in the death of their deluded victim.

Protest against the Intolerance of the Prussian Government.—In the popular branch of the Government, the entire delegation from the city of Berlin presented a petition for the preservation of religious liberty, as guaranteed by the 12th Article of the Constitution.

Mixed Marriages.—His Holiness, the Pope, has recently issued a breve, in which he decides, that hereafter no marriage between Protestants and Romanists shall be valid in *Prussia*, except by Papal dispensation, and only on condition that *all* the children shall be educated in the Romish religion! It may be asked, what right has the Pope at Rome to enact laws regulating marriage in Prussia? But, in truth, this is no more power than he claims in all countries where Papists live. In due time, he will also assert it in these United States! It is time that our citizens open their eyes, and watch the movements of the Papal emissaries in our land.

Religious Toleration in Denmark.—Since religious liberty has been established in this country, no less than fourteen churches have been erected by the people for worship in Copenhagen, differing more or less from that of the Established Church. This will doubtless inspire new life even into the Established Church, and lead to greater efforts for the promotion of religion.

In Turin, some thieves have stolen from the church, what is there styled "*a silver mother of God*;" (!) that is, a silver image of the Virgin Mary, valued at 70,000 francs!

The Christian Sabbath.—Dr. Lee, late Professor in the University of Cambridge, England, published an elaborate sermon, in which he attempts to prove that the primitive Sabbath was put back a day by Moses, at the time of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt; and in commemoration of that event; and that the first day of the week, selected by the apostles for the Christian Sabbath, is merely a change back to the primitive, identical day of the original Sabbath. After all, the identical time is a matter of trifling moment, as there is a physical impossibility of the same hours being observed in opposite portions of the globe, it being midnight at one place whilst it is midday at another.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Dowling's History of Romanism. 1 vol. 8vo. This is an excellent, interesting, and reliable history. It is a terrible narrative of corruptions and cruelties, and so much the more so, as it is true. Every Protestant and Romish family in our land should have a copy of this or similar works, that the insidious attempts to undermine the liberties of our country might be fully met.

Ranke's History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in the 16th and 17th centuries. 1 vol. 12mo. Harpers. This interesting work, detailing the Huguenot period of French history, is not unworthy the high reputation of the author as a historian, and is especially interesting to the Protestant student of history.

Genesis and Geology. By Dennis Crofton. This work is introduced by a highly commendatory preface from the pen of Dr. Hitchcock, who regards it as a most valuable treatise on the relation of Geology to Scripture; and a more competent judge our country does not contain.

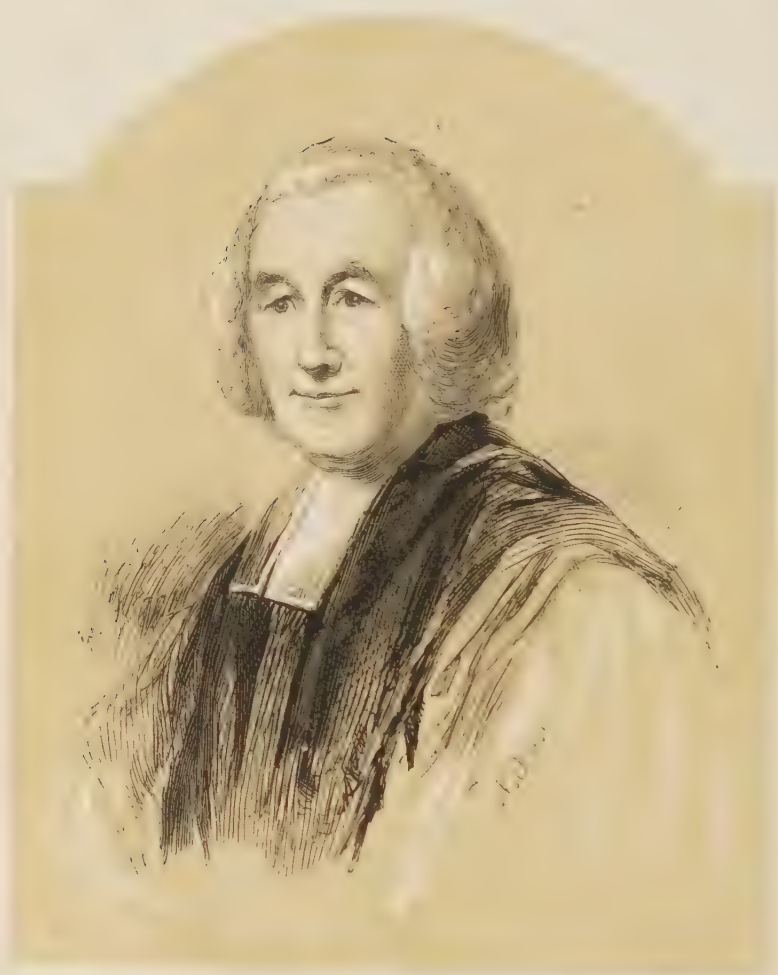
The Commentary of Prof. Burroees on Solomon's Song, is a gift to the Christian community of eminent value, and contains the rich results of a long-continued and faithful investigation of this remarkable portion of the Scriptures. Without encumbering the work with a parade of learning, he has, nevertheless, succeeded in presenting all the valuable fruits of ripe scholarship, as well as of a devout study of the divine Word. The purity of taste and varied learning of the eminent author are conspicuous alike in the body of the work, and in the admirable selection of matter presented in the notes. The reader, guided by such an expounder of the Scriptures, will continually find new beauties in the Song, and will, above all, be greatly edified, and taught to value the privileges of the true believer, by the practical observations found on every page. His mode of explaining and applying the various portions of the Song, really shows it to be what he terms it in the Introduction, "The Manual of the Advanced Christian." The work is worthy of the highest commendation. * * *

The Serial Catechism for Children. No. 1. By Benjamin Kurtz, D.D. This small book of 48 pages, price 50 cts. per dozen, is well adapted to the instruction of infant classes; and we recommend it to parents and Sunday-school teachers, as a useful medium of conveying important lessons of truth to the infant mind. T. N. Kurtz, Baltimore.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Alford's Greek Testament.—This is certainly one of the most admirable recent issues of the foreign press for the student of the Holy Scriptures. Besides a revised text, it contains a selection of various readings, marginal references, and introductions, together with a critical and exegetical commentary. As a whole, the work is regarded as a decided advance on the deservedly popular work of Bloomfield.

Jacobi's Church History.—The first volume of this truly excellent work has been published two years, and we have been anxiously looking for the second, which is to complete the work. The author's design is to give a compendious exhibition of the history of the Church, as apprehended by his friend, the late Dr. Neander. He has executed his task with a masterly skill, and added the fruits of his own original investigations. Neander himself lived to give his public sanction to the work, and we doubt not, when completed, it will form one of the most valued compends of Ecclesiastical History.



Henry Melchior Muhlenberg

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 5.

HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG, D. D.

THE venerated servant of God, an engraved likeness of whom forms an embellishment of the present number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, exerted no inconsiderable influence in the planting and extension of the Lutheran Church in America. Though regarded, with entire unanimity, as the founder of the Church in Pennsylvania, this State was not the sole sphere of his usefulness; but the whole Lutheran population, from New-York to South Carolina, on the Atlantic coast, shared, in a greater or less degree, in his self-sacrificing labors. God's blessing attended him; and he exerted an influence for the welfare of the Lutheran Church in America, which will never be forgotten.

Those who enjoy the fruits of these labors, may be both interested and instructed in perusing a brief, connected narrative of his life. *Interested*, because the facts have reference to the church of which most of them are members; *instructed*, by tracing the connection between his early training and subsequent usefulness.

These events may be, perhaps, most appropriately grouped into two classes; those occurring previously, and those subsequently, to his arrival in America.

HENRY MELCHIOR MUHLENBERG was born at Einbeck, in the kingdom of Hanover, Sept. 6, 1711. His father was a member of the council of his native city, probably only in moderate

circumstances, as the education of his son was interrupted, owing to want of means, immediately after his death. Of his mother, nothing further is known than that she was the daughter of a retired officer; but she seems to have been a woman of considerable energy of character, and anxious for the education of her son. This anxiety, on her part, was not unavailing; for though the education of the subject of our sketch was for a long period of time interrupted, she was gratified, at length, in seeing it completed, and probably with greater accuracy, and advantage to himself, than if it had been prosecuted to completion in earlier life, when opportunities are less valued, and the mental powers less matured.

His first attention to study was in the primary schools of his native place, in which he spent a period of several years, at least, before reaching the seventh year of his age, in obtaining an elementary acquaintance with his mother-tongue. The succeeding five years were devoted, without any interruption, to the further study of the German, and the acquisition of the elements of the Latin language. His parents, anxious likewise for his spiritual welfare, caused him to attend a course of catechetical lectures, and to receive confirmation.

The death of his father abruptly put an end to his studies; and his mind and body were afterwards disciplined in a different school—a severe though useful one—that of adversity. From his twelfth to his twenty-first year, he toiled incessantly for his daily bread, though acquiring, during intervals of repose from “hard labor,” a knowledge of arithmetic, and skill in playing upon the organ.

After reaching the age of manhood, he resumed his studies, as a private student of the classics, under one of the pastors at Einbeck; and at the expiration of a year, obtained a situation as tutor in the school of Mr. Raphelius, at Zellerfeld, under whose direction he prosecuted his own studies during leisure hours, and also indirectly benefited himself, whilst instructing younger classes. By the advice of Principal Raphelius, who seems to have been much interested in his behalf, he made an effort to become a student at Göttingen; and by the aid of a fund which had been contributed by his native city, together with the little his widowed mother was able to give, he succeeded in getting thither. His stay would have been short, as a

student, had he not met with kind friends who furnished him with employment, which enabled him to support himself for three years at the university. During this period, he was diligently engaged in the prosecution of his literary and theological studies under the distinguished Prof. Gesner and his associates; and his Christian character received rapid development from the careful improvement of the excellent counsel of Dr. Oprin, in whose family he resided. It is pleasant to note the fact of his having, in conjunction with several other pious students, founded a charity-school for the instruction of beggar-children in the elements of an ordinary education, and religion. This school, though in the outset encountering violent opposition, he had the satisfaction of seeing placed upon a permanent basis, and greatly enlarged in the sphere of its usefulness, before he left Germany.

After leaving Göttingen, he was sent to Halle, and gave instruction for a year, in the Orphan House at that place, to classes in Greek, Hebrew, and Theology, under the superintendence of the excellent Dr. Augustus H. Franke. Immediately after this probation, he received an invitation to become pastor and superintendent of the Orphan House at Gross-Hennersdorf, in Upper Lusatia. Previously to accepting this call, he was publicly examined by the Consistory at Leipsic, upon his qualifications for the ministry, and having passed a satisfactory examination, was ordained. Hereupon he went to the place above-mentioned, and remained there for three years, as inspector and pastor, enlarging his experience, and increasing his knowledge. He was now thirty years of age, and the preceding nine or ten years had been diligently spent in acquiring knowledge, experience as a Christian and a Christian teacher, under the best instructors, and at the best institutions of Germany. The best theory and the best practice were constantly combined. Had his studies been prosecuted with a foreknowledge of the future, could a better selection have been made?

Whilst engaged in this last situation, he received a call as missionary to America. After earnest and prayerful examination of the question, and consultation with his most valued friends, he thought it his duty to accept; and accordingly left Gross-Hennersdorf December 9th, 1741. He returned first to his native place, where he was called upon to endure a new

trial of his faith, arising from the persecution of his enemies; but with unshaken confidence in God, whom no one trusts in vain, he left his friends and native land for ever, journeying first to Holland, then to England, whence, after a stay of a number of weeks with the worthy Dr. Ziegenhogan, private chaplain to the king, he set sail for America. The voyage over the ocean was exceedingly protracted, extending to one hundred days, and was rendered more unpleasant by the rude and wicked company on board, and the sufferings to which they were exposed by want of water and fresh provisions. The vessel reached Charleston October 31, whence he sailed in an unseaworthy sloop for Philadelphia, and reached his destination November 25th, 1742.

The second part of this sketch has reference to his labors in this country. Upon his arrival in Philadelphia, he was for a time in great perplexity. Difficulties beset him on all sides: in Philadelphia he had a protracted struggle with Count Zinzendorf and his partisans; and at Providence and New Hanover, self-constituted pastors, of loose lives and little education, had reduced Lutheranism to the verge of destruction. Patient labor and judicious conduct removed these obstacles; he was elected pastor of the three congregations of Philadelphia, New-Providence, and New-Hanover, though distant from each other thirty-six miles, and these he served, though under very disadvantageous circumstances, for the first two years and a half of his residence in America. In addition to the ordinary trials to which he was subjected, the two former of the above-mentioned congregations were obliged to build churches, which involved them greatly in debt, and added not a little to his anxiety. The contractors at New-Providence were not satisfied until he had become security for the payment, and this was often the cause of great distress to him, until the debt was finally discharged, by legacies left for this purpose by pious friends of the cause in Germany. How valuable to him, during this trying period, were the careful training and previous discipline enjoyed in the fatherland!

In 1745, he was cheered by the arrival of several additional laborers; to one of whom, Rev. Mr. Brunnholtz, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, he relinquished, without actually resigning, the charge of the city church. He himself, because Mr. Brunn-

holtz was of a delicate constitution, was willing to take the more laborious situation in the country. This year he entered into the marriage relation, with a daughter of Conrad Weiser. As the space allowed us is necessarily limited, it will not be in our power to enter much into detail; but we will be obliged to be very general in our statements. For the purpose of brevity, we unite a number of years together, viz: those extending from 1745 to 1761, or to the 50th year of his age. During this period, his place of residence was New-Providence; to the congregation at which place, and the one at New-Hanover, he gave the greater part of his attention. But his labors were very far from being confined to these two places; his duties were more like those of a travelling bishop. Frequently, during this period, he was obliged, as the senior Lutheran minister in America, either alone, or in conjunction with one of his associates, to undertake distant and toilsome journeys, for the purpose of collecting scattered and preaching to destitute congregations, inducting new pastors, restoring harmony among contending brethren, introducing rules for the government of churches, and performing other kindred labors of love. These journeys often required him to be from home for several months at a time, cost him much anxiety of mind, and subjected him to no little abuse. Cheerfully were they performed, and amply did he consider himself compensated, if his Master was honored, and Christians persuaded to dwell together in unity. Among the many journeys which he performed, during this period of fifteen years, two of more than usual difficulty occurred, upon which a few words may be added.

The first was on a visit to Lancaster, where a serious difficulty had arisen, from a Swedish minister of the name of Nyberg, who was represented, by a great many members of the congregation, to be unsound in his sentiments, and as wishing to draw them over to the Moravian Church. The subject of our sketch went thither on several occasions, once in company with Mr. Brunnholtz, by special invitation of the greater part of the congregation. The matter was long in dispute; the feelings of many on both sides became very warm; those of course who appeared as mediators were freely abused; and it was not until a legal investigation was had, that the difficulty was settled by the withdrawal of Mr. Nyberg, and the relinquishment of the

old church to the opposite party. Mr. N. and his partisans organized themselves into a Moravian congregation.

The other was a journey to New-York and Rhinebeck. The distance to this latter place was two hundred and ten miles, and he performed it on horseback, through dense forests, deep swamps, and in a feeble state of health. He actually made them two visits, during two successive years, consenting, for the benefit of the congregations, to be absent from his family for several months, or more, to live in a house entirely alone, and to preach in German, English, and Low-Dutch. His labors in these places were very beneficial; and the people became so much attached to him, during his temporary stay with them, that they besought him, with tears, to settle permanently among them. This he was obliged to decline, as it did not meet with the approval of the "Fathers" in Halle.

It may not be inappropriate here, to state that in the early part of this period, viz: in 1748, in conjunction with the other ministerial brethren in America at that time, he prepared the "Agende" for the use of Lutheran churches, the forms of prayer and service contained in which were taken, with modifications, from the Liturgy of the Savoy church in London.

It will be convenient to make another period of the interval between the years 1761 and 1776, to which the events of his life might also lead us, for during this time his labors were given to the congregation in Philadelphia. In the year 1761, the congregation at this place was served by Mr. Handschuch, who was both sickly and hypochondriacal, and in consequence of this, very great disorder and contention existed. The greater part of the congregation insisted on having their first pastor again, and he was obliged to remove to Philadelphia. His presence, as peace-maker, was greatly needed, and it was not until after the expiration of a year, that he succeeded in re-uniting the contending parties, and introducing a system of church rules, which have formed the basis of many others, in the Lutheran churches in this country. One who was well acquainted with the history of this church difficulty, says, in reference to the subject of our narrative: "We are more than astonished at his patience, long-suffering, and love of his enemies." Another difficulty, though much less in magnitude, occurred in 1764, upon the death of Mr. Handschuch, when

the labor of the whole congregation, consisting of at least seven hundred heads of families, fell upon him. Several suggested that the numbers were too great for *one* church, and the necessity of a separation. This latter result was prevented by his obtaining an act of incorporation from the authorities of the State, and the arrival of Rev. C. Emanuel Schulze, with whom he labored harmoniously in building up the Lutheran church in Philadelphia. The result of these last measures, was the building of a new and magnificent church, viz: Zion's church, 108 feet in length, and 75 in breadth, which was consecrated June 25th, 1769. The remaining years of the period above-mentioned, were spent in incessant labors among the people of his charge in Philadelphia, among whom may still be seen the evidences of his Christian zeal and activity. But one missionary journey, of any length, was undertaken during this period, which was in 1774, when he had the assistance of Dr. Künze and his youngest son in the congregational labors, and this was a journey to Georgia, undertaken by the request of the worthy "Fathers" in Halle, the objects and history of which have recently been given in the *Evangelical Review*. Bodily infirmities, and the breaking out of the revolutionary war, induced him to request permission to retire to the country, where he could find a little repose and labors more suited to his increasing maladies. Permission was given him in 1776. The last period of his earthly career was from 1776 to 1787. This was spent upon his country seat at New-Providence, but he did not find that agreeable repose which he so much coveted. His ministerial labors were not discontinued, except during the last five years of his life, during which he was scarcely able to leave his house, as in consequence of the swelling of his feet, riding and walking were equally painful to him. But even during these last five years of his life, his mental activity and vigor were unimpaired, and he was incessantly engaged in doing good, by letter and otherwise, when his voice could no longer be heard in the pulpit. His repose and quiet were disturbed in a more serious way, particularly during the years 1777 and 1778, by the Revolutionary war. Pennsylvania became the theatre of the war, and he was a constant sufferer, both from friend and foe. He was, from the first, the firm friend of his adopted country—a whole-souled whig, as were

all his sons, who freely shed their blood, and sacrificed their property in her behalf. The annoyances to which he was exposed during these years, are thus briefly but forcibly depicted by a competent witness: "His house was constantly filled with fugitives, acquaintances, and strangers, with the poor, the hungry, noble and common beggars. The hungry never went away unsatisfied, nor the suffering uncomforted. Loss and danger were not wanting. Often he suffered from the passing troops of Americans, and often the enemy was near and threatened. Every one warned him, and begged him to remove further into the interior, as threats were daily made, by the British and Hessians, against him. He was firm, and did not withdraw; sought by humble prayer protection under the shadow of the Almighty, and his God guarded him wonderfully in every danger." Reading, meditation, and prayer, occupied his time, when he was no longer able to attend to active duties; and the book, which most of all was the source of his greatest delight, and most frequent meditation, was the Bible. In the last year of his life, his bodily infirmities had very much increased; asthma, and other painful disorders, were added to the swelling of his feet, but in all his sufferings, not a word of complaint escaped his lips. He closed his earthly pilgrimage with entire composure and confident expectations of a blessed immortality, with the words of Sellert, "Mach end! O Herr, mach ende," on his lips, Sunday morning, between twelve and one o'clock, the 7th of October, 1787, in accordance with his own presentiment. His funeral was attended by a great crowd; sermons were preached in his honor, in both of the churches in Philadelphia, which were also clothed in black. The church at New-York was also arrayed in black, as well as the officers; and the bells at Lancaster tolled upon the day of his funeral. These were evidences of the general respect and affection he every where inspired. That these were deserved, we cannot for one moment doubt, whether we consider his acquirements, fervent piety, or personal character. His knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew was accurate, and he had no inconsiderable acquaintance with the Low-Dutch, French, Swedish, and Bohemian languages, for he was both able to speak and write them. He played on several instruments with skill, and sang beautifully. His knowledge of human nature was extensive and accurate.

His piety was fervent; he prayed whole nights with tears, when in perplexity, or when disorders existed in any of his congregations. His personal character was such as to win the heart. How safely may we conclude, even from this partial narrative, that the highest intellectual culture is consistent with eminent piety and extended usefulness—that genuine Lutheranism is conservative, and not destructive of any thing which can refine the character—that God should be praised for preparing in his providence and sending forth such laborers into his vineyard, and fervently entreated to increase the number of such, until the Lutheran church become a “name and praise” in our land.

H. H. M.

FAITH.

THIS principle, which enters so largely into the Christian system, and brings the soul into living contact with truth, and into happy, filial communion with the Author of truth, is said by some to be simple belief founded on evidence. But it is clearly and undeniably far more than this. Lost spirits believe and tremble, and so do many of the wicked among men. Faith is sometimes styled “*trust*.” Robert Hall describes it as “that cordial assent to the testimony of God which distinguishes all regenerate persons—a reliance on the veracity and faithfulness of God—his veracity respecting the truth of what he has affirmed, his faithfulness in the accomplishment of what he has promised.” “Faith implies,” says another, “what our Lord calls a good and honest heart, humbleness of mind, poverty of spirit, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, all those moral dispositions which lead us with cordiality and thankfulness to embrace that method of being delivered from the evils of sin which the gospel reveals.” A writer of great ability denominates it *confidence in a personal being*, and according to this definition, religious faith “is confidence in God, in every aspect and office in which he reveals himself.”

A noble vessel was sailing upon a smooth, calm sea; but soon the storm-clouds arose, the vivid lightnings flashed fiercely, the loud thunder reverberated through the sky, and the ship groaned and reeled as if the next furious onset of the

angry waves would engulf it for ever. But whilst despair was written upon almost every countenance, a little boy stood unmoved amid this conflict of the elements, looking out upon the raging tempest, his face serene, his eye indicative of the repose within, while the boisterous wind played roughly with his silken curls. "Are you not afraid?" said one of the crew, who felt rebuked and astonished at the undisturbed composure of one so young. "O no," was the memorable answer: "my father's at the helm." That was confidence in a personal being—confidence in the preëminent and tested skill that was guiding the ship through the perils of that dark and threatening hour. Christ is in the vessel that is struggling with the storm-tossed waves of the sea of Galilee; why should the disciples be afraid? They had witnessed in his miracles more than a single exercise of that omnipotence which laid the foundations of the earth, and staked out the bounds of the universe; and they deserved, therefore, the rebuke which the Redeemer uttered, when he said, "O ye of little faith!" Why should believers tremble for Zion, as if the fierce assaults of her enemies were going to prevail? "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved; he will help her, and that right early." So far as his oversight is concerned, should the Church have confidence in Him whose all-surveying eye is upon the breakers and the tempest, and whose omnipotent word can still the loud boastings of his enemies, and in a moment bring their counsels into confusion. He rides upon the storm; he makes the wrath of his foes, often, the chariot in which he presses on to the accomplishment of his wise and unfailing designs. This confidence in God—in the wisdom of his purposes and the certainty of their fulfilment—should originate vast and world-wide measures of reform, based upon the gospel and growing out of it; and should impart invincible strength to Christian zeal in their prosecution. Nothing is impossible with God; and therefore, nothing that tallies with the Divine purposes is impossible with a faith that believes this. Faith is the energizing principle that is to infuse new life into this sin-paralyzed earth, and bring back to the nations the reign of righteousness and peace.

Faith in Christ is more than a simple reliance upon his death as an offering for sin; it is obedience to his will; it is a new

and mighty element that pervades the soul, and brings its desires and impulses and affections into harmony with God. The *first* act of this faith, however, is confidence in Christ as the "Lamb slain." It first clings to the cross, then bears it; it first hides in Christ, then follows him. It is the looking of the soul away from its own imaginary righteousness to his, which is real, and prevails with God.

The believing sinner has been likened to a man standing upon a narrow projecting rock, with "cliff hanging over cliff" above him, which he cannot scale, and a fearful depth and destruction beneath him; and when, trembling with fear, he gazes hopelessly upon the heights above, and breathlessly upon the dark and terrible abyss below, he hears a voice, gentle, yet persuasive, and clothed with a power which constrains him to yield, saying, "Cast thyself down thence." He trusts that voice, and casts himself down; but instead of falling, he feels himself borne aloft by a powerful arm, and placed amid pleasant fields and scenes of beauty and happiness. That almighty arm is the arm of Christ. To believe in him, is to let go every other hold, relying upon his omnipotent grace for salvation.

In Bunyan's dream, Christian has to bear his burden until he comes to the cross and the sepulchre. But there it rolls off at once, and is seen no more. While standing, full of surprise that the sight of the cross should bring such speedy relief, the fountains within are opened and send the waters down his cheeks. And then he beholds three shining ones, who approach and salute him. The first said, Thy sins be forgiven thee. "The second stripped him of his rags and clothed him with a change of raiment. The third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it," and told him to look on it as he ran, and hand it in at the celestial gate.

Christian faith, then, centres in the Cross, takes away the oppressive load of sin and fear, obtains forgiveness, puts on the robe of Christ's righteousness, and has the seal of Divine approbation in the rich fruits that cluster around it, in the holy actions of a life consecrated to God and duty.

CONSECRATE OUR YOUTH TO THEE.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

At thy cross we would surrender,
 Holy Lord, ourselves to thee;
 Take our youth and strength, Redeemer,
 Consecrate them, make them free—
 Free from earth's deep, dark pollution,
 Bless and keep us near thy side;
 With true love, and heart's devotion,
 Near thee ever to abide.

Flowers are blooming all around us,
 Deadly fragrance they exhale;
 With thine arm of love surround us,
 Let their poisonous influence fail.
 From earth's fascinations save us,
 Let our lamps burn bright for thee,
 Watchful, lest the foe deceive us,
 Saviour, clasp us close to thee.

Reading, Pa.

OLD PICTURES CLEANED HERE.

BY J. G. M.

(Concluded from page 119.)

"AND what were the charges? do you remember them?" asked Barbara.

"There were twenty," answered Kaiser, "and they were designated as *heretical errors and sins*. My brother maintained:

"1. We are justified by faith alone without the works of the law. 2. There are but two sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. 3. The Mass is no sacrifice, and is of no use to the living or dead. 4. The pure gospel has heretofore not been preached in Germany. 5. Penance is no sacrament. 6. Auricular confession is not enjoined in the Bible. 7. Christ alone has made an atonement for our sins. 8. Matrimony is not a sacrament. 9. The celibacy of the clergy is not binding. 10. The Scriptures do not require a priest to separate himself from his relations, but to cultivate all the domestic affections. 11. Marriage should not be dissolved, but for the reason assigned by Christ. 12. Confirmation and Extreme Unction are not

sacraments. 13. Good works here on earth are highly commendable; but they are of no avail to the dead. 14. All days are alike in the sight of God. 15. Dead Saints are no intercessors before God. 16. We are saved through Christ alone. 17. In divine things, man has no free will.

"These were the *heretical errors* which my brother preached, and for the sake of which he was put to death. Besides those enumerated, it was also charged against him, that he had not discharged his priestly functions, and for two years had read no mass; further, that at Wittenberg, where he tarried with Luther for some time, he had received the sacrament in two kinds: and finally, it was charged as a grievous sin, that he had declared that he had found no proof in the Scripture of the other five sacraments, and of purgatory."

Kaiser ceased, and Gottfried said, "Precious doctrines were those which your brother preached! Did he witness a good confession? Did he stand up for the truth as became a Lutheran Christian?"

"That he did," continued Kaiser. "Permission was finally given him to speak, and in the German language, too; and he continued to defend his doctrines, from the Scriptures, from heresy. His voice remained clear and firm to the end, and all the immense multitude heard him distinctly."

"And was it all of no use?" asked the laborer. "Did not all the people hold up their hands and confess that they believed this doctrine?"

"Not one dared to speak a word in his favor," replied Kaiser with a bitter smile, "only the advocate renewed his request for a copy of the charges and postponement, but it was of no avail. The judges agreed to hear nothing further, and the sentence was soon after announced. It was this: That my brother should be deposed from his sacerdotal office, and be delivered over to the civil authority. He and the advocate formally protested against the judgment, and boldly declared that the case was not fully investigated, and complained of injustice. But no attention was paid to them, and the order was issued to proceed at once to the execution of the sentence. My brother, at that time being a prisoner, wore the dress of an ordinary citizen. They now clothed him with the consecrated sacerdotal vestments—then the Bishop of Passau advanced

towards him, and, after a loud prayer, tore off all these priestly robes, ordered his head to be shaved, and a black, ragged, old cap to be placed upon it. He then delivered him as a layman, whom the Church had cast out, to the civil magistrate, by whom he was conveyed, bound, to prison in the castle."

"Poor, poor man," sighed Barbara.

"Rather say rich, rich man!" replied Kaiser. "There are always few who are worthy of such a crown of glory."

"Did your brother suffer martyrdom on that same day?" asked Gottfried.

"No," he replied. "They made pompous preparations for their terrible festival. He remained a prisoner of the Lord from the 11th of July to the 13th of August. On the morning of that day, they set him, bound with chains, on a horse, and conducted him through the streets of Passau, in order to exhibit a Lutheran heretic to the people, and to make sport, as they thought, of his fears. But the Lord was with him; his courage was unshaken, and joy and peace beamed forth from his serene countenance. He very politely saluted every body whom he knew, just as though he were going to a festival. When he arrived at the gate of the city, several of his relatives and I were standing there. Oh! Sir, it was a trying scene. It was with difficulty I could refrain from rushing to his rescue; but what could I have done? I would have been slain on the spot. But still, as he passed, I cried out to him, 'Leonhard, be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt receive the crown of life. Another said, 'Be of good courage! depart not from the truth either in life or death.' Others gave similar manifestations of interest and sympathy."

"If I had been there," replied Gottfried, "I would have reminded him of Huss and other glorious martyrs; but continue your narrative."

"He was then conducted to another prison, and we thought that the funeral fire would soon be kindled. But it was not so. He was to continue a prisoner some time longer. The keeper was a kind-hearted man, and permitted us to see him. We imparted and received consolation. And when one of us said, 'Leonhard, you must burn—they will have no mercy on you;' he replied, 'Other intelligence would have been more acceptable; but the will of God be done. But I hope they will not put me to death without a fair trial.'

"Did none of you," asked the peasant, "intercede in the prisoner's behalf at the proper place?"

"Certainly we did," replied Kaiser; "we most importunately begged the Counts Schauenburg, father and son, for their aid. We also went to Munich to see Duke William, but he had already written to the magistrate to burn the Lutheran heretic without any further trial. But we expected nothing better. Still our consciences were satisfied. The magistrate tried every means to induce us to leave the city, so that none of us might be present at the execution. But he did not succeed. At last, all things were ready for the enactment of the dreadful tragedy. The morning of the 16th of July arrived. The executioners went into his apartment, and as he stretched out his hands to be bound, these savage men uttered horrible oaths, because the cords could not be exactly adjusted as they desired. Leonhard mildly replied, 'Dear sirs, do not curse,—do not be in a hurry; I will not try to escape. You can do nothing to me which my Lord Jesus does not allow; therefore I will calmly submit.'

"They then led him out. True, he was my brother, and it does not become me to boast of him; but I must still say it, that I never saw a man approach death with such an easy calmness, such Christian fortitude. His eyes were directed upwards—his countenance seemed to shine like that of Stephen, when he saw heaven open. His limbs did not tremble; his step did not falter; his cheek was pale, but not with fear. His lips uttered nothing but prayer, and he especially recited the Psalms, which wonderfully support the dying. This endured until they had passed through the town, and many of the inhabitants walked beside him with weeping and lamentation.

"A Popish priest now advanced towards him, to walk and speak with him. But Leonhard said, 'I do not need your aid—leave me to my own strength.' Then drew near the faithful servant of my brother, who had been in his employ many years. He grasped his master's hands, bathed them with his tears, and blessed them. But Leonhard said, 'Cease, my friend, that is the weakness of the flesh!' Another stepped forward and desired to console him; but Leonhard did not require consolation of others. They now arrived at the place

of martyrdom. An immense multitude had already assembled there to witness the tragedy. My brother looked on the stake and the pile of wood without alarm, and said, 'This, then, is the harvest which I am to reap on earth! I yield myself up to God and say, His will be done!' He looked round on the crowd, and in a firm, unflinching voice, said that he heartily forgave all his persecutors, at the same time humbly praying God for the pardon of his own sins. He also earnestly entreated the people to overlook any fault he might have committed against them, or any offense he had given in his life or example; and assured them that his fervent petition to God was that they might all be yet illuminated with the true gospel, and die in the Christian faith.

"Such an address was unpleasant to the magistrate, and he said to the executioner, in a gruff voice, 'Make an end of this business—you know your orders.' They then divested my brother of all his outward clothes. He was then bound fast to the stake, and whilst they were thus engaged, he besought the people to sing, *Come Holy Ghost, our God and Lord*. The priest before alluded to now advanced, and asked him to recant, and ask God's pardon. But Leonhard made no reply. The priest then asked whether he wished to die like a good Christian? 'Yes,' replied my brother. He then advised him to be baptized and receive the communion, (for you remember he had been excommunicated, and was now considered a heathen;) but Leonhard replied so kindly and scripturally, as to lead the priest afterwards to say, that my brother would most certainly have been converted, if he had only been spoken to sooner, and treated properly! "

"I wish they had all been converted in the same way that he was," said Barbara.

"But let me conclude the story," continued Kaiser. "Fire was now applied to the wood; and when the first flames entwined around his body, and burned his hands and feet, he cried, with a loud voice, 'Jesus, I am thine! Oh! save my soul!' Soon after, the flames rose and met above his head, and it was not long before my brother was dead! I saw him die; I beheld his last struggle; his voice became gradually more feeble, but all the time he was praying for his enemies—for the spread of the true gospel, and commending his soul

into the hands of God. The last words which I could understand, were, 'Jesus, Son of God, have mercy on ——.' The final words I could not catch, for the smoke smothered him, and he spoke no more. I could not look on all the while. I occasionally turned away from the sickening scene; but the last look I received from him I shall never forget. He said nothing; but such a look as he gave me! It was a speaking look, and it expressed resignation, courage, hope, and charity. It as much as said, 'You see, brother, that I am faithful unto death.' When the fire became low, the executioner took a pole, and with it pushed the half-consumed body out of the glowing coals. With a sword, he bored a hole into the blackened remains; with violence, he thrust the same pole into the orifice thus made, and raised the charred trunk up; he piled more wood about it, so that in a short time nothing remained of my brother but a heap of ashes. Thus ended his career on earth, yesterday, which was the 16th of August."

When Kaiser ceased, a profound silence pervaded the little company. The women present dried their tears, whilst the men sat wrapped in profound meditation. The peasant finally said, "What an encouragement such a death affords to us all to live and die for the Lord Jesus!"

"And what a testimony to the truth of our doctrine!" said the laborer. "Such a death builds up the Church of the Lord, and destroys the proud structure of human teachings! Poor, blind, deluded people! they want to extinguish fire with fire, and do not know that they thereby only render the light of the gospel still more brilliant."

"But how can you be so calm in reciting the dying struggles of your brother?" asked Barbara.

"It is with difficulty I remain calm; but I contend against my naturally ardent temperament. You have seen some evidences of high excitement in me, in relating this melancholy event. But the reason of my composure is the blessing of Leonhard, which rests upon us. He most earnestly entreated us to rejoice in his martyr-death. Oh! if you had only known my brother! He was as meek and inoffensive as a child. I have told you that he was my youngest brother. Although the chains which he wore so long would naturally keep his death constantly before him, yet, apparently, he was not so much

concerned about himself as about others; for he was always praying for others, enemies as well as friends. He exhorted us, his relatives, to continue living in peace and harmony, and to be faithful to our doctrine to the end."

"Is your mother still living?" asked Barbara.

"Yes," replied Kaiser; and here his heart was full, and he could not speak.

"God help and sustain the martyr's mother!" added Barbara.

"Amen and amen," devoutly responded the others.

Kaiser here for the first time wept, and all the rest shed tears of sympathy. After recovering himself, he proceeded to state that Leonhard gave them particular directions about his mother, and sent her his benediction. He informed them also that the mother had long before prepared herself for the sad event; but, after all, when it did occur, her heart was almost broken.

Whilst they were seated in profound silence at the end of the narrative, a loud knock was heard at the door, and there entered several persons, whose presence diverted the conversation; and soon after Kaiser, guided by the peasant, retired for the night.

This is my picture No. 1. I have others, the subjects of which are taken from the same rich field—I mean the martyr history of the Lutheran Church. There were many Lutherans in the post-reformation age, who mounted the fatal pile more gladly than any laurelled hero ever vaulted to the seat of power or wealth. "There were giants in those days!" Blessed be their memory! and may their mantles fall on us.

H O N E S T Y.

IN the parable of the sower, our blessed Lord informs us that the first requisite, in order to be benefited by the Word, is honesty. This disposition lies at the root of all excellence. Without sincerity and honesty there can be no virtue, no goodness. How important, then, must it be for every one to cultivate a habit of telling the truth on all occasions! How important that children should, from their tenderest infancy, be trained with the utmost care to love the truth, to abhor a

lie, and every species of deceit and dishonesty! How fatally do those parents lay the foundation for the future and eternal ruin of their children, who do not, from the first, check every tendency to prevaricate; who perhaps encourage them more or less directly in their awkward attempts to deceive and overreach, till, with longer experience, they become adepts in the art! What better advice can be given to the young, whose characters are now forming, and will soon acquire all the stability of riper years. than this?—to cultivate with the utmost care the most delicate perception of truth; to exercise themselves in a scrupulous exactness in all their narrations; to abhor a lie, white or black, as they would Satan himself, who is the father of lies and of liars. By this love of truth and honesty, their hearts will be best prepared for the reception of the Word of God.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

Now that the vast empire of China has been thrown open to other nations, and an intercourse hitherto prohibited by a jealous and exclusive policy has commenced, we look even with more interest upon the Chinese than when their wide domain was a *terra incognita*, great as that interest then was. There is, indeed, in this case no longer that charm of intense curiosity with which we look upon the Japanese; the imagination can no longer wing its flight over the Celestial Empire, and paint scenes once hidden from the eye in the vivid coloring of its own conceptions; but the facts that have been brought to light in regard to this people are of the deepest moment. It is admitted that the population numbers more than three hundred million—nearly, if not quite one-third of the entire human race. Nor will this appear to be a fanciful or exaggerated estimate, when it is remembered that, even at this rate, the population is less dense than that of England. Five cities have been thrown open to the general trade of all nations—Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow, Ning-po, and Shang-hai. The most important consequences to China itself will undoubtedly grow out of this arrangement. Our hope that these consequences will be favorable to Chinese interests rests not, however, upon

the commercial interchange that has been established, but upon the religious toleration granted by government, and upon the consequent efforts of Christian missionaries to plant the gospel. It is certain that no very friendly feelings are entertained by the Chinese towards England; and America, therefore, appears to have been selected by Providence to exert the largest share of moral influence upon them, and to do most for their moral and intellectual advancement.

The Chinese are distinguished for their "mild, submissive and generally unimpassioned character, peculiarly fitting them for implicit subjection," and this will account for it that they are so easily governed. The chief magistrate of the nation is absolute in power. There is said to be a strong check, however, upon the undue exercise of this despotic sway, in a public sentiment so decided and imperative that the Emperor feels bound to respect it; and whilst the people look up to him with reverence, he endeavors in some good degree to deserve the regard which they pay to his position and commands. This state of things originates, we think, in that filial veneration which children in China are accustomed to entertain for their parents and seniors. Unlike many other nations that have not the light of Christianity to guide them, the aged are respected and cared for, and maintain that supremacy in the household to which their superior wisdom and experience entitle them. An intelligent traveller says, "there are few sights more pleasing than a Chinese family in the interior engaged in gathering the tea-leaves, or, indeed, in any of their other agricultural pursuits. There is the old man, patriarch-like, directing his descendants, many of whom are in their youth and prime, while others are in their childhood, in the labors of the field. He stands in the midst of them, bowed down with age. But to the honor of the Chinese, as a nation, he is always looked up to by all with pride and affection; and his old age and gray hairs are honored, revered, and loved." A nation, throughout which the domestic relations link into each other thus harmoniously, must be easily governed. Undoubtedly, the despotic character of the government tempts and enables the individual who is highest in authority to do many things that are oppressive and unjust; but the powerful public sentiment, already referred to, puts a limit to

such acts, and constrains the emperor to rule rather like a patriarch than a tyrant.

There are two great classes in China; the literary, from which all the officials are chosen, and the plebeian. To a place in the former class all may aspire. Promotion depends not upon birth, but upon merit and application. Society divides itself, therefore, into the educated and those who are not; a distinction more rational, and more in keeping with an advanced civilization than that which obtains in some communities professedly Christianized, where wealth is made the stepping-stone to rank, and where no measure of intellect or intellectual culture is regarded as a fair offset against an empty purse. In this respect, China is ahead of some of its more civilized, but less rational neighbors. *Caste* is here unknown, and the leading obstacle which the gospel meets in India is, among the Chinese, not in the way of its progress. No one in China loses his place in society in consequence of becoming a Christian. And as learning is the passport to an elevated social position, the educated missionary has an advantage here in this respect which in India is comparatively valueless. This is an interesting fact, when we consider that, by this enlightened social arrangement, at least one-third of the human race may be brought under the influence of Christian truth with comparative ease.

"The same government and laws extend over the whole of the empire." The mode of administering justice is somewhat peculiar, and has its advantages. The mandarin, or judge, decides between litigating parties, and is himself subject to penalties if his decisions are not in accordance with the laws. There are no advocates, as among us, to plead for the litigants; but judicial advisers are appointed, who are employed by the judge to aid him in his examination of the laws, so that his judgment may be legal, and he himself may thus retain his reputation and his place.

The manner of making provision for the support of the poor, in some of the cities, is also different from the custom that prevails among us. This is not done by direct taxation, imposed by the Government, but by a sort of forced contribution. One of the pauperized fraternity, duly elected by his compeers, and styled the king of the beggars, goes from house

to house and inquires what monthly sum each householder is willing to give. The amount of the donation is not, however, altogether optional, but must come up to a certain minimum specification. If any one declines this method of getting rid of future applications, he is subject to daily visits from as many mendicants as choose to call, with their clattering sticks, and other noises; and the fraternity no doubt adopt a system of annoyance, in such cases, so vexatious that nearly all are glad to compromise the matter by paying the required contribution.

What strikes a stranger in visiting Canton is, that so large a proportion of the people—about two hundred thousand, or one-fifth of the entire population of the city—have their dwelling-places on the river. These denizens of the water appear to enjoy themselves in their boats as well as their neighbors on land, whilst their floating habitations present a most animated scene. The houses of the Chinese are of an order of architecture suggested no doubt by the form of the tent, which is sufficiently apparent from the tent-like shape of the roof. They are light and airy in their appearance, and being painted in gay colors, are very pleasing to the eye. “There is something of romance in the effect of Chinese streets. On either side are shops, decked out with native ware, furniture, and manufactures of various kinds. These are adorned by pillars of sign-boards, rising perpendicularly, and inscribed from top to bottom with the various kinds of saleable articles which may be had within.”

The Chinese are idolaters. The idols they worship are to be seen in their temples, houses, streets, every where; and the emblems of idolatry are inscribed upon their dwellings and their places of business. The doctrines of Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era, and inculcated many excellent moral maxims, are professed by many, and especially by persons of rank; but whatever Confucius may have taught, the more intelligent have in reality adopted a sort of philosophical atheism, whilst the religious notions of the unrefined are as gross as those of other pagan nations. One significant fact deserves to be recorded here. Many of the Buddhist temples are falling to ruin, and the number of priests is diminishing, being three

hundred less than it was a century ago on the island of Pootoo, in the neighborhood of Chusan, according to the testimony of a priest, who complained of this state of things to a traveller who visited the island.

Idolatry and atheism combined produce the same fruits here that grow on these systems every where. Notwithstanding the mild and submissive character of the people, and the respect paid to the aged, morality is nevertheless at a low ebb. Lying is a common sin, and deceit is practised whenever it promises to promote some personal end. While "they have the domestic attachments, filial piety, and a sense of gratitude," they are said at the same time to be "sensual, coldly cruel, insincere, mendacious, devoid of general philanthropy?" But what else can be looked for, where character is moulded by paganism or the cold precepts of a lifeless philosophy. A few years ago, female infanticide was so common that it was "openly confessed, legalized by custom, and divested of disgrace by its frequency." In some parts of China, however, this crime has been rare. Opium-smoking is another prominent vice of the Chinese. The opium houses are divided into rooms, and these are furnished with rude couches, on which the smokers lie with a pillow under the head, and supplied with lamps, pipes, and other apparatus used in smoking. The proprietors of these establishments weigh out the prepared drug, which is purchased at a large cost by persons of every age, who congregate daily to indulge their vicious habit. There may be seen "the youth, just emerging from boyhood, hastening to a premature old age; the man of middle age, bearing with him the wreck of a worn-out constitution; and the elderly man, with bloated cheek and vacant stare, whose iron strength has warded off the slow but certain advances of decrepitude." How like is this to the drinking custom that has prevailed so widely in our own land, and is even now destroying its victims by thousands and tens of thousands every year, taking away the vigor of the young, the strength of the mature, and the crown of glory from the brow of age. It matters little whether the destructive agent is weighed with delicate steelyards, or measured in the gracefully-formed goblet, there is death in the sparkling glass as well as in the stupefying drug; and that young man is wise who, by entire abstinence from the beginning, suffers not the sting to enter into his own soul.

There is no Sabbath in China. The festival of the New-Year is observed by the interchange of presents among friends, and the consumption of a more than ordinary quantity of provisions, prepared with unusual care. This practice has very much of an American aspect. There is one custom, however, connected with the observance of this festival in China, which is rather unusual, and which might be introduced with advantage among all nations. On New-Year's Day all the accounts of the year are balanced, and all debts are settled; a practical commentary on the gospel text, "*One no man any thing.*"

Here, then, is a field that invites missionary labor, and promises an abundant harvest. Here are more than three hundred millions of the human race, under the same laws, having the same customs, free from that ferocity which distinguishes some pagan tribes and nations; practising, even under the influence of their defective and erroneous religious systems, some of the most attractive of the domestic virtues, having one written language common to the whole empire, eager to obtain knowledge, possessing an acute intellect, and but little wedded to any particular doctrines. The gospel must meet with a serious impediment, indeed, in the fact that their "temperaments are cold, worldly, and unexcitable." Yet impressions made, under these circumstances, will be apt to be enduring.

Our intercourse, as a nation, with China, has of late taken a new form. The Chinese are coming to us. On our western sea-coast have landed hundreds and thousands of representatives from the Celestial Empire; and in San Francisco may be seen their shops and their signs, and their national costume; whilst provision is made to have the gospel preached to them every Sabbath, in their native tongue. They are also seen walking the streets of some of our eastern sea-ports; and in the city of New-York, some of the Chinese are engaged as clerks in several of the large tea establishments, where they sell daily this staple production of their native country. These movements have a meaning, and will have a result. The hand of Providence is in them. The intercourse of China with America, if it goes on with the freedom and frequency we anticipate, will probably constitute a powerful agency in the christianization of the millions of that wide-spread empire. And when these millions shall have embraced the gospel, one

of the strongest props will be knocked away from under the kingdom of Satan, and one of the most convincing and encouraging demonstrations given of the speedy and final overthrow of that kingdom.

What will grow out of recent indications in the East, it is impossible to foretell, but they cannot alter the main features of the case. China is one day to be given to Christ, and revolutions within or aggressions from without cannot annul or disappoint that purpose of God. The end is certain; the means of its attainment are now in operation, and perhaps, as a part of these means, the Supreme Ruler may see fit to make use of internal dissension and outward force. Certain it is, that He can make the wrath of man to praise Him, whilst that which cannot be, or is not to be worked into His plan, He will assuredly restrain.

MARY AT THE SAVIOUR'S FEET.

BY REV. PROFESSOR STERNBERG.

THE Christian religion adorns as well as sanctifies its subjects. In woman, it is an ornament of transcendent beauty. In the sacred Scriptures, we are furnished with many eminent examples of female piety. It was a woman that poured upon our Saviour's head a box of precious ointment, that washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. To him women were most forward to minister; and in that dark and trying hour, when others forsook him and fled, they were found "last at the cross and first at the grave." How interesting the position chosen by Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, who, when our blessed Lord, after the labor of the day, sought repose within the bosom of the family of Bethany, "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." The part she preferred, was preëminently good, and its benefits will prove lasting as eternity. As "to the poor the gospel is preached," so it also comes to woman clothed with peculiar attractions and power, and fraught with the richest blessings. Examples of piety are more frequent, and usually more eminent among females than males. The gentle and tender spirit of the gospel meets a more ready response, in the affectionate and suscepti-

ble heart of woman, than in the more impassive nature of the sterner sex. Man, predisposed to self-reliance, is slow to accept the help proffered in the gospel. But, as the vine clings for support to the stately elm, so woman seeks some object around which her heart may entwine the tendrils of its confiding love; and when Christ reveals himself to her, "as the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely," she joyfully takes, and cordially leans on, the word of her beloved. Saul of Tarsus was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, but Mary "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." While Martha was busily occupied in preparing the evening meal, and Lazarus and the disciples were reclining at a respectful distance, Mary, with animated countenance, and tearful eyes, and throbbing heart, listened to the simple eloquence of truth, as it fell from the lips of Him "that spake as never man spake." To her, the doctrines of the gospel were as water to the thirsty soul. They met a want of which she had long been conscious. Presenting her with an object of infinite worth, on which her affections, in their ardent longings, might securely rest, they, at the same time, satisfied the cravings of her inquiring mind, and appeased the anguish of her awakened conscience. She was filled with peace and joy, in believing. In Christ she found the great problem of providence solved. The sun of righteousness illumined the darkness of her future, and the day-star of hope shed its mild radiance over even the gloom of the grave.

Mary "sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word." However much she may have esteemed the disciples of Christ, and however much she may have valued their instructions, yet she wished to hear the life-giving word from the lips of the Master himself. He spoke with an authority and an unction that went directly to her heart. She left his feet with the serene joy of one who "knows in whom he has believed, and is persuaded that he is able to keep that which he has committed unto him, against that day." He that has promised to be with his Church to the end of time, must himself be our teacher, or we shall in vain attend upon the ministry of a Paul or an Apollos. We must all be taught of God. "No man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." How long and arduous was the struggle through which Luther

passed, before he emerged into the clear light of gospel truth ! With its outward forms he gradually made himself acquainted, by a diligent study of the Bible; but it was when sitting at the feet of Jesus, that its living spirit was poured into his soul in all its illuminating, sanctifying power. It was then that, in the strength of faith alone, he could "pour contempt upon princes," and stand unmoved amid all the "war of elements" that was going on around him. Hence he was accustomed to say, that "to pray well, is to study well." Would we be wise unto salvation, as the heliotrope turns towards the sun, so must our hearts turn to the Sun of righteousness. Availing ourselves of the means of religious instruction within our reach, renouncing the vanities of life, and resisting the allurements of sinful pleasure, we must go to the throne of grace, and humbly, and with docility, plead for the enlightening and purifying influences of the Divine Spirit.

Mary "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." Christ commended her choice. Perhaps we shall be more disposed to follow her example, if we reflect, for a moment, upon the character of Him at whose feet we are invited to sit. He is emphatically the great Teacher. What though Socrates has been called god-like, and Plato divine, yet, in an audible voice from heaven, Christ repeatedly received this attestation: "This is my beloved Son: hear ye him." He, who from eternity lay in the bosom of the Father, is able to reveal Him to us, as none else could. He is "the way, the truth, and the life. No man cometh to the Father, but by him." Knowing what is in man, he adapts his instructions to our condition. Patient, gentle, kind, loving, he causes his doctrine to distil upon our hearts, as the dew. He alone has the words of eternal life; to whom else shall we go? Other masters have taught with applause, for a time, but Christ is teacher for all ages and climes. Long since have the groves of Academus been deserted, while increasing thousands rejoice to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Moreover, the doctrine of Christ is such as should induce us to sit with eager interest at his feet. In a clear and satisfactory manner, he discusses subjects the most sublime and momentous; subjects upon which philosophers, both ancient and modern, have only "darkened counsel by words without know-

ledge." Eminently practical in his instructions, our blessed Lord makes us acquainted with the duties growing out of our varied relations, and furnishes us with most powerful motives to their performance. He reveals him, whom to know aright, is life eternal. Insisting upon human responsibility, unfolding the solemnities of a final judgment, and teaching an eternal state of future rewards and punishments, he yet lucidly answers questions like these: "How shall man be just with God?" "What must I do to be saved?" questions that sometimes force themselves upon the attention of the most thoughtless; questions that are seldom absent from the sick-bed, and that, to those who have never sat at Jesus' feet, intensify, in a tenfold degree, the anguish of the death-struggle.

Nor can any of us dispense with the instructions of the Great Teacher. Whatever may be our attainments in science, literature, or art, it is only by sitting habitually at Jesus' feet that we can acquire a saving knowledge of divine truth. If we are struck with admiration at the wonderful achievements of the poets, orators, historians, philosophers, and artists of Greece and Rome, we are no less astonished at the darkness that enshrouded their minds on the subject of religion. In vain they felt after God, if haply they might find him, though he be not far from every one of us. The world by wisdom knew not God. Even though our lot be cast in a Christian land, amid all the light and privileges of the most favored portion of the Church, yet it is none the less requisite that we should "sit at Jesus' feet and hear his word." Dr. Johnson, the great moralist and corypheus of literature, only on his death-bed learned to understand the great doctrine of justification by faith.

Finally, the enduring nature of the resulting benefits should induce all, with Mary, to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his word. The value of other things may be fictitious or transient. Our possession of them may be brief and uncertain; but no one is able to pluck them that are Christ's out of his Father's hand. The waters of persecution cannot wash, and the fires of martyrdom cannot burn, the grace of God from their hearts. They know that their Redeemer liveth. They can enter the dark valley and shadow of death without fear of evil, for they are persuaded that He who has "guided them with his counsel" will afterward "receive them to glory."

ECLECTIC.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

PREACHING one day (it was a communion Sabbath) on the Crucifixion, Dr. Blackburn proceeded in his usual way to describe the whole scene somewhat in the following manner: "Being condemned, the Saviour was led away to a place called Calvary, to be crucified. See him bearing his own cross; multitudes follow him; they have arrived at Calvary; there is a pause; three crosses may be seen there; one of these is for Christ. The executioners approach him with ropes, nails, and hammer in hand; rough but sad-looking men they are. They hesitate; he opens not his mouth; meek as a lamb, he makes no resistance; there is deep silence; every eye is on that spot. They fasten him to the cross, drawing the cords tightly about his body; they drive a large spike through his feet, a nail through each hand;" (here, as he pronounced these words, he struck the pulpit as if actually driving the nails, his countenance betraying, meanwhile, all the emotions of agonizing sympathy) "having fastened him to the cross, they raise it and its foot drops heavily into the deep socket prepared to receive it; the shock makes the whole body of the Saviour quiver with pain." Just as he was pronouncing this last sentence, the profound silence, hitherto only interrupted by sobs here and there, was broken by wild shrieks of agony from various parts of the large church, many seeming to feel as if they were mingling with the multitudes, and actually looking on the terrible scene. Here was a perilous position for the orator—his audience wound up to the highest pitch, how will he sustain them? how let them down? To him it was easy enough! "Ah!" said he, "you shriek with agony, looking on the scene—well you may. It was a spectacle of woe, such as God, angels, devils, or men never saw before, never will see again. The sun refused to look upon it, the earth trembled, the centurion cried out, 'Truly this was the Son of God!' That cross was the center of a universal sympathy. Around that awful hill of death every passion and feeling, divine, and human, and devilish, mingled in a fearful conflict for three dreadful hours. Look on! Look on! Gaze with the awe-stricken crowd! Weep with the daughters of Salem! Linger until you hear that loud lament, until you hear him say, 'It is finished!' and see him bow his meek, pale face all bloody, and bearing upon it the mysterious shadow of death; but it will do you little good to see Christ crucified before you, as you do this day, unless Christ crucified become your hope and your salvation." The sermon then ended with a brief exposition of the objects of Christ's death, and a pathetic exhortation to sinners to accept of salvation through him, and to Christians to come forward and commemorate his death.—*Presbyterian Quarterly Review*.

DOING NOTHING BY HALVES.

It is said of the celebrated John Blain Smith, President of Hampden College, afterwards of Union College, that "he drew crowds after him, for it was one of his peculiar properties to put out his strength in everything he undertook, and to do nothing by halves."

We have here brought to view the great law of intellectual progress. It is, that the full strength of the mind should be thrown into every effort—that every thing undertaken should be done to the best of one's ability.

This law is seldom regarded, and the consequence is, that comparatively little intellectual power is developed. Who is there that habitually does his

very best in every intellectual effort? How often has the reader been conscious of doing his very best in regard to any thing? He has been reading a book; did he give to it all the fixedness of attention possible? Did he exercise his best powers of discrimination upon the thoughts presented? He has been called to advocate some measure before a public assembly? Did he make all the preparation which he could possibly make? He has been led to write an article. Did he make it as perfect as possible?

It is a common proverb, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. The proverb does not state the whole truth. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing as well as possible. If men would act steadily upon this principle, there would be a great increase of mental power. We should have better thinkers, better books, better sermons, and better laws.

The same law applies to spiritual progress. Scarce any progress can be made unless there be the putting forth of the full strength of the subject. Few regard the law, and hence the path of few is like the morning light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The Bible requires us to seek first the kingdom of God—to make all pursuits secondary to that of religion. It then commands us to love the Lord our God with all our heart and soul, and might—that is, with the utmost intensity. Has the reader done this? Has he aimed to perform every duty to the best of his ability? Has he treated his brethren as kindly as he could? Has he labored to promote Christ's interest as strenuously as possible? If he has given only half his energies to the service of God, is it strange that he has made so little progress in the divine life?

Men who succeed in the attainment of worldly objects, do nothing by halves. The man who gets rich, does nothing relating to his object by halves. The energies of his soul are given to the work before him. So with the man who would attain the heights of professional eminence. So it must be with him who would acquire the riches of eternity and the glory of God.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

Classical and Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of South Carolina.—The account sent us by our correspondent, of the recent examination at this Institution, came too late for insertion in our August No. "The examination throughout was exceedingly interesting, satisfactory to the Directors, and gratifying to a large and attentive audience." We rejoice in the prosperity and usefulness of this "School of the Prophets." The churches by which it was founded and is so well sustained, are already enjoying, and will not fail to reap in future, the benefits of their liberality and fostering care. There are at present 37 students in the classical and scientific departments, and 8 in the Theological. Of the latter, it is expected that three will graduate in November, prepared to enter the gospel field.

Hartwick Seminary.—The recent annual exercises of the students of this Institution were highly, and we may perhaps add, unusually creditable to all concerned. There was but one opinion of the manner in which scholars and instructors acquitted themselves at the examination of the several classes, and that was deservedly complimentary to both. Hartwick Seminary stands second to none, and is at present in a very flourishing condition. It has already qualified and sent forth some of our most efficient pastors, and is now educating nine young men for the ministry. Two students of theology graduated at the late Commencement. The classical department is well attended.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Chinese Revolution.—It is a remarkable feature in this rapidly-progressive political commotion in a heathen nation, that the insurgents openly profess their attachment to the Christian religion, and proclaim its doctrines in every province that submits to their arms. The Rev. Mr. Spear, late American missionary in China, regards it as a great "religious reformation," as well as a political revolution. One account attributes the origin of the war to the persecution of converts to Christianity. Rev. Dr. Bridgeman, in a recent letter to this country, expresses the opinion that the old *Manchu* government must fall, but fears anarchy and confusion as the result. This may be the immediate result; yet we rejoice in the fact that it is the prerogative of our God to overrule these overturnings of human kingdoms to the advancement of the kingdom of his Son, till the uttermost parts of the earth shall be given him for his possession.

Toleration and Progress of Christianity in Turkey.—A firman was lately issued by the Sultan at Constantinople, securing more perfect religious and civil liberty to Protestants, and requesting that it be read in all their churches, and that prayer be offered for him. Should not Christians regard it as an instructive and encouraging sign of the times, when the chief of Islamism solicits an interest in Christian prayers?

The Jews in Germany.—The Rev. Mr. Douglass recently communicated the pleasing fact to the Scottish Assembly, that there is a gradual improvement in the attitude of many Jews in Germany toward Christianity, arising partly from the education of their children in the public schools, in which the Scriptures are taught.

Evangelical or United Church in Prussia.—The popular branch of the government has recently passed an act, adding fifty thousand dollars to the endowment-funds of this church.

The Jesuits are holding *protracted meetings* in Posen and Upper Silesia for the purpose of proselyting Protestants.

A Royal Farce.—On the 17th of May, the prince-royal of Prussia was solemnly inducted into the long-since virtually defunct order of the *Knights of St. John*, in the palace at Charlottenburg, amid no little display of pomp and ceremony! The times having so greatly changed since the twelfth century, so that Protestant Christianity has now more to fear from the Romanizing tendencies of the Prussian government, than from the Turks, against whom it was the design of this order to defend the Christians, its revival at this day can be regarded with but little respect.

Orthodoxy in the Common Schools of Saxony.—The Superintendents of public worship and instruction have very properly directed the infidel book of Dinter and Tischer to be banished from the public schools.

The Evangelical Church Paper of Dr. Hengstenberg regards spirit-rapping and table-moving as the work of evil spirits, and admonishes all true Christians to abstain from all participation in these sorceries. On this subject we have long since entertained opinions, substantially coinciding with those recently published by Professor Faraday, whom, in this instance, we consider a sounder philosopher than the distinguished theologian of Berlin. He has clearly shown that these tables move not by virtue of electricity, or any other principle of attraction, but by force unconsciously applied by the operator himself, whose muscles are influenced by his expectations and wishes, contrary to his own determination.

Romish Intolerance in Portugal.—A new code of laws has recently been published by the government of this papal and priest-ridden nation, inflicting imprisonment or summary expulsion from the kingdom on all those who do not pay every respect to the Romish religion, or speak against any of its dogmas or rites, or attempt to propagate any Protestant sentiments, or celebrate any other public worship than the Romish. The reading of the Bible, and all attempts to disseminate its truths, are thus as rigidly prohibited as under the pagan emperors of Rome in the earlier centuries! Blind, indeed, must that Protestant be who doubts that intolerance and persecution are essential elements of the Romish system wherever her votaries have power to exercise them! How can any doubt the late declaration of the Romish editor at St. Louis, *that as soon as the Papists obtain the ascendancy, which they hope before very long to do, there will be an end to Protestant worship in these United States?* We believe, indeed, that they will fail in their attempts; but their defeat can be effected only, if Protestants awake to a sense of their danger, before the chains of error and superstition are riveted upon them.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Jahn's Biblical Archaeology.—Translated from the Latin, with additions, by Professor Upham. Fifth edition. New-York: pp. 573. Newman & Ivison, 1853. This is a new and handsome edition of a standard work on Biblical Antiquities, which should be found in every clerical library.

Kitto's Bible Illustrations.—The third volume of these excellent commentaries on Scriptural History has left the press of Carter & Brother. It embraces the history of our Lord, and presents, like the other volumes, a happy union of useful learning with unaffected devotional sentiment.

The Peace of Zion—a Discourse preached before the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, at Winchester, Va., May 22d, 1853, by S. S. Schmucker, D.D. An able and timely discussion of the theme that *peace* or *rest* is essential to the edification and extension of the Church; and well calculated to encourage and promote that fraternal spirit which was so manifest at the meeting of the body before which this discourse was delivered.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Among the recent publications of Germany, we find the following of special interest.

The Life of Christ, represented according to the Gospels, by Professor J. P. Lange, D.D., of Zürich. 3 vols. 8vo. This work is represented by orthodox reviews as distinguished for its originality, comprehensiveness, and varied excellence. One of the reviewers employs the following language: "For learned and enlightened Christians, this may be regarded as the most important publication of the year." "Numerous lives of Christ have, of late years, made their appearance, but this deserves the credit of being the most complete and able."

Eptome of Universal History. By Dr. Dittmar. This work we consider a production of more than ordinary merit. The author possesses in a high degree the talent to group the general features of each grand epoch; and thus he confers on his work a lively interest, and impresses the outlines of history deeply on the memory. Being moreover composed from a *decidedly Christian* stand-point, the influence of this publication cannot fail to be good. It is a successful condensation of his larger work, in 3 vols., 8vo., and may be had of Messrs. Schaeffer & Koradi, Philadelphia, for \$1.00, by mail.



NEW-YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1853.

No. 6.

OLD PICTURES CLEANED HERE. No. II.

BY J. G. M.

It may be remembered by the visitors to your "Evangelical" picture-gallery, that last month I exhibited an old masterpiece, retouched, freshly varnished, and newly framed. It represented Thomas Kaiser describing the martyrdom of his younger brother Leonard to an attentive and astonished group of listeners in the humble abode of Gottfried Werner.

I here hang up another for this month's exhibition, which I have found in the garret of an old amateur long since deceased. It was covered with dust and mould, but I have cleaned it, and now send it to you by the express line of my venerable Uncle Sam.

A more recent historical painter, named Wildenhahn, has also executed the scene; and in retouching my almost faded original, I shall transfer to my canvas some of his exquisite touches, thus perfectly restoring the picture. In your catalogue you may label it

The Brother's Revenge.

Near the old Dominican Church in Augsburg, during the time of the world-renowned Diet in 1530, there stood a plain dwelling, into which a man was seen entering, whose clerical dress distinctly enough designated his profession, but whose

general exterior appearance besides manifested but little of the spiritual character of his sacred calling. He was a tall, stalwart, broad-shouldered man, whose face betrayed the plainest evidences of voluptuous living, and of a vulgar, carnal mind. As soon as he had entered, he ordered the servant, in a loud, coarse, imperious voice, to convey his lunch to his room, and then ascended the stairs with a heavy, lubberly, noisy tread.

He had just seated himself to devour the lunch, after he had sharpened his appetite by a full cup of Malvasian wine, when some one knocked at his door, and entered the room without waiting for an invitation.

"What do you want?" he cried in angry tone to the stranger, but immediately repeated his impatient question when, on a second look, he discovered the man clothed in the garments of a beggar. "What do you want? Since when do beggars enter a gentleman's chamber? Begone instantly."

The beggar was not in the least alarmed or abashed, but stood calmly still, and threw withering glances of contempt and defiance on the sacerdotal voluptuary. The latter now laid aside his knife and fork, rose hastily from his seat, and said, "Since you are deaf, you shameless beggar, I shall have to make you feel the strength of my hands." With that, he advanced towards the intruder to force him out of the room. When he observed that design, he very deliberately locked the door which was behind him, and then said, in a tone of forced tranquillity, "I would advise you, reverend Sir, to remain calmly seated. If you lay your hand upon me, you will never use it the second time. Neither do I wish to disturb you in prosecuting your work, since for you the kingdom of heaven consists in eating and drinking. I pray you be not disturbed."

"You low-bred scoundrel," shrieked the priest, "are you a robber and murderer both?" He attempted to rush to the window, doubtless for the purpose of calling for help from the street. But he did not succeed; the beggar sprang upon him, and grasping him at both shoulders, forced him back, and pressed him down on the chair as he would a child.

"I will only say to you, reverend Sir," said he, in a calm, cold tone, "that the *first* word of alarm you utter shall be your *last*. My life shall have endured just long enough when

I have seen you die." And he then drew from his beggar jacket a short two-edged dagger.

"You see," said the beggar quite tranquilly, "that I have the advantage of you. Be calm, and speak a little with me. You are Dr. Eck, our Luther's bitter enemy, and the bloody persecutor of all my Protestant brethren. I tell you this, that you may be sure I know you, and that I am not mistaken in my man."

Dr. Eck—for it was really he—was so alarmed at the imposing strength and terrible threat of the stranger, that he lost all disposition to oppose him. With feigned resolution, he cried out, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"This is the 15th of August," replied the beggar. "Do you know what occurred this day three years ago?"

"No," he rejoined; "and what does that concern me?"

"A great deal, in my opinion," continued the beggar. "This day three years ago, the flames consumed a man whose death was occasioned by you. That man was Leonard Kaiser, and I am that man's brother, Thomas Kaiser. You see, then, that we know each other well."

"I had nothing to do with his death," replied Eck, in a terrible state of alarm.

"Yes," said Kaiser, "it is true you did not pile up the wood with your own hands, you did not apply the torch, but still, after your way, you burned and murdered him. When my sainted brother came from Wittenberg to Raab, to see our dying father once more, you were overjoyed when the priest at Raab betrayed him to the Bishop of Passau, by whom he was cast into prison. And when it was granted, as a special favor to his brother and friends, to visit and comfort him in his distress, you stood by, in order to hear whether, in our interview with him, he would utter any heresies. You betrayed my brother into a discussion, and you charged him with heresy because he persevered in his adhesion to the Protestant Confession. You were the occasion of his being judged against right and law, and of his being condemned to death without a fair hearing. A word from you might have saved my brother, but you were silent. You gloated over his sufferings, and when he was burned to ashes, you rejoiced as though you had done a good work, and cried out, 'Thus must all heretics be

treated, and Luther first.' You are the murderer of Leonard, my dear brother; and I have come to-day, the anniversary of his death, to render you proper payment for it."

"I pray you, dear friend, what do you intend to do?" cried Eck, and fled behind the chair. "I repeat it, I had nothing to do with your brother's death. The Church gave him over to the civil authority, and what then happened we cannot alter."

"Oh, you refined, cunning murderer!" said Kaiser. "You throw people into the fire, and when they are burned, you quite calmly say, 'We cannot help it; the fire burned them, and not we.' I wonder you do not say that the executioner alone is to blame that Leonard lost his life. You cold-blooded murderer! The executioners are nothing more than your arms and hands; what they do, is your act. I have long wished to see how the heart of such a cowardly murderer as you are looks, and what kind of religion yours must be, that thirsts after blood like a tiger. You are a perfect master in that business; your whole appearance betrays the profession of a butcher, to which you belong. You are the well-conditioned head-slaughterer in the kingdom of God on earth. True, you do not wear the large knife at your side, nor a bloody apron, but you commit murder with your tongue, and you hide with your clerical robes the blood of Abel, with which you are all over stained. Sir," he continued, with icy coldness, "have you been to confession to-day? for if you have not, you must leave this world without it; but then it will be no harm to you, for there is no absolution for your sins."

"You are excited, my dear friend," replied Eck, in feigned kindness and assumed composure. "I cannot believe you mean what you say. I have always known you to be a peaceable man; and though you are inclined towards the new doctrine which Luther teaches, yet you still fear God, and will keep his commandments."

"Certainly, Sir," rejoined Thomas Kaiser, "I have taken you as an example in keeping the commandments, especially the sixth; for although you have distinguished yourself in the observance of the seventh and ninth, yet in keeping the sixth you have made yourself specially famous. Is it not so, Doctor? You are particularly pleased with those submissive people

who calmly allow themselves to be bound to the stake and burned to ashes, without cursing their murderer, but rather praying for him! Such a submissive man you can be to-day, and you can show your Christian sympathy for me. But to tell the truth, I have no confidence in your prayers. But allow me to thank you for your good opinion of me. You think that though I do profess the Reformed doctrine, yet that I still have a God-fearing heart! How kind you are to a Lutheran Christian! You then really think it yet possible for a Lutheran to fear God! Truly, Doctor, I now at a glance comprehend your professional character as a butcher. You are a subtle gentleman, and you live and let live—you eat and drink—you commit adultery, and bear false witness, and murder, all only for the sake of salvation by good works. You calumniate your neighbor, out of love—you violate the seventh commandment, out of love—you commit murder, out of love. What more is necessary? If *you* are not saved, no person ever will be!"

"You go too far," said Eck, who had now recovered his courage, since Kaiser had commenced a controversy. "You go too far, my friend. It is much easier to prefer charges than to prove them."

"Do you think so?" asked Thomas. "Since when has such a Christian thought entered your mind? How far did *you* go, when you delivered my brother into the hands of the executioner? How far did *you* go, when you courted the friendship of our Luther, and lauded him highly for attacking the traffic in indulgences, and yet foully abused him behind his back; and, in order to please the Bishop of Eichstadt, wrote a calumnious pamphlet against him, and decried him as a Bohemian heretic? Say, how far did *you* go, when, at Ingolstadt, you wanted to burn the writings of the great Luther in the public market-place, because you could not refute them? How far did *you* go? Ah! yes; you went as far as Rome, and persuaded the Pope to fulminate his bull against Luther."

Eck here bit his lips, and turned his head towards the window. Kaiser continued: "Give me your attention a little longer, worthy Sir. You say it is easier to prefer charges than prove them. That may be said of an honest man, but not of you. You prove your charges with fire and sword, and the

dead cannot reply. But you deceive yourself, Doctor. The dead do speak! The voice of my brother, whom you have murdered, will follow you all your life. Sir," he continued, in the same tranquil tone, "after I have seen, in my brother's death, how a righteous man dies, I want to see how an unrighteous man, a murderer and thief in the kingdom of God, dies. I want to see *you* die. It must be a heartfelt joy for all the souls of those whom you have tormented and murdered—of all the beautiful female friends with whom you have led such a holiday life, according to the seventh commandment—of all your bottle companions, with whom you have so often and so devoutly sacrificed on the shrine of Bacchus—I say, it will be a glorious time when all these gather and dance around you in your dying struggle. Oh, it will be rich! You will then cry out in anguish, but that piercing shriek of despair will only contribute to the richness of the scene."

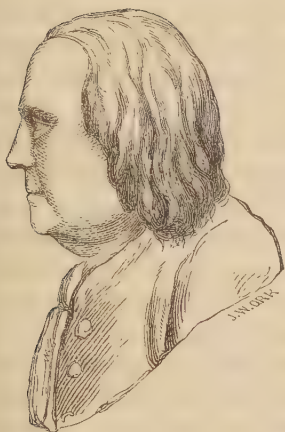
"Be still—be still," cried Eck, in a state of dreadful alarm. "I see now that you have lost your senses. Go, good friend, go. I will tell no body what you have said."

"Do not call me *good friend*," replied Kaiser. "I might lose my senses if I were your friend. You are a more wretched and contemptible fellow than I had supposed. Yes, I now see well that you are too mean for my vengeance. Your death is too low an equivalent for the murder of my brother Leonard. Do you know why I came to you? I intended to bury this dagger in your blasphemous heart. I intended to pay you for the murder of my brother. But I see now it is better to let you live until your master, Satan himself, comes to take away your soul. I expected to find in you a man who did honor to his wickedness, but you are only a wicked old woman, who begins to groan and cry when the executioner approaches. But I will deliver the message to you which my brother confided to me. When I took my last leave of him, he said to me, 'Go to Dr. Eck, and tell him that I forgive him the sin of my murder with all my heart.' That will be of no service to you, Doctor, for the righteous God in heaven judges differently from us, but you shall at least know how a Lutheran Christian treats his enemies. But remember the words of my brother. Perhaps they may be a drop of water on your parched tongue; perhaps they may be your Sunday in hell, after six days of torment

and despair. Sir," he added, in a solemn tone, "if you can yet pray, and dare pray, then pray God that you may not die a maniac."

When he had uttered these words, he calmly and slowly left the room, unconcerned whether he would be pursued or not. He bent his steps towards the gate of the city, and from that hour was never seen in Augsburg again.

FRANKLIN.



THE important epoch in the career of a great man is, to ordinary observers, his death; but the real instructive lesson can alone be gathered from his life. Years have elapsed since the death of Franklin, but his life still lies open to us, a lesson as much to be read and pondered as ever. This man, like others of the great departed, hath taught us that all *world-movements* arise from the spiritual in man—that the energy which flags not, and ranges through centuries of change, is not external and

mechanical, but dynamical; from within, outward. Great conceptions and great exploits come struggling into birth from the dim recesses of man's spirit. An important consideration this, that might well be pondered in our dead age of mechanism. Strange, perhaps, it may seem to some, if the plain and practical Franklin were found teaching us a lesson of spiritualism altogether at variance with the mechanical tendencies of the age. How, then, is it with Franklin? We are introduced to him, a poor printer's boy, under the rough exterior of whose outer life lies a deep spiritual meaning, if we have but the wit to interpret it.

The great lesson taught by Franklin is that which every hero teaches—the necessity, in this world's affairs, of deep earnestness, faith and work. We see realized in him an illustra-

tion of the great world-ruling energy, struggling into being under the severest difficulties. Amid the silence of that lone printing-office, visions of an outer world of truth and beauty passed in array before him. Even then, we may suppose, the strong energies of that great soul were in process of shaping outwards. While poverty and a world of difficulty environed him on all sides, these but called forth the strength of his spirit. If disadvantages of every kind seemed, like a "bell of glass," to encircle the mighty spirit of Franklin, as it looked forth from its imprisonment upon a fair country, with "golden mountains and shining rivers," apparently beyond its reach, he felt that, after all, the bell was but of glass, and with a bold stroke shivered it in pieces. The strong arm that had accomplished its deliverance was not idle in this world of reality. Franklin was, in the highest sense, a man among men. He felt that his lot was cast in a fair world, whose every type was but the vesture of a thought. He stood forth as an interpreter—a critic in God's universe, to read the handwriting on the wall. It is the true philosopher that, in a world of types and symbols, brings out their spiritual meanings. It was not the mere *act* of bringing down the lightning from heaven that made his triumph; it was the great *idea* that haunted him day and night, and was as a fire in his bones. That simple act of bringing the spark from the key was but the realization of a thought that has made the man immortal. He was a student in the school of nature. He stood in the world as in a palace gloriously furnished, whose magnificent apartments could only be unlocked by the golden keys of thought. The harmony of the winds, and the thunder "ringing through the mighty dome," were to him the music by which nature syllabled forth the praises of Deity. Schooled in such a discipline as this—reading the thought of God in the visible forms of nature—was Franklin to be pitied that he could not read the thought of man expressed in the written symbol of the Greek? There have been foolish pedants, having an insight merely into the characters of their sheepskin diplomas, who have compassionated Franklin on his ignorance of the classics. They, alas! know not what true learning and insight mean.

But we are especially attracted to the character of Franklin by the manifest union in him of genius with *piety*. Beautiful

is this relation, even as that of the amaranth to the costly flower-jar that supports it. How lovely such a character when contrasted with those mighty, but ill-starred ones, whose energies seemed only bearing them downward towards the realms of night! See a Byron, mistaking passion and base desire for heaven-born freedom; a Shelley, whose inarticulate wail, like the "spirit-song of fallen worlds," filled the earth with sadness; a Burns, whose genius, amid the "hail-storms and fire-showers of unbelief," seemed eclipsed at very noon-day; a Schlegel, dying alone, like a "forsaken watch-fire," amid the poor consolations of a Catholic faith! A word solves the mystery—they were in the camp of the unbelievers.

Franklin was one of the few who have taught us the reality of life—the necessity of faith and work. In contemplating the bright example of such men, these simple sounds of time—these "hammerings of tired Labor on his anvils," seem more awful and supernatural, mingling as it were with the solemn-sounding voices of eternity. In view of the life and death of such a man, life seems more real, holy and mysterious—the very confluence of two eternities.

From the lampblack and types of that old printer's chapel comes an intelligible and earnest voice, telling us of one who trod bravely the wine-press of this world's conflicts, and struck out for himself a path to the mist-enveloped temple of truth; it tells us, too, what thoughts, amid the depth of his own consciousness, this man had framed with respect to God and human destiny.

In a neglected corner of one of the churchyards of Philadelphia they have placed the tomb of Franklin. Myriads every day pass by the spot where lie the remains of the great philosopher, but few, save the old sexton, know the place where he was buried. Yet the mould that for years has been gathering on his tomb can never obscure his memory. It is a Valclusa fountain, of perennial flow, whose waters shall never cease to refresh and beautify the earth. That example, which is enshrined in the hearts, and has tinged the very dreams of men, can never die. Would that each, as he turns from the grave of Franklin, might learn the lesson there taught, to live resolutely in the "whole, the good, the true!"

"In Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu leben."

LUTHER'S FIRESIDE.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

"Woe to him that is alone."—ECCLES. iv. 10.

THE above Scripture quotation we find Luther endorsing, from his own experience. The multitude have seen, in this truly great and good man, only the severe Saxon Reformer: it remains for his friends to present him in a more amiable aspect, and to clear up his character from the injustice of harshness and roughness which his enemies have ascribed to him. Therefore we desire to behold him in his private life, a married man, and entering his domicile, observe him at his table, and by his fireside.

"O happy lot, and hallowed, even as the joy of angels,
Where the golden chain of godliness is entwined with
The roses of love."

We have a beautiful engraving before us, presenting Luther to us in the midst of his family, singing their evening hymn. The scene is delightful, and none can doubt that Luther, in his deep home-feelings, was eminently formed to be happy in domestic life. His capacious soul breathes out the warmest love towards his wife and children. Six lovely pledges of their mutual affection smiled around the happy parents: John, and Martin, and Paul, and Elizabeth, and Madelaine, and Margaret. Elizabeth died in her infancy, and the picture represents the eldest son, John, playing on the violin, keeping time with the organ, where his dear father is seated, whose benignant countenance, illumined with heavenly joy, beams sweetly upon his youngest boys, who are holding fast by his instrument, and through whose eyes their innocent and eager hearts glowing shine. And how affectionately does the serene mother bend, with her hymnbook in her hand, over Luther's chair, her little daughters meekly standing by her side, with hands clasped in reverential worship. A more cheerful room, a happier sight, we have never beheld; and most truly, as we gaze, we feel that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

"Lord, 't is delightful thus to see
A grateful family worship thee,
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way."

Blessed are family altars: may they be multiplied in our land; for

"The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous."

"Neglect not the favor of Heaven, and at eventide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed:

"Angels that are round you shall be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,

"And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favored children."

Nothing could be pleasanter than the dwelling and garden of Luther. In his household, with his Catharine by his side, every object brought to his well-stored mind some pleasant thought or allegory: in the latter he took great delight. The care of the house, of course, devolved on Catharine, and it was no easy task, with their limited income, to make their dwelling a cheerful and hospitable resort for strangers and friends; yet such it was. The neat little parlor, with its windows shaded by vines instead of silken drapery, opened into a garden, where both she and Luther, like our first parents, cultivated the earth. Their table was supplied with vegetables from it, and fruits and flowers came in succession. "I have made a garden," writes Luther to Spalatinus, "and in the middle of it I have made a fountain. I have succeeded in both. Come and see us, and you shall be crowned with roses." This was in 1525. It may easily be imagined that Luther's garden, with its roses, its arbors, and its fountains, did not bring him competency. Indeed, his situation was one almost of penury. Yet, with all this, he was truly in his home the happiest of human beings. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." Luther's dwelling was often enlivened by music: in this he was not only a lover, but a proficient. "Satan," he says, "is a bitter foe to music. It repulses temptations and bad thoughts: he cannot stand against it. Music is one of the noblest and most magnificent presents God has made to us." Luther had a pure and sanctified poetical feeling, with which he most beautifully invested even the commonest objects around him, and he ever drew, from all the events of life, loveliness and truth. "A branch of a tree, loaded with cherries, and put

upon his table, in primitive simplicity; the innocent pleasure of his wife, when she treated him with a dish of fish from his own little pond in the garden, all awoke higher thoughts, and led him to the fountain of good."

On a fine spring day, he walked in his garden—this garden that was the source of so much pleasure to his Catharine and himself. They both regarded attentively the trees loaded with blossoms, and the new-born flowers putting forth their perfumes and gay colors. "Glory to God," said Luther. "that calls all nature to new life! See those trees! they are already filled with fruit. What a striking image of the resurrection of man! Winter is death, and summer is the resurrection. Look at this flower; it was broken at the stem last August. When all other flowers are withered and decayed, this is fair and fresh, and therefore it is called *amurathus*, and in winter they make garlands of it. So is God's Word; it will never lose its freshness, never wither nor decay." When playing with one of his children, who was full of the gayety and sports of childhood, he said: "Thou art the innocent little simpleton of our Lord, under grace, and not under the law. Thou hast no fear and no anxiety; all that thou doest is well done. We old simpletons torment ourselves by eternal disputes upon the Word. We ought to follow the example of children, and simply trust God's word." One evening Luther saw a little bird perched upon a tree, and settling himself as if for the night. "This little bird," said he, "has chosen his place of rest, and will sleep quietly: he does not think of to-morrow, but sits tranquilly on his twig, and leaves God to think for him." There was a little bird-nest in the garden; the birds were frightened when any one came near, and flew away. Luther exclaimed: "Ah, little flutterers, do not fear me; I wish you nothing but good, if you could only believe me. It is thus we refuse to trust in God, who, so far from doing us evil, has given us his own Son." Luther, in his manner of conversing with his family, imitated the direct and simple illustrations of our Saviour. One evening, when they saw the cattle returning from pasture, "Behold!" said he; "there go our preachers; there are our milk-bearers, butter-bearers, cheese and wool-bearers, which do daily preach to us faith towards God, that we should trust in him as our living Father, who careth for us, and

will maintain and nourish us." Such teachings were not the emanations of a gloomy and harsh temper, as Luther's has been represented. Melancthon describes him in his home-circles as their fountain of enjoyment. In an age like this, it may seem strange how he could contrive to be hospitable, and to keep a seat for three or four of his friends at his table; but his own interpretation of the matter is this: "Give, and it shall be given to you. This is a true speech, which maketh people poor and rich; it is that which maintaineth my house." Luther never refused giving in some form or other.

"Give—it is the better part;
Give to him, the poor in heart;
Give of love in large degree,
Give of hope and sympathy;
Cheer to them who sigh forlorn,
Sight to him whose lamp is gone.

"If the poor man pass thy door,
Give him of thy bounteous store;
Give him food, and give him gold,
Give him shelter from the cold;
Aid him his lone life to live,
For 't is angel-like to give."

Luther, in writing to a friend, remarks: "There are no ties in society more beautiful, more elevating and happier, than a well-assorted marriage. It is a pleasure to behold two people living together in wedlock, in harmony and love; but there is nothing more bitter and afflictive than when these ties are torn asunder. Then, too, comes the death of children. This sorrow, alas! I have experienced. There is no person so disengaged from the ties of nature as not to feel their power. Nature is strong. What a noble bond is that which unites man and woman!" A sad affliction was in store for this pious family: from the ills of mortality none are exempt. "Where sorrow is turned out and held intrusive, there wisdom may not enter, nor aught that dignifies humanity." Luther had early buried his Elizabeth, and now he was called upon to resign his Margaret at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness of the father with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, "Dearly do I love her; but, O! my God, if it be thy will to take her hence, I resign her to thee without a murmur." Again

he said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace." She turned her dying eyes towards him, and replied, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, to my Father in heaven;" and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them: in a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done. Yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." When they were about putting her into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Margaret, I see thee now lifeless; but thou wilt be reëminated; thou wilt shine in heaven as a star: even as the sun. I am joyous in the spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realize that she is happy, better taken care of, and yet to be so sad!" Then turning to the mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, "Dear Catharine, remember where she is gone. Ah, she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds, without doubt; it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices."

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear—
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek—
Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head."

"Happy are those who die young; children do not doubt, they believe; with them all is trust; they fall asleep." When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathized with him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied; "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh! may we all die such a death! gladly would I accept it now!"

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WHO can read the writings of the great "apostle to the Gentiles" without feeling that brotherly love was a master-passion of his lofty soul, and shone most brightly amid the splendid coruscations of his moral and intellectual career? When gazing upon his ardent and adventurous spirit, the aspirings of his holy ambition, the kindliness that pervaded every fibre of his generous constitution, we are reminded of the land of Tell, in which mountain and valley, lake and cloud, make up the features of the glorious panorama. There, as with him, the sublime and the beautiful, the grand and the lovely, the awful and the pleasing, are found harmoniously commingled. In the deep vales of his emotions, you may see the violets of human affection, blooming beneath the rose of heavenly-mindedness, the lily of peace and the evergreen of gospel hope, and blending their fragrance in his practical experience. In these he seems connected with all the sympathies of earth, while in his contemplations on the great truths of the gospel, the towering genius of his eagle mind "appears the very skies to kiss." Upon the summit of his mountain-soul rested the clouds of divine presence, while from its base distilled the droppings of that unequalled ministry which found vent in the well-spring of his generous desires for the salvation of the family of man.

It is from such a character I love to draw the portrait of eminent attainments, and from lips like his to hear the lessons of religious instruction. His pen was ever plied to elevate humanity, and maintain the rights of Christ; while his life was but an echo of the precepts that he penned, and the practical obligations he enforced. "*Brotherly Love*" is my theme, and Paul shall guide my thoughts while I muse on its developments, and endeavor to delineate its claims.

"Love—it is a fragrant blossom, that maketh glad the garden of the heart. Its companions are gentle thwifts, and the brier withereth by its side. I saw it budding in beauty, I felt the magic of its smile. And I thought some cherub had planted there a truant flower of Eden."—*Tupper*.

It is that spirit which, in seeking the happiness of another, is oftentimes the destroyer of its own. It is the devotion of a

soul with all its capabilities. It is the devotion of a Pythias, who, in the hour of a friend's most perilous extremity, mounts the scaffold of ignominy, and bears the blow intended for another. It is the devotion of a wife, who sucks the venom from a husband's arm, in which a poisoned shaft had deposited the bane, and dies the victim of her firm and fond regard. Our apostle tells us, "It is the bond of perfectness," or the fillet that unites the Christian graces on the brow of the believer.

But let us leave the abstract, and seek its practical and analytical development, as sketched by the crayon of St. Paul. The graces of this love are clearly delineated in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians: "It suffereth long and is kind." It is not only a principle enshrined within the soul, but regulates the practice of the life. Forbearance and forgiveness are its prominent characteristics, and are called for by the fact, that "in many things we offend all." Nor was this an effusion of unmeaning verbiage on the part of our apostle, nor something of which he was negligent in his own experience, as will be instantly perceived by reading the history of his eventful life, for therein is seen a manifestation of a large and liberal forbearance. "Being reviled," says he, "we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat." Thus it was he met the persecution and injustice of those to whom he paid his unwearied ministrations; not with the maledictions of anger or of vengeance, but with the responses of kindness and of peace. In all the trials of his checkered life, patient endurance marked his character, and gave no license to revenge. Like the odor of a trampled flower, which the hoof of violence has crushed, that ascends to give assurance of pardon for the outrage and the wrong, so did the large affections of his generous nature exert themselves in obtaining mercy for the guilty, and the general observance of this Christian requisition. Had he met his repeated provocations with the resentments of the natural heart, the kindling glances of aroused hostility, the gradual heightening of angry emotion, and the outbursts of actual violence—had this been the practice of our eminent apostle, where would have been that music of benevolent return that now thrills through our souls from the chords of his holy sensibilities? And how could he wear the jewels of consistency, while grafting upon his own unforgiving propensities for the practice of others, the seion of a large and liberal forbearance?

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," is the apostle's preceptive requisition; "being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it," is the example of his life, and harmonizes with all his recorded admonitions.

"Rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Another expansion of brotherly love is found in Christian benevolence, and claims the attention and practice of every professor of religion; a religion which had its origin in love, and displays the amplitudes of our Maker's compassions. Sympathy is the beautiful and delicious echo of the soul, in response to the claims of wretchedness or joy; for there is necessarily, from the mechanism of our physical, mental, and moral constitution, enjoyment of a pure and ethereal character, not only in the mere exercise of kind and fraternal affection on the one hand, but in being the recipient of its unfettered bestowment on the other, whether it be that of gratulation with the prosperous, which renders more intense the felicity, or of fellow-feeling with the afflicted, which ameliorates the ills of humanity. Sympathy! what loveliness of character! It draws aside the curtain of affliction, whispers consolation to the sufferer, and pours the oil of gladness into the festering wounds of sorrowing humanity. No ingratitude can blast it, no exertion can exhaust it, and no period of duration can ever bring it to decay. Its quality is not strained, but pure as the dew-drop, and sincere as the smilings of infancy. It is not bribed by human applause, nor by the prospect of recompense, but flows from principle; it is not the offspring of compulsion, but descends as moisture from the full-charged cloud upon the desert heath, which gives it fertilizing energy.

Who does not sigh for this noble and generous religion, that begets so lovely a progeny? And why do not our affections flow in the channel of this apostolic admonition? Oh, where are the Christians now, and what are their peculiarities of conduct? Does a heathen now exclaim, while gazing on the members of a Christian community, "Behold how these love one another?" Does it not, on the contrary, appear as if the seeds of these generous affections were not sown in our world, or as if these flowers of Eden no longer grow on this side heaven? Or is it that a total bankruptcy of spiritual graces has prostrated our moral capabilities? Oh, forgive us, Father, and teach us how to love!

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1853.

It has been well remarked, that the flight of our human hours, though really at no one period more rapid than another, yet seems by certain events and occasions more vividly brought to remembrance. When the distant clock strikes at midnight, or when the sun, with farewell beams, lingers for a moment on the horizon's verge, and then suddenly drops out of sight, we are startled by a consciousness of what, amid the rush of business or pleasure, we are unwont to regard. So it is with the flight of centuries. Though one era ushers not in another as the day ushers in the night—though no hammer peals through the universe to tell us that an epoch has departed and a new one commenced, there are yet certain transition points, where, on the great dial-plate of time, we note the centuries as they pass. As we look downward upon the "linked ages" that are gone, there seem to be periods of unusual interest—landing-places on those

"Great world's altar stairs
That slope in darkness up to God."

Certain events have lately occurred to remind us that we have just turned the corner of another half century. The great Industrial Exhibitions of 1851 and '53, are a glorious consummation of the achievements of the past fifty years. The progress of mind in mechanical philosophy during this time seems to have been in an almost geometrical ratio. The popular mind has been enlightened, and its sympathies enlisted for what is valuable and interesting in science. This will appear the more striking if we compare the splendid success of the present World's Convention in New-York with the unsuccessful attempt made, not more than twenty years ago, by the founders of the "British Association," to sustain and extend the declining interests of science and invention in England. Inventors, authors, philosophers, and others of the craft, assembled with high hopes at Oxford, desiring to take part as worshippers in the festivities sacred to Minerva. But the patron goddess of genius and learning, though humbly invoked, deigned no response. Though the cock upon her helmet crew in welcome to the warrior, the serpents beneath—the emblems of wisdom—

remained coiled up in silence and shame. The mechanic, the artist and the philosopher returned home in sorrow at this disappointment of their brightest and most reasonable hopes.

But it has lately been ours to witness a far different spectacle. As the Greeks came bringing their gifts at the shrine of the patroness of the fine arts, so in our "iron age" we have seen the nations of the old world bringing the tributes of labor and skill to the metropolis of the new. Standing within the walls of our modern "palace," we felt that we could realize, in a degree, the vast achievements of mechanical science. When we looked along the long array of powerful machinery, with all its poetry of motion and of life, and saw in it the creative energy of *mind*, we thought of Sophocles, and his glorious description of man, the inventor—the *περιφραδὴς παντοπόρος*. When, again, we saw the whole scene splendidly illuminated, and the dome of crystal, and the statuary, and the brilliant throng, as if brought by enchantment to enliven the walks of this artificial garden, we thought of Aladdin, and how truly the Genius of the Lamp had yielded to the romance of reality. We see here not the *dreams*, but the *deeds* of man. We have, indeed, "bound and yoked the elements," brought out, analyzed, and appropriated the secret wealth of nature. The Dervise, in the oriental tale, thought it an extraordinary gift that he was permitted, by the aid of the contents of the magic vial, to pierce in vision the crust of the earth, and see the glittering gems and mines of wealth in its unexplored recesses: we, by other methods, have developed this wealth, and made combinations and appliances undreamed of in fairy tale. Yet there have lived in the remote past ages men who seem to have had prophetic glimpses of this present state of things. Said Friar Bacon, ages ago, in language in which the visions of the philosopher and poet seemed wondrously blended, "Bridges, unsupported by arches, can be made to span the foaming current; man shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, and treading with firm step on the golden sands never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman, sitting at the helm, guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars. And the loaded chariot, no

longer encumbered by the panting steeds, darts on its course with relentless force and rapidity. Let the pure and simple elements do thy labor—bind the eternal elements, and yoke them to the same plough." Homer, too, in the same strain of prophecy, anticipating the remote future, speaks of the ships of the Phocians as "going direct to the place of their venture—knowing the mind of the navigator, and covered with cloud and vapor." What prophetic glimpses of steam-vessels and ocean fleets may not have arisen before the interior vision of the blind old Bard of Chios, as he indited that paragraph!

There is a great and most interesting truth involved in all this, which few recognize. The mind of man is, in fact, ever inventive, though it has never, until this preëminently "inventive age," taken a *practical* form. The germs of these latter-day triumphs were present to the ancient mind, like half-formed visions, or the uncertain strains of distant music. It is wonderful how like children, in a playful, half-serious mood, they have uttered their oracles of deep meaning. In the myths and emblems of that "golden age" lies concealed many a remarkable prophecy. In the swaddling-clothes of alchemy and magic we often find the germs of a profound philosophy.

Thus the night ushers in the morn: and as, in the beautiful allegory, blind Faith, the daughter of the Night, bequeathed to Reason, the bright child of Day, the intimations she had received in her night-wandering, so, by a wonderful and mysterious law, Poetry first revealed to man, in the form of dreams and fancies, what Philosophy has clothed in a more tangible reality.

We of the present age, then, as enjoying the reality, may congratulate ourselves on what mind has accomplished in physical science. But Time is ever rushing "onward to his grave," bearing to each generation its seedsheet of weal or woe. Turning from the past, with its checkered light and darkness, we see the future stretching into an undefined magnificence. We recognize in this gradual perfection of the physical sciences the earnest of more exalted triumphs. The Baconian philosophy, which has, like a whirlpool, drawn into its vortex the concentrated intellect of the age, must cease to be the *absorbing* field of interest, and human thought shall rise into the higher though colder region of a more pure and ab-

stract philosophy. Mind is ever taking new forms, casting off the old as certain crustacea do their shells, and like them gains fresh strength with every new development. Old institutions perish, but the world rolls on for ever. It is a sublime idea in astronomy, that each system, besides the revolution on its own centre, is accomplishing, about some unknown point, another and grander movement. So human thought, though in the different ages revolving about some peculiar form or system of philosophy, has another and an upward tendency. The old must die, but its strength and vitality pass into the new. We believe that

“Ever through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.”

May we not, then, look with confidence for greater things—for a future congress of representatives; when, at the close of the nineteenth century, the concentrated intellect of the world shall be exhibited on a more glorious scale; when the great republic shall call to her future metropolis the nations of the old world, to a festal gathering far transcending the former experience of those who shall remember the industrial triumphs of 1853?

DILIGENCE AND SLOTH.

“THE hand of the diligent maketh rich.” Such is the constituted order in the Divine government respecting the things of this life. But no less is it the case in regard to spiritual treasures. He that faithfully improves the opportunities afforded him for the acquisition of divine knowledge, for the formation of Christian dispositions and holy habits, shall have more given him. Fresh and greater opportunities for improvement in grace will continually present themselves. As, by exercise, his faith, hope, and charity gain solidity and strength, he will have it in his power to make constantly greater exertions. The sphere of his activity will enlarge. Providence will open to him new fields of labor and usefulness. Besides, from the effect of habit and association, those labors and duties which at first required a painful effort, will become familiar and natural.

They will afford him positive pleasure, not only from the feeling of satisfaction that accompanies every virtuous exertion and every sacrifice to duty ; but the very act and effort itself will become in a manner the natural operation of his well-trained mind. His whole soul, with all its powers, will, by degrees, be engaged in the pursuit of "glory, and honor, and immortality."

Similar to the progress of the diligent, but in an opposite direction, is the course of the indolent and slothful. It is a common mistake for men to imagine that though they should make no improvement in virtue, they may without any exertion retain what they have ; and this little they never fail in imagination to magnify to something great and valuable. To the indolent man his own virtues and good qualities seem great. He feels secure of their possession. But though he thus "seemeth" to himself to be "rich and increased with goods, and to have need of nothing," the Saviour assures him that his fancied wealth will speedily disappear, unless he begins in earnest to add to his store. Nothing short of immediate, serious, and unremitting diligence can save him from absolute want. This is the ordination of God. To expect the contrary is fatuity. The knowledge, virtue, opportunities, talents, influence which he possesses, are lent goods. Soon the Master will reckon with us for their use or abuse. And not only at the end of our period of probation shall we have to render an account of our stewardship, but now already, while yet on trial, there is a partial judgment going on. By every neglect of duty, every suppression of virtuous emotion, we are thrown back and placed upon a lower step, from which it will require a double effort to recover our former position. To stand still is impossible. We are floating on the stream of events. It requires a continual struggle to make head against the current. No sooner do we relax our efforts, than the corrupt propensities of our nature will carry us down towards ruin. The mind is made for action. It cannot be entirely quiet. If we do not carefully cultivate correct principles, virtuous sensibilities, and a sense of duty to our Maker, to society, and ourselves, we are surely going in a contrary course. With greater or less rapidity, according to circumstances, we are running a race of sin, and vice, and fearful hardening of our hearts to every thing holy and good.

There may be no open outbreaks of crime. The motion may be so gentle as to escape the observation both of ourselves and others. But the danger is only the greater. The man who has been hurried by thoughtlessness and passion into the commission of some gross offense, is often startled by the violence of his fall, and if not entirely hardened, may be led to reflection, repentance, and recovery ; while he who is gliding imperceptibly down the descent of indolent self-indulgence, considered by his neighbors, and still more by himself, as a hopeful character, will, in all probability, die as he has lived.

ECLECTIC.

THE CONVERSION OF THE WORLD,

BY S. S. SCHMUCKER, D.D.*

THIS is indeed the grand enterprise of Christianity, in which every denomination, every minister, and every member of the Church should feel bound, in some way or other, personally to labor. Indeed, the signs of the times seem on the whole encouraging. Though we live in an age of intellectual revolution, it is also an age of moral reformation. Notwithstanding some adverse circumstances, the time for Zion's enlargement seems to be drawing near. The Church is shaking herself from the dust of accumulated ages ; and the Son of God appears to be coming in his glory, conquering and to conquer the kingdoms of this earth. 'Tis but the lifetime of five or six individuals, since nearly the whole Church of Christ on earth was fast bound in chains of Papal superstition and corruption. But the Son of man said, Let there be light, and the light of the Reformation burst forth, illumining and vivifying countless numbers who had been groping in darkness, and been enveloped in the shades of death. 'Tis but the lifetime of one man, since Voltaire yet warped the intellect of Europe, and cherished the hope of subverting the foundations of Christianity ; when seated in his closet, with "Crush the Wretch," for his blasphemous motto, he indited his infidel effusions, whilst the malice of hell was rankling in his breast, and his pen recorded the inspirations of the Devil. But how changed are now the prospects of "the kingdom of heaven !" Infidelity, foiled in the conflict, is gradually retreating from the field. The disciples of the Master, especially in England and America, are waking up from their lifeless formality. A higher and holier standard of duty is beginning to regulate their works of faith and love. A more expansive spirit of benevolence is beginning to mark out the circumference of their sympathies. Every benevolent effort based on the true spirit of the gospel finds friends ; and, though oft amid difficulties and opposition, does not fail to work its way into the confidence of Christians. So

* From the Author's Fraternal Appeal, published 1838.

that verily they that love the Lord indeed, have reason "to thank God and take courage."

But while the Church is waking up and looking abroad over the length and breadth of the desolations around her, and ere she has half supplied them, the Master is loudly calling from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and reiterating in our ears his long-forgotten mandate: *The field is the world*. To the few who in the last thirty years have gone abroad, he has signally verified his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Nation after nation has he prepared to receive his messengers, until the entire gentile world may be regarded as accessible, and the sufferings, and cruelties, and abominations of heathenism have been unfolded to our view. The cruel, the bloody rites by which these victims of superstition attempt to appease the anger of their unknown god, have been so fully described to us by the few laborers sent among them, that hard indeed must be the heart that does not feel. Contemplate these and similar scenes of degradation and suffering, in which 600,000,000 of our fellow-men are yet more or less involved; degradation which excludes its subjects from a holy heaven; sufferings to relieve which the Son of God descended to earth, provided a ransom, and commanded his disciples to publish it to every rational creature; contemplate these scenes, and say, have the churches a right to expend their strength in unholy contentions with one another? or in sustaining an unnecessary number of institutions and teachers to propagate their minor peculiarities? Contemplate these scenes, and say what have the churches done to spread the glad tidings of relief? How have they responded even to the calls of the few of our countrymen who have gone, for example, to India, that land of "thick darkness?" Let one of their own number answer, who spent his life in the cause. In a letter from the Rev. Mr. Poor, of the American Board, which reached the writer two years since, that devoted servant of Christ says: "We marvel that our cry, *Come over and help us*, is not more regarded by our brethren in America. The harvest is *perishing* for want of laborers."

Why is it then, that after the lapse of eighteen hundred years so little has been done? that one half of our own country is yet destitute, that four fifths of the human race have never heard of the sinner's Friend? Is there any defect in the system of instrumentality appointed by God? That system admits of extension to an indefinite degree, of extension adequate to the wants of the world. The Bible admits of translation into the thousand languages of the earth, as well as the hundreds in which it is found: the preaching of the gospel is, in the nature of things, as applicable to one nation as to another, and as well to all nations as to some. And there is the same promise of the divine blessing; and the same prospect of a rich harvest of believing souls. But how can the heathen believe in him of whom they have not heard? How can they hear without a preacher? Here then is at present the grand difficulty. The want of ministers is now the fundamental obstacle to the spread of the gospel over the earth. Here is the point at which the greatest system of machinery for the conversion of the world at this time labors. And on whom does the guilt of this deficiency rest? Are ministers now called to this work by inspiration? Since the primitive band of fishermen and tent-makers was inducted by the Saviour himself, their successors in office have been introduced into the field by the instrumentality of man. One of the standing injunctions of the ministry is, "The things which thou hast heard of me amongst many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also." It is therefore our duty to multiply faithful ministers until "the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world."

Let the followers of the Saviour then go to work with the full conviction that *the duty enjoined on them is practicable*.

About twenty years ago there were not thirty young men sustained by the churches in our land, in preparation for the ministry, and yet the great difficulty then was want of money. Since that period, the churches have learned something of their duty, and aided upwards of 3,000 young men. Now the greatest difficulty is the want of men. *But in reality the true difficulty, first and last, has been want of piety and zeal in the churches.* The Spirit of God opens the door of access to the heathen world faster than laborers come to enter it. The Spirit of God has made Christians willing to support and send forth young men, just in proportion as this duty was urged upon them. And the self-same Spirit has made young men willing to devote themselves to the work of the ministry, just in proportion as ministers have faithfully spread before their people the wretched condition of the heathen world, and as Christians have labored and prayed to find workmen for the Lord.

Let the churches form *definite ideas of the work* to be performed, and, in reliance on God, purpose its accomplishment. Our efforts are often paralyzed by the supposed incalculable vastness of the work. Our faith often wavers, because not based on intelligible "evidence of the things not seen." It was thought a gigantic conception when the American Bible Society resolved within a few years to furnish the book of God to every destitute family in our land. It appeared so only because the extent of the enterprise and the means for its accomplishment had not been definitely surveyed. Thus also the conversion of the world appears, even to some Christians, as "idle words, and they believe them not;" yet, when rightly viewed, it is not beyond the bounds of reasonable calculation. Rating the unevangelized world at 600,000,000, and allowing 1,000 souls to each minister, it has sometimes been said we must furnish 600,000 laborers. But far less will suffice. Supposing each preacher to take charge of four or five stations, he could preach the gospel to at least 2,000 souls. The number then required would be 300,000. The converted heathen will, in the progress of this work, furnish more than ten times as many laborers as it will be necessary to send to them, and this would be less than they did in the apostolic age. We would then need about 25,000 laborers for the heathen world, to be sent from the present Christian churches. This number would, we doubt not, together with the native auxiliaries, and the Bible, and tract, and Sabbath-school efforts, be amply sufficient, by the divine blessing, to preach the gospel to every creature; to bring all the heathen world under the influence of the means of salvation; especially if, like the protomissionaries of the Saviour, many of them should travel from place to place, remaining only long enough in each to form a congregation of believers, and then, appointing from their number the most pious, talented, and faithful, as pastors for the flock, pursue their course. This method was found adequate in the apostolic age, and might now be pursued (as it is in part) with the greater propriety, as the missionary would leave the *written Word* in every church thus formed.

Nor is it necessary that *all* the missionaries sent out should receive a classical education. Of those destined for uncivilized countries, such as Africa, whilst some should be thoroughly educated, the major part would be quite as efficient after four or five years' instruction in Christian doctrine and duty, some of the physical sciences, especially medical botany, agriculture, or some suitable trade, in pastoral duties, and the language of their destination. If such a ministry is successful in our own country, as is seen in the case of our Moravian and Methodist brethren, much more would it be adequate to the wants of many portions of the missionary field.

Probably, too, it would be wise to establish one or more missionary seminaries in our land, under the joint patronage of the different missionary boards, to which all of different denominations might resort, and in which the several cardinal languages of Asia, Africa, and aboriginal America should

be taught, either by natives, or by men who acquired them in those several countries, and in which an education peculiarly missionary should be given.

And *how long would it require* till the Church could furnish these 25,000 missionaries? Not so long as we are accustomed to imagine, if the Protestant churches would come up to a standard of duty perfectly attainable and certainly obligatory. The apostles found "in every city" in the churches established by them, (averaging at that period not fifty male members,) materials for "appointing elders" or preachers. Hence we may justly infer, that every church on an average does contain at least several persons whose duty it is to devote themselves to this work: and *if a proper standard of piety were maintained*, and suitable effort made to direct them, they could now be found as well as in the apostolic age. Now, it is calculated that there are 15,000 Protestant churches in the United States, about 20,000 in Great Britain, and about 50,000 in Continental Europe. Supposing 7500 of all these 85,000 churches, which is not one fourth the number in Great Britain and the United States, were to take active part in this work, and furnish each one theological student every five years, and which is *far less than some of them have done and are now doing*, we should in ten years have 15,000 laborers partly in the field, and partly in a course of preparation. In twenty years we should have 30,000 thus designated, from which deducting 5,000 for the ravages of death and other failures, we should have left 25,000 laborers, who, in twenty-five or thirty years, might all be in a foreign field.

This glorious, this *millennial* enterprise would require and would lead to an enlargement of education and missionary operations to a millennial scale. Yet it is all possible; nor would the education of the poor, and the mission of all these men, require greater pecuniary sacrifices from the Church at large than *some individual Christians are now making*; nor a tithe of the Protestant wealth from the living, together with the increase of legacies which such a state of effort and piety among Christians would produce. Even the Protestant churches in the United States alone, as is evident from the above calculations, could accomplish this work in half a century. They could furnish and send forth the necessary number of laborers, if they would declare a perpetual amnesty among themselves, and concentrate their utmost efforts on some plan like the one here recommended. In the progress of this work the Lord may raise up Constantines who will direct the energies of their empire to this glorious work; kings may become "nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers" to his Zion; he will pour out the influences of his Spirit in pentecostal measures, and nations may be born in a day; so that the human instrumentality required may even be much less than above stated. Amen, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

AT THE DOOR.

"BEHOLD I stand at the door and knock." At what door? The barred door of your heart, fellow-sinner; your heart, defiled, darkened, perverted, hardened, alienated from God and holiness, greatly needing the entrance of some one who can change this, restore it to God, and make it an abode of purity, love and peace.

Who stands there? Your best Friend. He who has done for you already what no other being could or would; who has made possible the change you need, and now presses urgently upon your acceptance the provided mercy.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE were thinking, as we sat in our chair one morning, that a little monthly chat with our many readers, about facts and fancies, would not be out of place.

A word, then, first, about that self-same *chair*, of which so many of our brotherhood complain, as if it were made wholly of thorns. We cannot say this of ours. Friends have cushioned it throughout with kind words of encouragement, and hung it all round with bunches of flowers. Just take a look at this bouquet. Do you see the rich leaves that form the background of the whole, and peep through every where? Those are genuine leaves—leaves *epistolary*, two of which are usually sent us at a time. Here is a specimen, on which is written: “I am altogether pleased with the Magazine, and think it an honor to the Church. I feel proud of it. It can and ought to be well sustained.” Here is a list of new subscribers just received, which is the same as the *Forget-me-not*, and here is a remittance, which is genuine *Heart's-ease*. Let all who want to contribute to our floral collection, remember that of all flowers, we esteem the Heart's-ease and the Forget-me-not most.

Not long ago, we witnessed a meeting between two friends, who had not seen each other for years. After the mutual recognition and the hearty shaking of hands—“Ah, yes,” said one to the other, “I remember you well. I remember, particularly, hearing it often said, when we were boys together, that you were so kind to your mother.” It was not a vain, foolish pride that made the heart of that son leap within him, when he heard these words. He had been kind to his mother, and the recollection of that kindness had been graven upon the memory of one of his childhood's companions. His foolish freaks, his disputings, his anger at play, his self-will, all had been thrown into oblivion by the deeds of affection performed for his mother. These now came to greet him. Oh, it was sweet music, the mention of those filial acts, and his heart was so light and joyous that he could not keep it down; it would leap in spite of him. And the tell-tale feelings that were chasing each other through his soul, like happy children at play, looked laughingly out of his eyes, and irradiated his countenance, and thus told plainly what was going on within.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To (*be*) a thankless child.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE has been reared, and the specimens of the industry and skill and art of various nations are gathered within. The engraving in the present number of our Magazine gives a correct view of this interesting edifice, having been drawn on the spot, and engraved with fidelity and care. But it must be seen to be appreciated. You must walk around it, and look upon it, as it rises in symmetrical beauty, light and airy, and cheerful as the

picture of a pleasant dream. And then you must enter, and study the specimens of skill and the works of art, the sculpture and the painting, and the rich embroidery, and the inventions of mechanical genius, from the sewing machine, that is destined to revolutionize one department of labor, to the ponderous steam engine, with its vast machinery and its gigantic power. Some say that a day can be spent there pleasantly; some say a week; and some are satisfied—or rather dissatisfied, as we should suppose they would be—with the bird's-eye view which they catch in an hour. An artist might study for hours together a single statue or picture, and carry away thoughts to be wrought up by himself in other combinations. Not having been in, we can say nothing of our own impressions. The outside scene is full of life. Rail-cars, drawn by horses, run up to the very door. Omnibuses rattle over the hard pavement. Groups are continually moving to and fro. Newsboys give you the latest intelligence at the top of their voices. In the rear, at the right, you see a portion of the reservoir, into which flows the far-famed water of the Croton. But do not imagine that the Crystal Palace and cold water are the only occupants of the neighborhood. All around there are shows of various kinds, some harmless and some otherwise, to tempt the curious and the unwary; and there are drinking-saloons, with their polished counters and shining decanters and gilded mirrors, those lying paraphernalia talking to the eye, as if the pathway of the drinker were really bright and beautiful. Strange that there can be nothing good in this world of ours, without evil springing up around it. But the Palace itself is a grand conception: a gathering-point for the nations; a world in miniature: a banqueting-hall, in which science and art, utility and beauty, industry and invention sit down together, and hold glad jubilee.

Our readers are referred to the able communication of our correspondent, entitled the Industrial Exhibition of 1853, which alludes to this same subject.

• • •

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.—The *Annual Commencement* of this institution was celebrated on the 14th ult. There was a large number of strangers in attendance, and the exercises of the occasion were of an exceedingly interesting character. Fourteen young men were graduated, of whom more than one half will devote themselves to the gospel ministry. On the day preceding the *Commencement*, Rev. W. A. Passavant addressed the Literary Societies, on the *Relations of Christianity to Labor*; Rev. Dr. Morris, the Linnean Association, on the *Microscope*, and Rev. J. Allen Brown, the Alumni, on *Cicero as a Model of an Educated Man*. We are glad to learn that Pennsylvania College is in a very flourishing condition. The *Annual Catalogue*, which is now lying on our table, reports one hundred and sixty-two students for the current year. We sincerely trust that the effort now

in progress to secure for this institution an endowment, and to place it upon a permanent basis, may prove successful. The influence of our colleges upon the Church cannot be too highly estimated, and our ministers and people should cherish a deep interest in their welfare.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

United Presbyterian Church in England and Scotland. This enterprising and intelligent body of Christians, containing only five hundred and four congregations, located chiefly in Scotland, during the last year added about four thousand members to its communion, and raised upwards of \$700,000 for the maintenance of the gospel ordinances amongst themselves, and for missionary and benevolent objects at home and abroad. What a noble example to our Lutheran churches in this country, which are at least three times as numerous?

Literary and Religious Prizes in Germany. That zealous defender of evangelical truth and reform, Rev. Dr. Marriott, of Basel, has been authorized, by the liberality of Christian friends, to offer prizes of about thirty ducats each for seven different German tracts, averaging one hundred and fifty pages, on various subjects, such as Jesuitism, its history and principles; the Encroachments and Corruptions of Popery; the Apocrypha; and the Comparative Influence of Popery and Protestantism on the Political and Physical Interests of Nations. These tracts are to be extensively circulated throughout Germany, and will doubtless bear a rich harvest of temporal and spiritual fruits.

In the Duchy of Cassel, the Penal Code of the dark ages is revived. The odious system of *corporal punishment*, for persons of all ages and sexes, in certain cases of theft, vagrancy, mendicancy, &c., has been introduced under regulations so indefinite and discretionary as to place the victim almost entirely at the mercy of the judge!

Evangelical Movement in Sardinia. A very promising state of religious inquiry extensively prevails in this only portion of Italy in which religious liberty prevails. At Favale, near the Gulf of Genoa, about forty persons have given themselves to Christ, all having been awakened by the use of a single copy of the Holy Scriptures. Protestant churches are in process of erection in different parts of the land, which, it is to be hoped, will extend the work of grace far and wide.

Biblical Exploring Society. An Association has been formed in London, for the purpose of exploring the ruins of Assyria and Babylon, with special reference to biblical illustration. Much light has already been reflected on the sacred pages by the researches of modern travellers, and the happiest results may be anticipated from the continuation of these labors. Christianity has nothing to fear from the investigations of physical science.

Noble Stand of the King of Prussia. The Romish Bishop of Treves having lately ventured, by the direction of the Pope, to dictate negotiations for marriages in Prussia, by requiring that in all marriages of Romanists with Protestants, the Protestants must take a solemn oath to educate all the children of both sexes in the Romish religion; the King, for once, acted with becoming promptness and decision, and issued the following general order:

"I hereby declare that I will forthwith dismiss from my service any officer of my army who may take the stipulated oath, one alike degrading to the man and to the Evangelical Confession."

Mormonites in Europe. A company of twelve hundred Mormonites is expected to assemble at Hamburg this fall, from Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

At Bukarest in Moldavia, the new and beautiful evangelical church which was erected by the aid of the Gustavus Adolphus Society and the King of Prussia, was consecrated on the 25th of April.

The Baptist Church in Schweinfurt, Germany, was closed by the police officers. A sad evidence of the religious liberty of the Fatherland! What right have civil governments to prevent orderly citizens from worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences?

The Evangelical Consistory of Vienna, over which the Austrian Government places a Romanist as chairman, (!!) has forbidden its congregations to insert any descriptions of their condition into their letters of thanks or communications with the Gustavus Adolphus Society. Such is the liberty which Protestants enjoy under Romish Governments! Yet who talk more loudly about their equal rights than Romanists in this country?

Amazing superstition! In Aachen, or Aix la Chapelle, a city in one of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, the Romish priesthood professed, from July 10th to 24th last, to exhibit to the admiring populace "a dress of Mary, the mother of God, the swaddling-clothes of the infant Saviour, a handkerchief of St. John, and the bloody cloth which bound the loins of the Redeemer at his crucifixion!" When we read such absurdities, we are at a loss to know whether most to pity the ignorance of the populace who can believe such nonsense, or denounce the insincerity and wickedness of the priesthood who can thus impose on the credulity of their deluded followers. After this occurrence, and the recent transmission by the Holy Father himself of one of the *teeth of the apostle Peter* (!!!) to the Emperor of Austria, it seems difficult to believe that the Romish Church has purged herself of the superstitions of the dark ages. And can intelligent Romanists in our own country approve of such impostures?

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Sermons, by F. H. Kohlbrugge, D. D., of Elberfeld, have been published in England, and are spoken of with unqualified approbation, as one of the most evangelical and useful recent issues of the religious press.

The Sufferings and Glories of Christ, by Dr. J. Brown, of Edinburg. This production is an exposition of the eighteenth Psalm, in connection with Isaiah lii. 13—53. The work is republished by the Carters, and exhibits an eminently evangelical spirit. Whilst it contains an able exhibition of the glories of our divine Redeemer, it at the same time furnishes a fine specimen of that expository preaching so popular in Scotland, from the study of which our American divines might derive some benefit.

The Confession of the Evangelical Church, in its relation to that of the Papal and Greek Churches. By Dr. Hahn. 1 vol. 8vo., pp. 203.

Gieseler's Church History. The second part of the third volume of this justly celebrated and useful work has left the press.

Medicinal Powers of Electricity and Magnetism. By Dr. Romershausen, Marburg. Second edition, pp. 38. Illustrated with plates, exhibiting the modes of operation.

The Orthodox Doctrine of the Twofold State of Christ; presented according to the views of the Lutheran and Reformed churches. By Dr. W. Schneckemburger. This production of one of the most respected living authors of Germany cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to those desiring to study this subject.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 7.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D. D.

By the religious character of Christ, we mean his feelings and conduct towards his heavenly Father, or, in other words, his devotion, obedience, confidence. The devotion of the Saviour was pure and perfect. He lived and acted for the honor of God. He came not, as he himself said, to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. From the time that he remained behind in the temple, whither his human parents had for the first time taken him—when he said, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business,”—unto the last word uttered by him on the cross, his whole life testified of his entire devotion and perfect love to the Father. “Father, I have glorified thee on earth,” he says. His zeal for the honor of God was displayed, when he drove out the buyers and sellers from the Temple, with the indignant exclamation, “Make not my Father’s house a house of merchandise.” Others had been zealous for the worship of God, as Moses, when, on seeing the people given to idolatry, he cast down the two tables of stone, written with the finger of God, and broke them. But Moses failed, at least on one occasion, to show proper respect for the Lord, when, being commanded to speak to the rock, he, in his anger, smote the rock twice. Elijah was very jealous for the Lord of hosts, when he slew the priests of Baal and the false prophets, eight hundred and fifty in number. But he soon after gave way to discouragement, and complained of want of success.

But Christ never once, though continually provoked by the malicious attacks of his enemies, and seeing apparently little success of his ministry; and even when his foes seemed to have gained their end, by causing him to be nailed to the accursed tree; yet he never for a moment yielded to despair or discouragement, or said any thing derogatory to the honor of his Father. When, in his agony in the garden, oppressed by the burden of our sins, he prayed, if possible, to be delivered from his sufferings, he meekly adds, "Not my will, Father, but thine, be done."

From this pure devotion and love to the Father, proceeded this perfect *obedience*. He was subject to the divine law in all things. Every divine ordinance was sacred in his eyes. He rescued the law from the false glosses put upon it by the Scribes and Pharisees, and defended its authority against the infringements of their vain traditions. His obedience was proof against every trial and temptation; for, though he was tempted in all points like as we are, yet it was "without sin." He "resisted unto blood." He was obedient unto death. The cross could not deter him from fulfilling his mission to the utmost. He went on cheerfully in performing the work which had been assigned him, with the most cruel death staring him in the face: for he knew perfectly well what awaited him. He foretold the nature of his death repeatedly to his disciples. His obedience was both active and passive. He both did and suffered all that the Father saw fit to lay upon him, without a single murmur. No ingratitude and want of faith on the part of men could for a moment turn him from his purpose. While his success during his earthly ministry was seemingly inconsiderable, he patiently waited for the fruit of his labor, after he should be laid in the tomb; agreeably to his declaration, that a grain of wheat cannot produce fruit, unless it die first. A conspicuous feature of the Saviour's obedience to the Father was, that he employed none of those means which worldly prudence would have prescribed to gain adherents. How easily could he have collected a vast army of followers, had he but suffered them to proclaim him king, as they were ready to do on more than one occasion. And when once he did allow it, in fulfilment of a prophecy, he so ordered matters that even Pilate, jealous as he must have been of any thing like a sedition among a people prone enough to revolt, apprehended no

danger of the kind; for he was at Jerusalem at the time of Christ's solemn entry, as it was near the Passover, when multitudes—I might have said, millions—were wont to assemble in the capital, and when, of course, the Roman governor would take double precautions to guard against a tumult. And had he feared any thing on the part of the Saviour, he would at once have seized him; while, on the contrary, he was unwilling to try him, even when delivered up by the High Priests and Council; knowing well, as one of the evangelists observes, that it was out of envy and spite that they so delivered him. Not only would not the Saviour suffer himself to be proclaimed king by the multitude; but how often, when he had wrought some special miracle, did he strictly enjoin silence on those whom he had healed! Nay, when the devils, who knew him, acknowledged him as the Son of God, and their Lord, he forbade them to speak.

We proceed to consider the implicit *confidence* which the Saviour placed in his heavenly Father. Even his enemies cast it up to him when they tauntingly said, "He trusted in God; let Him deliver him now, if He will have him." This firm trust he displayed, when, having been forty days in the wilderness, fasting, he hungered, and appeared, according to human probability, in imminent danger of perishing from want. Then the tempter said to him, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But, instead of putting forth his miraculous power for his own relief, he calmly resigned himself to the care of God, quoting for authority where it is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone; but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live." By this he intimated, that as God is not bound to ordinary means, nor indeed to any means to sustain his creatures, we may and ought, while engaged in his service, to rely upon his care and providence for all things needful. Nor do we find that, on any occasion, our Lord wrought a miracle in his own defense. A few instances that look that way may, with equal, or rather, we think, with superior propriety, be explained on the principle just stated. When the murderous band, with Judas at their head, as related by St. John, started back and fell to the ground, on his asking them whom they sought, this may not have been by a miraculous exertion of his power, but only that they were seized with alarm, having so often witnessed

his power, and, in starting suddenly, may have fallen over each other; or if it was by an act of miraculous power that the Saviour caused them to fall, it was to show them that he surrendered himself voluntarily, and also, as is expressly stated, that they might not trouble his disciples, whom otherwise they might have been disposed to seize likewise. And he said to Peter on the same occasion, "Thinkest thou not that I can even now pray to my Father, and he shall send me more than twelve legions of angels?" thus signifying his perfect confidence in God, even at this hour of darkness. The same confidence is expressed in his language to his disciples, when they warned him not to go near Jerusalem, lest the Jews should stone him: "Are there not," says he, "twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." That is, every man has a certain work allotted him by God, and a certain period in which to accomplish the same, so that while he is engaged in the performance of his duty, he need not fear that any one can harm him. This confidence in his heavenly Father was both nourished and displayed by the frequency and length of his prayers. One time, on the important occasion when he was about to choose his apostles, we are told that he continued all night in prayer, though he had spent the preceding day in healing and teaching, and must have felt the fatigues incident to a life so active as his. His perfect assurance that all things which God had promised to him, and respecting him and his undertaking, would in due time be fulfilled, is conspicuous in that solemn prayer which he uttered in presence of his disciples after he had risen from the table, when he had instituted the Lord's Supper. "And now, O Father," he says, "glorify me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one." This confidence in the Father, indeed, was what supported him under all privations, trials, discouragements, sufferings, and death. As the Psalmist, speaking in his name by the Spirit, had described it: "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption."

THE IMMORTALITY OF ERROR.

VOLTAIRE.—THE NOVELIST.

BY REV. B. SADTLER.

IF the tongue is ever set on fire of hell, with equal truth we might add, that the pen is sometimes dipped in its colors. Some of the records of the pen are certainly black as night with sin, and flaming as fire with destruction to man's holiest affections and hopes. And what a fearful thought, that the creations of genius, when unsanctified, may live as long and reach as far as when baptized in the spirit of Christ; that there is such a thing as a bad immortality as well as good! How sad the fact, that in an evil sense, as well as good, "no man liveth to himself," and that of the wicked man, as well as of the child of God, it may be said, "He being dead, yet speaketh!" The historical works of Gibbon and Hume will probably live as long as history itself, but their poison will live as well as their classic, chaste, and truthful periods. The writings of Voltaire present another illustration. We quote the following paragraph from Bishop Wilson's Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity:

"Of the posthumous mischief effected by Voltaire, this calculation may give some idea. His death took place in 1778. Between the years 1817 and 1824, the Paris editions of his works amounted to 1,417,000 volumes. Supposing the same number to have been circulated in the six years that have passed since 1824, and twice the number in the forty preceding, we have a total of nearly six millions of volumes issued from the Paris press only; and every volume teeming with errors, misrepresentations, objections against Christianity, and the grossest impurities."

Add to this calculation the number of editions published since 1830, when the good Bishop wrote, and we will be prepared most heartily to unite in his reflection:

"What must be the state of society on the Continent, to receive such a mass of evil—and what the account to be rendered at the bar of God by the author of it all!"

Who can decide the measure of influence that brilliant, bold, bad man exerted upon his age subsequently, in the production of the French Revolution, and, thereby, upon the history of the world to its latest period? The last link of that chain will

reach to the world's final doom; and even after that, unless the waters of oblivion flow through hell, and eternity stop its rounds, the influence of that man upon human destiny will be felt.

No repentance can recall the effect of the emanations of the pen and press. Recently a publisher issued a new edition of an American novel of a mischievous tendency. The author, now a clergyman in the Episcopal Church, published a card, declaring that it was not done at his instigation, and endeavored to check its circulation, frankly acknowledging it as the production of his days of sin. Should he buy up every copy and burn every line of the work, he could not undo its evil. It has been read; its poison has entered into men's souls, and his grasp cannot reach that far. That book has helped to shape the eternal destiny of men!

Reader, our homily is short; if you think thrice before you speak, think three times thrice before you publish a line that can, in any way, injure the morals or destiny of men.

HE WILL SUCCOR.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

WHEN the eye is sad and tearful,
And the struggling sigh is heaved,
Weary spirit, be not fearful;
Faithful heart, thou'lt be relieved.

Be but patient and enduring;
Think not, speak not aught unkind;
All things tend to the securing
Sunshine to thy clouded mind.

Cast thine eyes about, around thee;
See the downcast once, now glad;
Mark the blue sky that surrounds thee,
Late obscured by lowering cloud.

Wait and hope with prayerful patience;
Thy horizon *will* be bright;
He who *knows* thy tribulation
Turns the darkness into light.

Go on, hoping, trusting ever,
Though the change be long delayed:
God is truth—and He will never
Break the promise He has made.

GENTLE WORDS.

SPEAK gently! 'twill make you happier: kind words are as easily spoken as harsh ones, and they leave no sting behind: 'tis far pleasanter to recall kind words, than words of anger; to think that though we may have been tempted to speak harshly, the temptation was resisted, and none but words of gentleness escaped our lips.

'Twill make you better, for the language that we use has an influence on the mind; and if, when angry or impatient, we resist the inclination to manifest the feeling by words, it will be easier to repress it; and every time we conquer our evil inclinations, we make it easier to do the same again; the more we strive against our passions, the weaker they become; and should we never suffer them to gain the victory over us, their power would be lost.

Speak gently! it will make others happier. A pleasant word and a cheerful smile are sometimes worth more than all else the world could give; and we know not how deep may be the sting of a few unkind words thoughtlessly spoken. There is sorrow and sadness in this world, often where we least suspect it. Oh! then, let not harsh words increase the gloom, but kindly tones and pleasant smiles, with their powerful, though almost imperceptible influence, shed the light of cheerfulness around us, like the bright and gladsome sunlight, piercing into many a dark and gloomy corner, and by their mild radiance, changing sorrow into joy. Look at that old man, sitting sadly by his cottage door, his gray head bowed with grief, his cheek furrowed by care; to him life has lost all its loveliness. The bright sunlight falls unheeded in lines of beauty at his feet, for sight has long since left him. He hears not the blithe singing of the birds, warbling over his head their morning song of praise; nor the gentle rippling of the brook, so peacefully flowing beside him; nor the low sighing of the mild summer air, as it murmurs softly round him, sporting with the scattered silver of his locks, and bearing on its breath the odor of the flowers blooming so brightly near him. Such sounds no longer afford him pleasure; for if not all unheeded, they only rouse mournful memories of the past.

A confused hum of busy hands and voices in the cottage strikes upon his ear, and the sound brings to his mind the dim remembrance of a time when he too was busy; when his word was law in the cottage; when he, with the wife of his bosom, who has long since left him for her home 'neath the church-yard turf, cheerfully toiled, day after day, for the children they loved so dearly. But now he can work no longer; his arm, once so muscular, is palsied; his step, once firm and elastic, is now weak and faltering; his day of usefulness is past; his children have taken his place in the cottage, and he is now only a hindrance to them. They are in turn anxiously laboring for their children; their time and minds are occupied, and they think but little of the poor, blind, childish old man, further than daily to place his chair at the cottage door, and lead his tottering steps to it, where he will be in no one's way. Poor old man! he is lonely, and sighs as he thinks, that none care for him, and wonders how long ere his Heavenly Father will call him from a world which has lost all its charms. His mind, like his body, is weak, and he can no longer trust with the firm faith of younger years. His heart is full of bitterness, for he is very, very lonely, and there is none to love him; but while such thoughts are confusedly passing through his mind, a light step falls upon his deadened ear, then a soft arm is twined round his neck, a childish voice whispers, "Dear grandpa," and the rosy lips of his granddaughter are pressed to his pale cheeks, while her golden ringlets mingle with his snowy hair. Those were simple words; but oh! with what power do they go to that old man's heart! See; a smile lights up his withered face, and tears, long frozen in their fountains, are melted by those words of kindness, and pour down his wrinkled cheek, as he murmurs, "God bless you, darling!" Could the world have bestowed aught that would have been worth those two gentle words? Oh! then, ever speak gently to the aged. Let none but kind words be heard by them, for their hearts are sad and lonely enough, without the added pang of careless or angry words.

Speak gently, too, to the erring; the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and it may be, that under a careless exterior, a heart full of anguish is hid. Sin ever brings with it a sting; and we may be sure that such as have erred in spite of the warn-

ing voice of friends, or the silent disapproval of conscience, have found that the paths of vice, which seemed so bright with flowers, are strewn with thorns. Harsh words of contempt or reproof will never reclaim the wanderer. He must be drawn by gentleness back to the paths of truth; and if it be impossible to reclaim him, still speak gently: his punishment will be sufficiently severe, and harsh words can only add bitterness to his cup.

Speak gently to the child; let not its sensitive nature be shocked and hardened by words of anger and impatience. All too soon will come the consciousness that this is not a world of perfect happiness. If reproof is necessary—which is often the case; for “foolishness is bound in the heart of a child”—let the words of rebuke be gentle; then will they touch the heart, and accomplish the purpose for which they were intended, and which fretful words would never have done. Speak gently, if you would be like your Saviour; harsh words were never heard from his lips; when persecuted and reviled, his answer was one of love. All his actions, all his words were love—love for those who hated him. Was not he kind to the aged? See him restoring to the mourning widow her son. Was not he kind to the sinful? Hear his gentle words: “Son, thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more.” Kind, too, to children; hear him mildly reprove his disciples for sending them away: “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

See him hanging on the cross, the death-damp on his holy brow, his hands, his feet pierced with the cruel nails, his soul in anguish deep, terrible, overwhelming, so that in very agony he cries, “My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?” In the midst of this agony, when all the weight of a world’s guilt is on his soul, hear him pray for his murderers: “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” Oh! was ever gentleness like this? Was ever love like this? Shall we, with such an example before us, ever make use of any but words of gentleness and love?

H.

LUTHER'S LAST HOURS.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

"The good are glorious in all times;
Even on the dead brow lies
A radiance by the spirit left,
When entering paradise."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

WE have accompanied Luther through *life's battle-strife*; we have beheld him throughout his energetic career as the *great warrior* and the "good soldier" of the Lord Jesus Christ, and most faithful and obedient was he to the glorious Captain of his salvation. *Truth* was his watchword. "I came to fight the battle of truth, and God is on my side. Think you that sickness, or fatigue, or death, will deter me? Nay, I am clad in an armor too weighty for flight."

Of Luther it may be said, that, at the risk of his life, he broke the chains which enslaved the human mind, and restored his fellow-men to light and liberty. And can we wonder that, kept ever thus upon the march, and in active service, the Reformer should, towards the close of his life, when, from his highly nervous temperament, increasing infirmities assailed him, have longed for

"The hour that ends all earthly woes,
And gives the wearied soul repose?
How soft, how sweet, that last, long close
Of mortal hope and fear!"

Hushed be our souls from life's vain throbbings, and *softly* let us glide into Luther's sick-room and accompany him to the gate of heaven.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

We have seen how he has lived, let us now meditate upon his death. Thoughtfully may we ponder the lessons which this scene unfolds to our spiritual gaze. For it will be good for us to unlock our dull senses to these breathings from the spirit-land. And there is a holy pleasure in thus reviewing

the life, and trials, and the latter end of the righteous. "For the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

Therefore, with cheerfulness and hope, we view this instructive and touching scene, as we witness Luther's entrance into life—his victory over death—as he sweetly falls asleep in Jesus. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Let us imbibe the spirit of his teaching in his departing hours, as he writes to a friend: "My head is so weak and variable that I can neither write nor read. I have finished my course; and it only remains for me to pray that it may please God to reunite me to my fathers, and give back dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. I am satisfied with life, if what I at present experience *can be called life*. My tribulations are more necessary to me than meat and drink; therefore, those that feel them ought to accustom themselves thereunto, and learn to bear them. The *patiences* are so many, that my *whole life is nothing but patience*." He was attacked with several severe spells of illness before his final one, in which his head was most seriously affected. On several different occasions were his affectionate friends, with his wife and children, gathered around his bed, believing, from the violent paroxysms of the disease, that his *last* hour had come. On Saturday afternoon he was seized with a violent disorder in the head, which became so extreme that he thought he must sink under it. He sent for Dr. Bugenhagen and Justus Jonas. He spoke with great seriousness to them, and said he thought his end was near. He prayed: "If this be my last hour, O Lord, thy will be done! O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger; chasten me not in thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord. I would willingly have shed my blood in the cause of thy Word; but perhaps I was unworthy of that honor. Thy will be done! Only may thy name be glorified, whether by my death or my life."

While he uttered this prayer, the scene was most impressive. Catharine, with her children, knelt by his side, their hands clasped, their eyes raised. He then spoke to Justus Jonas, and professed his faith in the doctrines he had taught, and requested him to testify to the world that he *believed to the last* in the doctrines he professed. He remained silent some time in mental prayer. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Where is my dearest little John?" The child, now smiling with delight at

the sound of his father's voice, was put into his arms. "My good little boy," said he, "and you, my dearest Kate, I commend to a good and gracious God. I give thanks to thee, O Lord God, that thy providence has made me indigent in this world. All thou hast given me I return to thee—my wife and children. They are thine; oh! feed them and watch over them." Catharine pressed his cold hand to her lips, to her forehead. "My beloved wife," he said, "let God's Word be thy constant guide." Poor Catharine was for a moment overwhelmed. But he revived again from this attack, and was induced to make a visit to his friend, Count Albert, upon his entreaty that he would come, and assist and counsel him in some intricate business. Luther, much against the wishes of Catharine and his children, set out on this fatiguing journey. It was mid-winter. He was nearly exhausted when he reached there, and was laid upon a couch almost lifeless. The Count was sorry that he had sent for him at such an inclement season. But on the 17th of February he grew so ill that his friends requested him not to go out. In the evening he spoke much of his approaching death. Some one asked him if he thought we should know one another in the future world; he replied with energy, "I truly believe so." And this beautiful belief of the great Reformer is corroborated by the words of the inspired Apostle of the Gentiles himself, who says: "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall *I know even as also I am known.*" Then the darkness will have passed away which too often, here below, conceals a Christian brother from our gaze; and the communion of saints, imperfect in this state of probation, will be consummated there, where light and love will eternally beam. And St. Paul still further supports this delightful hope in his Epistle to the Corinthians, wherein he addresses his converts as being the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. And this is based upon the expectation of their recognition of each other in the eternal world, and the consequent reciprocation of enjoyment, and the communion of believers in heaven. So that true Christians may confidently expect to meet again

"Where Peace will wreath her chain
Round them for ever."

We feel convinced that the Word of God authorizes the sentiments of Luther on this subject. The life and death of eminent men are for posterity—

“For us they languish, and for us they die.”

They are to be our study. The Scripture thus rebukes the carelessness of mankind on this solemn event: “The righteous dieth, and no man layeth it to heart.” Meditating upon the life and death of Luther, we find that he was in harmony with himself, and as he *had lived*, so he *died* to the glory of his God. Thus entering his dying-chamber, with his friends and sons, and breathing immortal hopes, he remained a long time at prayer. Afterwards he said to the physician, who had arrived, “I am very weak, and my sufferings increase.” They gave him drops, and tried to restore heat by friction. He composed himself, and soon fell asleep, and did not awake for an hour and a half. When he opened his eyes he said: “Are you all sitting here? Why do you not go to your repose?” It was eleven at night. He then began to pray most fervently in Latin. “In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, Domine, Deus veritatis. Pray, all of you, my friends, that the reign of our Lord may be extended, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are full of threatenings.” Again he closed his eyes and slept a short time. When he awoke, he requested to rise, and went to the window and looked out upon the winter landscape, the clear heavens, the shining stars, the light of the pale moon glittering on the frosty hill-tops. “My dear Jonas,” said he, “I was born in Eisleben, and here, I believe, I shall rest.” He then prayed most devoutly. There was an evident change in his countenance, which induced his friends to summon the physicians; Count and Countess Albert also hastened to his room. He turned to them, and said: “Beloved friends, I die here.” He begged them all to bear testimony that he died in the faith he had taught. His prayers continued fervent, till suddenly his eyes closed; clasping his hands together, and without a struggle, he breathed his last.

“A crown of heavenly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings,
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn-note sings.”

According to St. Paul, how "*abundant*" must have been Luther's entrance into the everlasting kingdom of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

And what a contrast to this noble Christian *life and death* do the *life and death* of two eminent men of our own day and country present! While hovering over the grave, and in the wreck of life, with their last feeble, flickering breath, they called upon Jesus, whom they had neglected and injured by their long continuance in sin, and penitently they *then* sued for a passport into His eternal city. And we believe—blessed be His mercy—that, at the "eleventh hour," they were forgiven and accepted through His atoning blood. And is this cowardly entrance and faint admission into the kingdom of our Lord worthy to be heralded and trumpeted throughout the world as some great trophy to the "Cross of Christ?" Are the gifts of genius or eloquence any excuse for an example *inconsistent* with the gospel precepts? We think not; and we fear that some of the unwise disciples have wielded an influence injurious to the ungodly, while they have been betrayed into a shameful weakness, in their extravagant eulogies, even in the holy place, over the penitential confessions of these men. Henceforth, let all *such* death-scenes be veiled by hope and silence.

"Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes; but not his: 'tis Death itself there dies."

THE LESSONS OF AUTUMN.

BY REV. P. RIZER.

A SHORT time ago, the face of nature presented a very different appearance from that which we now behold. The meadows were carpeted with a livery of green, and the trees of the forest were clothed with the rich and growing foliage of summer. The atmosphere was balmy and genial, inspiring with delight those whose inclinations led them to morning walks. But now we are chilled by the breezes which were lately so refreshing. The fields have lost their gaiety, and the leaves, which, a short time ago, were so vigorous and luxuriant, are bitten by the

frost, and are withering and fading away. The summer is gone, and autumn, the harbinger of winter, is upon us.

The seasons which follow each other in perpetual round, and give rise to so many changes on the surface of our planet, I cannot regard as intended by the Creator to exert only a physical influence. They certainly teach great and important moral lessons, to which it becomes us all to take heed.

AUTUMN, with its yellow hues, its fading and falling leaves, is a fit emblem of the waning nature of all the enjoyments connected with earthly life.

In symbolical language, *green* is generally indicative of health, vigor, and thrift; because this color is presented by foliage whilst supplied with the sap that circulates in plants for their sustenance and development. Hence, when a different color supervenes, such as we now behold covering the face of vegetable nature, we are assured that the supplies from the fountain of life have been cut off, and that there is a tendency to dissolution. Who has not been both amused and instructed whilst contemplating the variegated hue of the autumnal leaf? In the early part of the season, when the change in vegetation begins to take place, we sometimes behold the most beautiful and gorgeous tints, pencilled by the hand of Nature upon the surface of the forest. Red, crimson, purple, and yellow, are so delicately combined as to produce the most pleasing impression; and this shows that the wise and benevolent Creator is grand and glorious in all his operations, even in those which are connected with decay and dissolution. Yet we cannot avoid a sensation of gloom and melancholy in the contemplation of autumnal scenery, notwithstanding all its magnificence and beauty. The shrill sounds of some familiar insects, falling upon our ears after the sun has sunk behind the horizon; a conviction that the products of summer have reached their culminating point; a peculiar dulness that seems to pervade the glens and fields, where, but a short time ago, all was life and activity, combined with the withered and yellow leaves of the forest, now fallen and falling at our feet, naturally cause an indescribable feeling of sadness to steal in upon us, and excite reflections upon the change which will, sooner or later, overtake all the children of Adam, and transfer us to another sphere of existence.

What is implied in the fading nature of man as an earthly being, which is represented by the change of the foliage in autumn?

We are to understand two important particulars, namely, that our situation in this world is not a permanent one; and that whatever earthly beauty and glory may distinguish us among the creatures of God, will depart in proportion as we lose our supplies of nourishment and strength from the tree of physical life.

There is a time in our career when we ordinarily feel conscious of that power and majesty with which the Divine Author of our being has clothed the human constitution. There is nerve in the right arm, well calculated to maintain our position in the scale of being; there is firmness and elasticity in every step which we make on the journey of life; there is a hidden fire in the eye undimmed by age; dignity is stamped upon the brow, and the rosy glow of health is conspicuous upon the cheek. But these indications of majesty and power, imparted by the hand of nature, are not reliable. They are not to be depended on as permanent. A change will come over the spirit of our earthly dream. The verdure and freshness of youth are succeeded in turn by the fulness and perfection of manhood, and the sere and yellow leaf of old age; and then, to crown the scene, *Death*, in his ghastly horrors, presents himself, and man, bereft of all his earthly glory, is laid low in the gloomy grave. Hence it follows that there must be a sundering of those ties which, during our earthly pilgrimage, afford us so much delight. Permanence and durability are essential to complete the happiness of society. It is natural, therefore, that we should desire a continuance of those relations which we sustain to the loved ones of earth. But our happiness in this respect is constantly liable to interruption. The hand of time is ever working changes among our friends and associates. We behold them sicken and die, and they are taken away from us to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Their bodies, it is true, may, for a while after their departure, be gazed upon, and may be kept in some consecrated spot, which, with melancholy pleasure, we can adorn with green sod, with sweet flowers, and with Parian marble, as an expression of our affection for their memory.

But, alas! all that was beautiful is faded, and the flesh-worm soon accomplishes his work of destruction. Thus do our friends and companions fade as a leaf, and we, too, feel within us the symptoms of approaching decay. Many of us having passed the meridian of life, cannot but be sensible of great changes. The fire and elasticity of youth are gone. The cheeks have become blanched and sunken; the head is silvered o'er with whiteness, and the tread is weak and tottering. There is no greenness nor freshness; all is dry and withered; and it would seem as though naught remained but the vestige of what was once vigorous and powerful. How strikingly does this picture illustrate and confirm the fading nature of man as an earthly being!

That this is no fancy-sketch, is evident to all who are familiar with human nature. It is a picture true to nature and true to life; but, like all pictures, it has two aspects—a dark and a bright one.

That “we do all fade as a leaf,” is unquestionably, from a temporal stand-point, *a melancholy consideration*. For it involves the destruction of that complicated and wonderful piece of machinery by which the immortal spirit is connected with the physical world, and by which it is enabled to exhibit its powers. This human body is described in the Holy Scriptures as the image of the Divine Creator; and when it attains the size, proportion, and vigorous condition of undisturbed nature, it certainly does reflect, in an eminent degree, the majesty and glory of God. But, notwithstanding the matchless skill displayed in its mechanism, and the superiority over all other animal organizations by which it is distinguished, it must fall before the scythe of the destroyer, and return to the dust from which it was taken. We look with mingled veneration and regret upon the ruins of a once magnificent castle, which had involved thousands in its erection, and whose spacious halls had once been thronged with gay inmates. Dilapidated walls covered with moss, masses of costly columns and polished marble lying in sad confusion, together with the sombre silence that broods upon the spot where once the wine sparkled in a thousand cups, and the festive song was echoed amid the gorgeous display of tapestried saloons, incline us to exclaim, “SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!” But what is this compared

with the destruction of that wonderful temple of the human body, which arose under the plastic hand of the Creator, for the habitation of the immortal soul? It is as the demolition of a child's toy. The *ruins* of this divinely-built temple present a spectacle which is a thousand times more painful; and, when contemplated in view of their preëminently important relations to the universe of God, are calculated to inspire us with the profoundest gloom. Philosophers may prate about the immutable laws of nature, and persuade themselves that death is a "mere natural phenomenon," not to be regarded as a supervention upon the fall of man; but the Christian, having been differently instructed by the inspired volume, cannot but regard the dissolution of our physical frame as the most direful calamity that happens during the earthly existence of man. The fall into the cold grave is a mighty and ghastly fall, involving infinitely more real loss than the ruins of all the castles and palaces that ever gave splendor to the reigns of califs, kings, and emperors on this great globe. And when the fatal transgression of our federal heads, in Eden's garden, brought upon them and their posterity this tremendous curse, it may well be said that "Nature sighed to her inmost depths." O Death! thou inexorable tyrant! how horrible is thy aspect, and how terrific is thy power, when man, in dignity but little lower than the angels, lies cold beneath thy iron heel! Can no elixir be discovered to counteract the effects of thy poison when infused into the human system? Alas! alas! it is appointed unto men once to die, and there is no escape.

"We *all* do fade as a leaf," says the prophet. This fading process is universal. Not only the aged, who have threescore and ten times seen the green foliage of summer succeeded by the yellow tints of autumn, are destined to fall, like the tremulous leaf deprived of its sap, and to be laid helpless and lifeless beneath the clods of the valley, but the young, in the midst of all their hilarity and bright anticipations, are rapidly fading away.

Saw you that gentle young lady of sixteen summers, on whose youthful cheeks the glow of health and beauty was often conspicuous, as she occupied her wonted seat in the sanctuary, or graced the social circle with her presence? Do you remember her bright eye, her loving, confiding look, her

humble mien, her sincere and unpretending piety? Where is she now? Does her leaf still flourish in the greenness of earthly life? Alas! she has faded with the beauty of the summer rose, and fallen with the autumnal leaf. She sleeps beneath the shades of Woodland, awaiting the light of the resurrection morn.

This leads us to contemplate the bright side of the picture. We have seen, from an earthly stand-point, that death is a most direful calamity; but it is a calamity that is confined to an earthly state. And the earth, with all its beauty and glory, is not desirable as a permanent abode. Hence the sentiment, "We all do fade as a leaf," is replete with consolation to all who believe that Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life. The fading of the autumnal leaf, reminding them of their own fading nature, suggests to them a beautiful analogy. The autumn of life will be followed by the spring of an eternal existence. The leaf must fade and fall. The winter must intervene; and then the flowers of hope will again unfold their petals to receive the gentle dew and the bright sunshine of another and a better world, never more to be nipped by the chilling frost.

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow stream, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

THE PURITY OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. D. HARBAUGH.

THE grand design of Christ's mission to our fallen world was the salvation of man. To accomplish this end, he suffered and died, and erected his kingdom upon the glorious principles of *love and purity*.

The purity of the Church implies three things: purity of doctrine, purity of heart, and purity of life.

God has made the Church the repository of his truth. It is, therefore, her duty to preserve it unadulterated, and fulfil the injunction of the Saviour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The Church is to receive the truth as it fell from the lips of the Son of God, and as recorded by those holy men who were under the immediate influence and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and proclaim it, in its simple, unadorned purity, to a perishing world. The Word of God frequently effects but little, on account of the drapery thrown around it. It then becomes like a sheathed sword, and loses its power. But let that Word be presented in all its original simplicity and completeness, and it proves itself the wisdom and the power of God unto salvation. The doctrine of human depravity, of the atonement, of justification by faith, of illumination and conversion by the Holy Spirit, must be unceasingly proclaimed. The Church must earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. The idea entertained by some, that it is of little importance what a man believes, is a presumption which has no foundation in Scripture. "As a man thinketh, so is he." No one, therefore, can be a Christian, who rejects the fundamentals of Christianity.

Purity of *heart* on the part of its members, is also implied in the Church's purity. This is evident from the language of Christ to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Those who have been received into the Church should, therefore, be regenerated, and kept under the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost. Without the infusion of this spiritual life in its members, the Church would be like a body without a soul. Paul exhorts Timothy to "be an example of believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in *purity*." Christ required those who wished to become his disciples to imbibe his holy temper, and therefore said unto them, "Learn of me." In his sermon on the mount, he declared, "Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God."

The *life* of the Church must also be pure. The Saviour said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth," "Ye are the light of the world." He designed his Church to exhibit the fruits of the Spirit; her external conduct must correspond with

the profession she has made, or the influence which God would have her exert will fail. The proverb, "Actions speak louder than words," is full of truth. Christianity becomes attractive and convincing, only when members of the Church display "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

ONCE at Worms, with boastful praises
Of their kingdoms' treasures all,
Spake the noble German princes,
In the Kaiser's royal hall.

First outspake a scornful noble :
"Veined with mines my mountains stand ;
All their shafts are rich in silver ;
Glorious is my Saxon land !"

"Lo ! my land is rich and fruitful,"
Cried the ruler of the Rhine ;
"Golden corn-fields in its valleys,
On its hills, the precious vine."

Boasted then the royal Ludwig :
"Waiting on my kingly will,
Mighty cities, richest cloisters
My Bavarian valleys fill."

Then brave Eberhard the bearded,
Wirtemberg's beloved lord,
Spake : "We boast no mighty cities,
We can boast no treasure-hoard.

"Yet, though wide and wild our forests,
None therein may suffer scathe ;
I can sleep securely, trusting
In my subjects' loyal faith."

And the noble German princes
Cried together, one and all :
"Thou the bearded ! thou art richest
In the Kaiser's royal hall."

PRAYER FOR THE MINISTRY.

THERE is an element of power which is too seldom used for the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. It is prayer, earnest prayer in the closet and the family for the descent of that Spirit which can alone tear away the veil from the human heart, and pour the light of truth into its dark chambers. We know not how it is that believers can expect the largest measure of productiveness to follow the planting of gospel seed, without a compliance on their part with that apostolic injunction, "Brethren, pray for us." These Sabbath services—why do they not work out greater results for God, and truth, and humanity? Why is vice so rampant, and infidelity so bold, and error so successful in promulgating falsehood? Why is there, in many portions of the Church itself, a growing conformity to the temper, and maxims, and conduct of the world? Those who never find their way to the throne of grace, need not ask why. There is power in the pulpit, but that power is increased, may we not say a thousand-fold, when from every Christian dwelling supplications ascend daily for a blessing upon the arguments and expostulations that are thrown out from the pulpit upon the ears and convictions of men.

"Continue in prayer," said Paul in one of his letters: "withal, praying also for us;" to what end? "that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." The minister of Christ needs boldness; pray that he may have it. The door of his own fidelity may be shut by the fear of man, by the storms of persecution; pray that he may never lack the courage that is required to declare the whole of his Master's will. Perhaps he may be afraid of offending *you*; pray that he may be raised above all such apprehension, that he may utter the truth boldly, and all of it; and then, when he denounces *your* besetting sins, you will love him the more for his faithfulness, and instead of threatening to take away his bread, you will add something to make it more palatable.

Pray for your minister, that a door may be opened into the hearts of others, so that the words of admonition and invitation which he brings, in his Master's name, may find an entrance and a lodgment there. Perhaps your supplications may be chosen as the magnetic medium along which some message

from on high shall be conveyed to the doubting, or resisting, or trembling, or seeking sinner; the message of alarm, of instruction or peace.

Pray for the universal spread and ultimate triumph of the gospel. The cause of missions stands as much in need of your prayers as your money. In heathen countries, the bars that shut out gospel influences from the conscience are as strong as centuries of growth could make them. Idolatry offers a mighty resistance to the plain reasoning of Scripture. To the mind of the idolater, evangelical truth is not self-evident; his moral perceptions are too thickly wrapped in the dark folds of superstition and error, to seize at once upon conclusions that to you are so manifest. And when the truth at last works its way through the darkness that envelopes the understanding, the resistance of the heart is as powerful as ever, wedded as it is to the license which a false worship gives. None feel the necessity of the Church's prayers more than those who are laboring to lay the foundations of truth, and rear the kingdom of righteousness where the abominations of paganism abound; and every message that comes from those regions of moral night, bears the request, "Brethren, pray for us." Pray, then, for the missionary of the cross; pray that God would open to him a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ; that the massive bolts which imprison the conscience of the idolater may be thrown back, and that the Lord's arm may strike the blow that shall set his spirit free. The chain of prayer that is said, even now, to encircle the earth, is not as strong and as bright as it ought to be. There are, here and there, imperfect links. There are Christians, and Christian churches, who sometimes forget to pray for Christ's reign, and the conquest of his enemies.

Pray that the ministry every where may be more faithful, more courageous, more alive to the great interests that have been placed in their hands, more discriminating in the detection, and more bold in the exposure, of the evils that oppress and corrupt mankind. If you would see the power of Satan grow less; if you would see the budding and fruit-bearing of the plants of righteousness; if you would see, every where, the triumph of those principles which have power to convert this world into a home of peace for all nations, then, brethren, pray for us.

CHRIST MAKES ALIVE.

WITHOUT the full restoration of the whole man, body and soul, our deliverance would be incomplete. The body is part of us, though not the better part; and they who measurably neglect it in this life, in order to bestow their chief attention upon the soul, the higher part of our nature, take the surest way to secure the comfort of the body in another and eternal state. "Thy dead shall live," (says Christ by his Spirit;) "together with my dead body shall they arise." To which the prophet responds, "Awake, ye that dwell in dust!" and then, turning to the Messiah, he says, "Thy dew is as the dew of herbs, when the earth shall cast out her dead." As numerous as the dew-drops in a summer morning, sparkling with light and glory, shall be the multitudes on that eventful morn when the archangel's trump shall sound the loud reveillé. Then shall the mystery of God be finished. Then shall it be seen that the second Adam was a glorious and victorious substitute for the first; that what the one lost by disobedience has been fully restored by the obedience of the other, and far more besides; that they that have put their trust in him, though once they were dead, both naturally and spiritually, yet now they live, and live with the joyful assurance that they cannot die any more; that pain, death, disease, imperfection, and sin, can have no admittance to the heavenly paradise, bright and eternal counterpart of the earthly. Satan and all his hosts are banished for ever. They have their place assigned them in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; and thither shall be cast whosoever is not found written in the book of life. How short is your triumph, O ye enemies of Christ and his people! What a dreadful end awaits all despisers of his grace! "Oh that they were wise! that they would consider their latter end!"

ECLECTIC.

THE HIGHEST STYLE OF GREATNESS.

THE moral aspects of Pascal's character are as inviting as those of his intellect: here, too, he was truly great. Some infirmities, indeed, he had, for he was no more than man; he is nevertheless one of the very few who as passionately pursue the acquisition of moral excellence as the quest after speculative truth; who, practically as well as theoretically, believe that the highest form of humanity is not intellect but goodness. Usually it is far otherwise; there is no sort of proportion between the diligence and assiduity which men are ordinarily willing to expend on their own intellectual and moral culture. Even of those who are in good degree under the influence of moral and religious principles, and whose conduct in all the more important instances of life shows it, how few are there who make that comprehensive rectitude, the obligation of which they acknowledge, and the ideal of which they admire, the *study* of their lives, the rule of their daily actions in little things as well as great; or who analyze their motives and school their hearts (in the habitual expressions of thought and feeling) in conscious obedience to it! Nor can it be regarded as other than an indication that there is something wrong about human nature, that of those three distinct orders of "greatness" which Pascal has so exquisitely discriminated in his *Pensées*—power, intellect, and goodness—the admiration inspired by the first two should be so much greater than that inspired by the last. The reverence for genius, in particular, often degenerates into something like idolatry; so much so, as to lead to the proverbial but most culpable extenuation of grave faults on the part of biographers, who cannot bear to see a spot on the bright luminary they admire. Even if moral excellence be theoretically allowed to claim equal enthusiasm, it, in fact, rarely receives it. How vivid, after all, is the sentiment which the intellect of a Bacon or a Shakspeare usually excites in the young and ardent, compared with that with which they regard a Howard or a Martyn! Yet invincible patience, heroic constancy, that honesty of purpose which is proof against all flatteries and all menace, perfect candor, the spirit of unfeigned humility, benevolence, and charity, are surely not less worthy of our most enthusiastic admiration than those qualities of mind which discover a new law of nature, or pour forth beautiful strains of poetry.

It is one of the proofs, according to Paley's ingenious remark, of the originality of the gospel, and one of the marks of the divinity of its origin, that it chiefly insists on the cultivation of an order of virtues which had been least applauded by man, and in which, notwithstanding, man was most deficient; of humility, meekness, patience, rather than of those opposite virtues to which the active principles of his nature would most readily prompt him, and which have been accordingly the chief objects of culture and admiration. We may extend the remark, and observe, that it is an equal indication of the originality of the gospel and of the divinity of its origin, that the *ideal* of greatness which it has presented to us is of a different character from that which has chiefly fixed the enthusiastic gaze of man. It is not one in which power and intellect constitute the predominant qualities, associated with just so much virtue as serves to make the picture free from all grave reproach; but the perfection of truth, rectitude, and love—to which even the attributes of superhuman power and superhuman wisdom,

with which they are blended, are so wonderfully subordinated, that they seem, as they are, intrinsically of inferior lustre. Glorious as is their light, it is absolutely quenched in the brighter effulgence of ineffable and supernal goodness. We think of Cæsar as the great warrior and the great statesman; of Shakspeare as the great poet; of Newton as the great philosopher: when the Christian thinks of his Master, though he *believes* him to be possessed of immeasurably greater power and wisdom than theirs, his first, last thought is, that he is THE GOOD.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS, THERE WILL YOUR HEART BE ALSO.

THE *truth* of this declaration is not more certain than its awful import. The treasure of most men is wealth. With what toil do they dig for it during the long years in which they bury their hearts' best affections and energies in the cares of worldly pursuits! And when they have secured it, with what suicidal folly do they incarcerate their souls in those treasuries where they have hidden their wealth from the avaricious gaze of envious neighbors! Thus, in order both to get and to keep their wealth, men BURY THEIR HEARTS in the damp, dark, and godless vaults of this accursed earth, and delude themselves by calling these follies of grown-up men, *business*.

How *completely* their hearts are buried is not perceived by many, until their "riches take to themselves wings and fly away," or "thieves break through and steal" them. Then, in despair, they say, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" or they "curse God, and die." Had they employed them for God and the promotion of his cause, they would have been happy in their use, and have found them again in heaven.

The fable tells us, that a miser having scraped together a considerable sum of money by denying himself the common conveniences of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely. After many perplexing debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure, and with it his heart, in a hole which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces in his way home when all his anxiety returned, and he could not forbear going back to see that every thing was safe. This he repeated again and again, till he was at length observed by a laborer who was mending a hedge in an adjacent meadow. The fellow, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these frequent visits, marked the spot; and coming in the night in order to examine it, he discovered the prize, and bore it off unmolested.

Early the next morning, the miser again renewed his visit; when, finding his treasure gone, he broke out in the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who happened to be passing by at the same time, was moved by his complaints to inquire the cause of them. "Alas," replied the miser, "I have sustained the most cruel and irreparable loss. Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried under this stone no longer ago than yesterday." "*Buried!*" returned the traveller with surprise; "a very extraordinary method, truly, of disposing of your riches. Why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions?"

"*Daily occasions!*" resumed the miser, with an air of much indignation; "do you imagine I so little know the value of money as to suffer it to be run away with by *occasions*? On the contrary, I had *prudently* resolved not to touch a single shilling of it."

"If that was your *wise* resolution," answered the traveller, "I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted: it is but to put this stone in the place of your treasure, and it will answer all your purposes full as well."

WHAT IS BELIEVING?

THE DELIVERANCE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD BEEN LONG UNDER DEEP CONVICTION.

"At last," says he, "when I had lost all hope, these words were deeply impressed on my mind: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' I cried out in agony, What is believing? What is real Scripture faith? Lord, teach me! I know nothing! I can do nothing! If thou save me not, I perish! It was then brought to my mind, Cast all thy care upon Him. I cried, Lord, the burden of my sin is all my care, and may I cast this upon thee? Wilt thou receive such a sinner? I know thou art able to save, and thy blood is sufficient to atone. But art thou indeed willing? It came into my heart—Only believe. I felt a rising hope, and cried, I will; but my sins stared me in the face, and I thought, Oh, it is impossible! My sins have been so secret, so complicated! It came to me again, Only believe. I thought, It cannot be now. I must repent more, be more in earnest. It is impossible He should be so merciful, to forgive all my sins now. It was applied a third time, Only believe. I said, Lord, help me to believe, and to cast my soul upon thy free mercy! Let me know that I am indeed born of thee; that I do believe to the saving of my soul. I have nothing to plead; but Jesus came to save sinners, even the lost! I am lost. Thou hast said, Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. I am weary and heavy-laden; I come; therefore the promise is for me. While I was thus pleading, I was enabled to venture my soul upon the Redeemer, with an assured confidence in his promises. Then I was happy indeed. His love was shed abroad in my heart; and those precious words were applied, 'He that loveth is born of God.' Now, if I had a thousand souls, I could have trusted Him with them all. I found a real change in my heart; I was a new creature; I was a child of God."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FEW weeks ago we visited SARATOGA, memorable in the annals of the American Revolution, and reputed in these latter days for the healing waters that are ever bubbling up from their hidden and apparently exhaustless sources. Some go there for health, many more for pleasure, and because the strong tide of fashion has set in that direction, and the wealthy and the gay expect to meet in this gathering-place congenial spirits with whom they can sport away the summer hours. The question has been frequently asked, What is the moral influence of watering-places? *Our* answer is, It is a mixed influence of good and evil. And we are not certain which prevails. There is idle talk, dissipation, intrigue, and a thousand other objectionable and corrupting things. But there are also promptings to devotion. There are stimulants to holy thought. These health-imparting waters,—whose are

they, and whence do they flow? In Bethesda's porches lay the blind, the halt, and the withered, waiting for an angel's touch to bring into action the dormant restorative virtues of the pool; and then he who first "stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." Was that a wonder? This is a greater. Thousands and tens of thousands drink here, and every returning summer witnesses increasing multitudes standing around that ever-gushing spring, and there is no perceptible exhaustion of energy. Who imparts this energy and makes it unfailing? He who carpets the earth and gems the firmament. He who restored vigor to the lame, and sight to the blind, and life to the dead. The voice of God is heard in these gushing waters, calling upon man to consider the benevolence that speaks and acts in every department of nature, and be thankful.

Then go with us to the silent woods that skirt the thronged town. How eloquent are these deep shadows! How noble and inspiring are the utterances that come from the lips of Solitude here enthroned! Yonder, at the very entrance, is a little community of the sons and daughters of the forest, who have pitched their tents for the season, and are offering for sale the neat and even elegant specimens of their ingenuity,—one of the small remnants of that race which once held undisputed possession of this broad continent. And they remind us of our superior advantages, and of the duty we owe to the ignorant and unchristianized members of the great human family. We may learn, too, another lesson from this group. Hale and strong, and some of them graceful, and even beautiful, they tell us, by their simple mode of living, how little is required to satisfy human wants. Their nomadism is indeed not to be imitated. Civilization requires towns and cities and permanent dwelling-places. But it does not require that expenditure for trifles and superfluities, that extravagance in dress and ornament, which leaves nothing, or next to nothing, for God and his cause.

The Sabbath here stands out in bold relief among the seven days of the week. The viol is hushed. The dancers are not seen. The Sabbath bell sends out its inviting tones upon the carrier-air, and they are borne to willing and unwilling ears. Many heed the notes that bid them come and hear glad tidings. And the streets and the sanctuaries are thrice thronged with worshippers. And many voices swell the song of praise, and many hearts breathe the spirit and the desires of prayer. So that our fashionable watering-places are, after all, the witnesses of other and holier scenes than those of dissipation, and frivolity, and empty show, and hollow, heartless etiquette. Whether professors of religion leave any share of their conscientiousness at home, as has been asserted, when they seek relaxation or health around these sparkling waters, we cannot say; but we are quite certain from what we saw and heard, that many of them, at least, take a good portion of it along.

READER! are you a Sunday-school teacher? And if not, why not? There is not a more important and inviting field of usefulness than the Sunday-school. It is that part of the vineyard in which the young vines are nurtured and trained so that their tendrils take firm hold of truth; and, pointing

to this department of labor, the Master says to you, "Go, work." Perhaps you will say you have not the requisite talent, you are not properly qualified. But have you looked carefully into this matter? It may be that you have not the *heart*, and that the only qualification you lack is a fondness for duty. Many whose hearts are wrong are very apt to charge their delinquencies to their heads; and yet, if these persons were told that they had not knowledge enough or capacity enough to teach a Sunday-school class, their intellectual pride would take the alarm, and they would look arrows at you, if they did not hurl bitter words. The truth is, every one who loves Christ can speak for Christ; and there are but very few persons of ordinary intelligence who cannot, if they will, convey the simple teachings of truth to the minds of children.

But perhaps you imagine you have no time. And yet you have as much time as many others who find no difficulty on that score. You mean probably that you have no time you are willing to spare. You can get to your place of business in season on week-days, but you cannot reach the Sabbath-school in season, on the Sabbath. The business of the week *must* be attended to, you say. And so must the business of the Sabbath, and Sunday-school teaching is a part of it. But you are weary when the Sabbath comes, and want relaxation. And have you never discovered that a change of work is often the best kind of relaxation? Again you say, Let others teach. But these others are saying the very same thing, and so the work is not done.

We have seen the Sunday-school languish for want of teachers, when the membership of the church was large enough to furnish many more than were needed. We have seen children come to school Sabbath after Sabbath, and because there was none to care for them, leave one by one, to walk the streets or wander over the fields, learning to trample upon all the ordinances of religion. Oh, how faithless is the church to its own interests and the interests of humanity, while these things are so!

WE would refrain from giving publicity to the following extracts, taken from a letter just received, were it not that the whole credit of whatever excellence our Magazine may possess is due to those valued contributors who have labored, and labored successfully, to impart interest to our pages. Speaking of this publication, our correspondent says:

"It is a desideratum in our Church. It supplies a place in polite literature of a highly religious character for the family circle, which no other publication in the Church can fill. This is what we need. We need a *complete Church literature*. The Church must furnish reading for her own children. This is the proper way to create and foster a proper Church feeling. I rejoice to see so many indications of rapid improvement in our Church in this respect. May the time speedily come when every Lutheran family in our country shall be so highly educated and refined as to need a magazine of the character you publish!"

We have been encouraged also by commendatory synodical resolutions, and especially by the assurance conveyed in these resolutions that they are to be followed by efforts which will introduce our Magazine into many families whose acquaintance it has not yet made.

It has been a question among philosophers, whether the anticipation or the possession of good conveys the greatest pleasure to the mind. It depends very much, we think, upon the nature of the good that is looked for. Imagination may ascribe to some things greater value than belongs to them, and when realized, they may fall short of expectation, and thus lessen, instead of enlarging the pleasure that existed in the mind. There is a point at which anticipation becomes "hope deferred," and we all know what disease that generates. When the inflowings of these kind movements to which we have just alluded come crowding upon us, as we doubt not they will—contemplating the question from an editorial stand-point, we think we shall find no difficulty in deciding that however much pleasure may be awakened by generous promises, it is greatly augmented by the tangible benefits conveyed in their fulfilment.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

THE Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, recently formed, commenced with upwards of one hundred and sixty members.

An effort is about being made to raise ten thousand dollars among the Congregational and New-School Presbyterian churches of the East, for the purpose of establishing upon a sure basis the *Pacific*, a religious newspaper in California, which has been in existence during the past two years. The project is warmly recommended by the Secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society, and will probably be successful; thus showing that there are those who are aware of the true importance of the religious press.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE has announced his intention of giving fifty thousand dollars to the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, in addition to the same amount he gave, eight years ago, to the same object.

In Newark, N. J., there are fifty churches; just one to every thousand of the population.

LIQUOR IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The returns of the liquor-trade show that in Massachusetts, of the 5,000,000 gallons of spirits annually distilled from molasses, three fourths at least are used for alcohol, or for other purposes than as a beverage. At this season of the year especially, nearly the entire product is used for burning-fluid, and alcohol for chemical and manufacturing purposes.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

POLAND.—As if the poor Jews of this unhappy kingdom were not already sufficiently oppressed, a new Russian ukase has made its appearance, which prohibits the Jewish women of the kingdom of Poland from wearing false hair. Several poor Jewesses have already been punished for infringing this new law of refined despotism. To what petty oppression has not despotism descended! Nothing is too high or too low for its refined cruelty.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

MOROCCO.—M. Judah Salmon Levy, one of our most distinguished co-religionists at Tetuan, has been appointed by the President of the United States, vice-consul, etc., of that republic at Tetuan.—*Ibid.*

THE RHINE, *May 13.*—At the election of the Town Council in Obermoschel, Mr. Elias Simon, a Jewish merchant, was elected Town-Councillor by a large majority of Christian electors, and, at the same time, it is confidently stated that he will also be elected Burgomaster. This event, proving, as it does, that ancient prejudices, formerly existing between Jews and Christians, are no longer entertained, and that the worth and integrity of the Jew are cheerfully acknowledged, is of the greatest moment, when a spirit of darkness and reaction raises again its head to step in and sow dissension between different creeds.—*Allgemein Zeitung des Judenthums.*

FRANKFORT, A.M., *May 30.*—The proposition submitted by the Senate to the Legislative Assembly, with regard to the emancipation of the Jews, will, there is no doubt, be adopted by that body. The Senate, before taking that step, communicated these propositions confidentially to the Political Committee of the Diet, and received the assurance from the Baron Von Prokesch, that the Diet can have no objections to this measure of the Senate.

POSEN, *May 22.*—Relative to the new school to be established by the civic authorities, the *Vos Zeitung* has the following remarkable lines: "It is reported that the magistracy of our town would willingly appoint Dr. Loewenstein, a Jew, as professor of mathematics, but it is feared, from the principles adopted and acted upon by the Minister of Spiritual Affairs, that this election would not receive the sanction of this ministerial functionary. The Jew cannot even become a teacher of mathematics in a civic educational establishment. Poor Euclid! happy art thou not to have lived a contemporary of the enlightenment of 1853."

RUSSIA, *April 18.*—An Imperial ukase enacts the following *règlement*: In towns and boroughs where Jews and Christians reside together, they both can choose, from among their respective communities, persons to act as brokers or public notaries, whose services are regulated in the following manner: 1. Brokers and notaries of the Jews can only undertake the arrangement of such business and public acts as lie between Jews, but not such as are between Christians, or between Christians and Jews; 2. The Jews shall not be prohibited from having, at pleasure, their affairs settled through the agency of Christian brokers or notaries; 3. In such towns or boroughs, inhabited by Jews and Christians, where not more than *one* broker or notary is required, such functionary must absolutely be chosen from among the Christian population.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Peruvian Antiquities. A work on this subject has been translated by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, containing the researches of Marino Edward Rivero, a native of Peru, and Tschudi, the celebrated Prussian traveller, who, it is said, have "fully described the traces of the ante-Columbian discoveries, the history of the Incas, and all the interesting particulars of their habits, civilization, religion, the existing monuments, and other matters. It is a work which the readers of Prescott will gladly peruse, and from which all can derive both profit and pleasure." Geo. P. Putnam & Co., New-York.

The Essays of Sir William Hamilton. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued these essays in a form which will secure for them a hearty welcome; having been arranged by the eminent author himself. We need not remind the reader that this volume contains views and suggestions of great profundity and value. No scholar should be without it.

Early Christianity, by the Rev. J. G. Miall, touches upon some of the leading incidents of the first three centuries of the history of the Church, in a style that is highly attractive. It is published by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, and will be read with interest, we think, by a large circle.

The four great orations of Daniel Webster have been recently issued in a small volume. As specimens of argumentative power and commanding eloquence that have few equals, they deserve to be studied by all who desire to become familiar with great models of intellectual strength.

The Eclectic Magazine, edited and published by the Rev. W. H. Bidwell, 120 Nassau street, New-York, is a monthly periodical of permanent interest and value, and occupies a most useful department in the wide field of literature. It is made up of choice selections from the Foreign Reviews and other transatlantic publications that are inaccessible to the great majority of readers. Rejecting what is light and trivial, or of such a decidedly local character as to be uninteresting to the American reader, its articles are, for the most part, of that solid, sterling kind which deserve preservation. We recommend it with confidence to professional men, and the intelligent of all classes, who wish to be familiar with the best specimens of the periodical literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain. Each number contains an engraving in Sartain's best style.

A Commentary on the Book of Daniel, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, has just left the press.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

History of the Byzantine Empire from 716 to 1507. By George Finlay. The *Literary Gazette*, in speaking of the manner in which this history has been written, says: "With patient assiduity and laborious research, Mr. Finlay has compiled the annals of this unpromising epoch, and has filled up the masterly outline sketched by the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire."

Two translations of Prof. De Felice's *History of Protestantism in France* have been issued. It is spoken of as a work of ability and learning, written in a style of moderation and candor.

Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. Of this work the critic says: "This author, with his accustomed freshness, vigor, and originality, has wrought out a drama of modern history, full of dark plots, and stirring incidents, and tragical catastrophes."

Mount Lebanon: a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852, describing the Manners, Customs, and Religion of its Inhabitants, with a full account of the Druse Religion, and Historical Records of the Mountain Tribes. By Col. Churchill, Staff Officer on the British Expedition to Syria. 3 vols. Pronounced very curious and interesting, especially in connection with recent political movements in which Turkey and Russia are acting a prominent part.

The Fall of the Roman Republic; a short History of the last Century of the Commonwealth, by Charles Merivale, B. D., is said to be superior to anything that has yet been written on that period of Roman history, for educational use.

A manual of the leading forms and peculiarities of the Homeric dialect has been prepared by James Skerrett Baird, T. C. D., to be followed by similar treatises on the other dialects, to facilitate the study of the Greek classics.



THE LITTLE PILGRIMS

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1853.

No. 8.

MORAL CULTURE.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth."

SELF-CULTURE fails to accomplish its proper design, unless the intellectual is accompanied with the moral and religious. Although we may reverence the intellect, it must not be exalted above the moral principle. If we desire to produce a healthful, vigorous result, the heart must be disciplined. Man must be educated religiously as well as intellectually, or the first law of his nature is violated. The moral faculties have been given to us for noble purposes. If we use them wisely, they will secure our happiness and advance our highest interests; if otherwise, they will enhance our misery and work out our destruction. With the power to perceive the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, we must pursue the one if we would be happy, and avoid the other. This provision of our nature we can neither resist nor evade. We cannot shake off this law, which is coiled around our very being. Very defective, then, is any culture which is not directed to the improvement of the heart—which does not aim to embrace becoming sentiments of morality and religion. Let it be intellectual without this, and the powers of the human mind may be perverted to blight and destroy: they may be distorted to waste and devastate a continent, enslave and debase a people, corrupt and vitiate a whole community. Misapplied energies

are terrible weapons of ill. Knowledge is indeed power; but it has power to do evil as well as good—to kill as well as to make alive. Unsanctified, it is an instrument in the hands of a madman, and increases his ability to do mischief. Mere knowledge, however much it may be applauded, is worse than ignorance, if this be all. The educated rogue or skeptic is certainly the more dangerous man. Extraordinary intellectual strength sometimes, it is to be regretted, defies restraint, and spreads dismay over those smiling regions it was designed to fertilize and bless. Intellect which, under proper culture, might have expanded and qualified its possessor for active usefulness, has often, through misguidance, assumed an inclination for the most debasing pursuits, and been brought into the most vigorous exercise only to augment human wretchedness and to prolong the reign of sin. The cultivation of the intellectual at the expense of the moral part of our nature, has presented the world with many lamentable examples of the perversion of genius—of men, highly gifted, who have devoted their talents and their learning to the advocacy of the grossest errors, and have attempted to undermine those principles on which human exaltation depends. The infidel Voltaire, in genius, attainment, and industry, had not perhaps a superior in the age in which he lived; yet what did he accomplish? To what useful purpose were the powers of his mind ever directed? What treasure did he lay up for himself either in this life or in the life to come? What legacy has he transmitted to posterity? His genius kindled only to wither and consume, infusing poison and death into the atmosphere around him! There is Byron, too, so richly favored, who might have sung in strains as pure and as full of sweet benevolence as the author of *The Task*, and been an instrument of so much good to his fellow-men; yet, destitute of moral principle, he is blown about, like a skiff in the storm, without chart or compass, anchorage or helm, attempting to gild his monstrous vices with the meretricious ornaments of an extraordinary but depraved genius. Thus learning has ever been abused, attainments prostituted, and all talent profaned. Poetry, science, and literature, have in their turn all been devoted to some bad object. Gibbon and Hume, Bolingbroke and Laplace, became the advocates of a blind and mechanical atheism, or employed

their unrivalled powers in advancing cheerless skepticism and in defaming the champions of Christianity.

“Talents, angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining ornaments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.”

True greatness cannot exist unless there be a sympathy between the intellect and the heart. It is only when there is the adaptation of the one to the other, that the perfect character is developed. It was the expansion of the moral principle that caused the seeming mystery in the character of him whose image in its grandeur rises above all others, and who was pronounced “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.” All his actions were under the influence of this principle; and whether we view him in the retirement of Mount-Vernon, or at the head of his little band of devoted patriots, or in the Executive chair of the Union, the eyes of all the world rested upon him:

“A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

Although exposed to temptation, and surrounded by fascinations and enticements, he remained unseduced, and in the generosity of his nature endeavored to impart to others the virtues which his own heart possessed. The moral influence of his example was irresistible. The faithless and the false shuddered and sank beneath his glance. The corrupt quailed before him. Those who plotted against him were overawed. His enemies were discomfited; their malicious designs recoiled upon their own heads. In intellectual endowments he had his superiors, yet in his moral qualities he surpassed them all; he towered above all his cotemporaries. Compare him with Aaron Burr—a man of more than ordinary ability, of varied attainments, distinguished for his bravery in the field, his power in the cabinet, and unrivalled in the versatility of his genius, around whose brow the honors of the camp and the forum were successively entwined, and who was already hailed as the second magistrate of the young Republic—and how marked is the contrast! how vast is the difference in the influ-

ence they exerted! Turn to the brightest pages of history, and single out the proudest models of excellence in classic story, and where will you find one to excel our beloved Washington? His character, as it goes down to other ages, will become brighter and brighter, and, gathering fresh lustre with every succeeding age, will ever furnish an illustration of the truth of the inspired sentiment, *The memory of the just is blessed*. Of the value of moral culture we find a beautiful instance also in the character of Chief Justice Marshall, whose life was a national blessing, whose death was a national calamity! It was this which enabled him to discharge the graver duties of the highest legal tribunal of his country with an integrity and a fidelity which, for more than one-third of a century, soared above the reach of party malediction or of personal envy, and rendered him the ornament of the forum and the bench, and the pride of his country. He commenced his career with the determination that he would never swerve from what he knew to be right—that all his actions should be regulated by moral principle. In his life, pure and holy, justice seemed embodied.

“He lived as one
Sent forth of the Omnipotent, to run
The great career of justice.”

Without the light of Christianity, the cultivation of the intellect may prove an occasion of sorrow to the individual himself as well as to the community—a curse instead of a blessing to the nation. We are admonished on this subject by the obituary notices of ancient republics which have come down to us in the history of the world. The experiment, too, was made in modern France, and with human reason and human power to aid in the trial. The idea of moral obligation was publicly and fearlessly renounced; the law of God was declared void; his existence was denied; his worship was abolished; his temples were closed; the Bible was burned; and instead of the bright hopes of immortality, *Death is an eternal sleep* was inscribed upon the tomb; and the result may be learned in one of the darkest records in the history of time. The consequences were too terrible to be endured. France was forsaken in her madness by the offended God of the universe! She was converted into one vast field of carnage and crime, and

made the theatre of horror and blood, the most appalling the world ever witnessed. Profligacy and vice, in all their terrific forms and most shocking aspects, every where shed dismay and desolation. In the eloquent language of Montesquieu, "This period was the consummation of whatever was afflicting or degrading in the history of the human race. On the recollection, I blush as a scholar for the prostitution of letters; as a man, I blush for the patience of humanity." Virtue is an indispensable requisite for the successful administration of any government. Says the learned Cousin: "We have abundant proof that the well-being of a people, like that of an individual, is in no wise secured by extraordinary intellectual powers or very refined civilization. The true happiness of a people is founded in strict morality, self-government, humility, and moderation. No human institutions in which men are assembled together to act in concert, no matter how limited be their number or how extensive, however wise may be their government or excellent their laws, can possess any measure of duration without that powerful cement: virtue in the principles and morals of the people." "Sooner," says the pious Plutarch, "might a city stand without ground than a state maintain itself without a belief in the gods. This is the cement of all society, and the support of all legislation."

The culture of the heart is urged upon the attention on account of its own intrinsic worth and the inward enjoyment which must necessarily result from the possession of religion.

"Peace follows virtue as its sure reward;
And pleasure brings us surely in her train
Remorse and sorrow, and vindictive pain."

It is a mistake to suppose, because the vicious man is sometimes successful and prosperous in life, and the virtuous man is often the victim of disappointment and adversity, that therefore the condition of the former is to be preferred to the latter. Shadows and clouds may for a season obscure the path of the good man, and he may suffer sorrow and persecution; but he possesses within him a peace "which passeth understanding," which worldly pleasure can neither impart nor destroy. Not so, however, with the vicious. Although surrounded by objects of enjoyment, and soothed by flattery, and

saluted by the acclamations of admiring thousands, the sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair, hangs above him in his nightly slumbers; the ghosts of departed years—departed, never to return—dedicated, as they may have been, to selfishness and vice, to cruelty and folly,

“Flit through his brain in endless horror,
Till naught remains of life but fear of death,
And all of death is suffered but the name!”

We have the highest authority—the authority of Inspiration—for the deeply-interesting truth, that for our own happiness and the happiness of our fellow-men, for our present and future felicity, for its influence domestic and social, moral worth is of far greater importance than all the gifts of intellect, the advantages of position, or the wealth of the world. In the beautiful language of England’s favorite bard:

“Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Will, in the happy trial, prove most glory.”

OVER-SEA RECOLLECTIONS.

No. I.

BY J. G. M.

“Will be sold at public auction, this day, at the residence of the late Professor Matthæe, all his pictures, statuary, models,” &c. &c.

THIS was an advertisement I read posted up at the corner of a street in Dresden. Prof. M. had been a lecturer on painting, and had given practical instruction in the art. I presumed that his collection contained some rare productions, for he had been distinguished for the purity of his taste and artistic refinement. All these I expected to see; and after examining the state of my treasury, I also concluded to make some of these my own. I was sure besides of meeting at the sale many of the artists and *virtuosos* of the German Athens, as the Dresdeners proudly designate their beautiful city. I threaded my way through many a crooked street and dirty lane before I reached the place. A young Englishman whom I met at the

hotel, accompanied me, and kindly offered to be my guide and interpreter. The English *are* polite on the Continent to Americans, even if not to their own countrymen. Such a generous offer I could not resist; and he took special pains to enhance, in my opinion, the value of the obligation I was under to him, by enlarging on the necessity of an interpreter. "You know," said he, "the sale will be in German—you know—and just tell me your bids, and I will announce them for you—you know. Besides, we shall have to inquire the way frequently; and I can do that for you—you know." I made my best American bow, and thanked the generous and *disinterested* Englishman. [By the way, I observed that he should have had his coat mended under the arms.] We left the Hotel-de-Rom. My volunteer guide and interpreter almost immediately began inquiring the way to Professor M.'s in most barbarous and ungrammatical German. I said nothing. To show me how immensely I was indebted to him, he repeated the inquiry at a most inconvenient frequency. We finally did lose our reckoning; and I had grown impatient at the officious Englishman's murder of the King of Saxony's German. I stepped up to a gentleman at a corner, and in rotund, sonorous Dresdenic German, I inquired the way. My self-constituted *interpreter* stood aghast: he was partly thunder-smitten and partly shower-bathed. After recovering from his surprise, he remarked, "Why—why—you speak better German than I do." "It requires very little knowledge of it to do that," I growled in reply. After that, he was much more humble, and evidently thought my obligation to him was not so strong; and yet he must have presumed I was indebted to him to some extent, for next day he called for a bottle of champagne, which I afterwards found charged in my bill.

But to the sale. We at length arrived. It had already commenced; and the auctioneer was pronouncing his words in a slow, nasal, long-drawn tone. An American could have sold out the whole concern, and at better prices, in less than half the time. Some fine plaster statuary—some tolerable pictures—were knocked down to purchasers at fair prices. There was one picture I had set my eye and heart upon. It was the last on the catalogue, and I had to wait. It was a rare gem, and of course it attracted the admiration of all connoisseurs. It

was only 12 by 14 in size; but it was so life-like! so speaking! The subject was so noble—the artist so celebrated—I knew there was nothing like it in my own country; and I aspired to the honor of introducing so precious a picture into my native land. I already anticipated the pleasure of inviting my artistic friends to my parlor to see it, and of receiving their congratulations on my rare good-fortune in securing so inestimable a prize. I had already made up my mind as to the sum I should pay. I first said mentally, “I will go \$100.” Then I calculated the extent of my purse, and thought, “Rather than let it slip, I will go \$200.” Then I thought of a friend of mine, a great lover of pictures, who I was certain would give me \$250 for it. After another inspection of the inimitable production, my admiration rose, and I resolved on \$300. What was the picture, after all? An original portrait of Luther, by his contemporary and friend, Lucas Cranach! Yes, an undoubted original! I had seen numerous fac-similes of it in various collections, by the same distinguished artist: for it is well known that Cranach painted Luther many times. Just think of it: to introduce Cranach’s Luther into the United States! Why, I was all on fire! At last, the picture was put up. I had presumed that by this time the persons present would have become wearied, and retired, and I should have had but few competitors; but the fact was, the number increased as the sale advanced. This was rather discouraging; but, thinks I, I’ll show you some Yankee spunk, and equal any of you! The auctioneer gave a brief history of the picture, authenticating its undoubted originality. All were on tiptoe, and I somewhat higher. To take that picture to America, is something worth while! thought I again. The crowd gathered round it, just as though they had not inspected it minutely before. The auctioneer made a long pause: a general conversation on the merits of the picture took place. The time at length arrived. Now for it! To take that picture to America, and——“Well, Gentlemen, what is bid for this Cranach?” There was a pause—a deep silence! The crier looked around: no reply! At length, a dapper little gentleman, standing beside me, sung out, “*Acht hundert thaler!*” “*Nein hundert!*” said another. “*Nein hundert und funfzig!*” cried a third. Reader! have you ever stumbled, sprawling, into a

pond of cold water in your Sunday clothes? If so, you will remember how flat, used-up, shivery, and drippy you felt!—how you looked around to see if any body was laughing at you—and how you escaped from the scene as fast as soaked boots, saturated garments, and a freezing heart, would let you! I will say no more.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.



O-DAY I am five and forty years of age, and I am sure you would think me full ten years older, for I am very plain. My hair has been gray these dozen years and more, and I am greatly bent and deformed. I have never been married, and live quite alone, with my little servant-maid, my great dog Hero, my birds, and books, and flowers, in a pretty roomy house, which every body calls "Miss Susie's Hospital," because, as I have plenty of room, enough to live on, and to spare, and the situation is very airy and pleasant, there are often sick people staying here. They rather like my quiet, old-fashioned ways of nursing, I believe, and as I am good for little else in this great world of toil and responsibility, I am glad to be of use to them. So, I am never lonesome, and am quite, quite happy. If ever I have been less happy than now; if ever I have had dreams of a more brilliant destiny, glorified by the light of hopeful love; if that dream has been rudely shattered; if ever life has seemed long, and cheerless, and wearisome, and the end very far off, thank God that is all over now, and it has been given me to see, that only for the humble station I occupy, am I fitted. God grant me grace to perform its duties faithfully! Yes, I am very happy, and though I necessarily spend many hours alone, I am never lonely; for while I sit at my sewing, or watch by the sick-bed of some poor creature, I have such lovely visions granted me, of the life which is to come, and of that which is past; such blessed memories, that I forget all discomforts, and am filled with peace and happiness unspeakable. But there is one day of that far-off childish life that stands out before me more vividly than all the rest—a day of summer-beauty, and

of fairer skies than ever shine now-a-days. The six-and-thirty years that lie between that day and this vanish like shadows; and in the glory of its summer garniture I see a sunny garden, and two children there at play—Fred and me. I see him now plain as I saw him that morning, standing on the garden-steps, his brown hair blown back by the great murmuring wind, the very sound of which, among the leaves, I remember to this day. I hear him cry through his joined hands, “Ship ahoy!” and find myself answering, as he had taught me, “Where away, skipper?” Poor Fred! he always was wild about the sea and sailors; and now, when the terrible storms come on, and I sit alone, trembling in the dark, praying for “them that go down to the sea in ships,” the prayer comes from my inmost heart, for I have a brother among them.

Poor Fred! Gallant, handsome Fred! How well I remember the noble, sturdy boy he looked that far-away morning; how full of life, and health, and glee he was; how cheerily his clear young voice echoed through the garden-walks as he signalled me to join him. How we scampered over the lawn to what we called our mast-head—a tall poplar, commanding a view of the high-road for miles. There he pointed out to me the carriage we were watching for, just crossing the bridge by Mulner’s Mills; and when it came nearer, we put up Fred’s neck handkerchief and my white apron, both somewhat the dingier for having been the means of transporting a whole colony of ants from their own proper habitation to a new nest we had made them, in what we considered a much prettier and more commodious part of the garden, but which the little ingrates we had spent the whole of the previous afternoon in securing, absolutely refused to look at: as many as had preserved their lives and limbs, in their violent transportation, making use of them in scampering away in all directions as soon as we had set them down. Neither had their color much improved by the manner in which we had employed them that very morning, when having been banished the house in disgrace, for persisting in saluting each other Tartar-fashion, by touching tongues, we attempted to make the two quiet cows, who grazed in the meadow, play the part of Tartar steeds, with these articles for saddles; and having frightened them into a frenzy, had quietly withdrawn ourselves to Old Katy’s house to

read our favorite "Pilgrim's Progress," and to coax our old, half-childish nurse, who was very fond of us, to point out in the far-distance, certain blue summits, which she told us were the Delectable Mountains, which I have no doubt she believed as firmly as we did. We had just left her house, and had been discussing our great project of setting out on a pilgrimage ourselves, as soon as we could find our way, when the carriage coming homeward, sent us flying to greet its load. We just arrived in time to see our grandfather lift out our pretty girlish mother and Aunt Mary, and ask, in his old-fashioned Quaker raillery: "Well, Mary, did thee buy out Vanity-Fair?" I remember our mother laughed, and said "Yes," showing him all the packages they had brought from the city; but Aunt Mary did not reply, nor seem pleased. I remember how, when I asked my father if he saw Christian and Faithful in Vanity Fair, he answered gaily: "Why, no; I can't say I did; but we saw Mr. Envy and Pickthank, Ignorance and Demas, Interpreter's house and the little white Wicket-Gate; and we came near the Slough of Despond; eh, Mary? But we have safely mounted the Hill Difficulty, and come home to the Palace called Beautiful."

"To the City of Destruction, you mean, papa," I rejoined, gravely; and, as just then Aunt Mary, who was removing a package from the carriage, let it fall and break, strewing the grass with fragments of glass and crockery, every body laughed and said, True enough; and my father told me to run away to Old Kate, who knew the very road to the City of Zion, and would set me in the right way, and I had better commence my pilgrimage at once, as it was near dinner-time. My poor father never forgave himself that playful speech. Fred's eyes and mine met. Yes, we would go! I don't know what sudden impulse seized me, but I am glad to remember now how I sprang to my mother's side and clung to her hand, with such an intense tender longing to take her with us. But Christian's first act had been to leave his home and all that he loved, so I only kissed it again and again, when she stooped down and said so tenderly: "What ails my little Susy? Hadn't you better go with Fred, pussy? See; he is calling you." And so my mother sent me from her! She never forgot *that* to her dying day. My gay, girlish mother! I remember looking

back at her while I stood on the stone steps of the garden, and thinking how pretty she was, with the shadow of the dancing leaves trailing across her face, and down her soft white dress, and seeing the sunshine tangled in her lovely hair, and the delicate rose-flush on her cheek. Little I thought how all this beauty would vanish before I saw her again. But Fred was calling me impatiently, and I forgot every thing but our pilgrimage. Soon we were at old Katy's, and had coaxed from our nurse a direction to a place she said was called Adder's Swamp, now, but which, in her young days, had a different name. And certainly it was like the Slough of Despond. This was enough for us. Beyond that we would meet Evangelist, and he would guide us on, as he did Christian, to the white wicket-gate and the narrow way. So old Katy blessed us, and we left good-bye for everybody, and started off on our adventurous journey.

There are many things of far later date I cannot remember half so distinctly as I do the events of that morning. How, with a vague idea of the necessity of "mortifying the flesh," I wore my great brown linen bib, of which I had a perfect abhorrence. How I carried my kitten in one arm, and put our Pilgrim's Progress, John Gilpin, and a Bible in my little basket, with a pat of fresh butter I thought would be nice to eat with the manna Mrs. Sherwood's Infant Pilgrims subsisted on, and which we, of course, expected to have provided for us. Think of us! Such a comical sight we must have been—two little delicately-nurtured children of nine and eleven—Fred with his working-blouse on, no cap, and a great club over his shoulder to fight the fiend Apollyon when we should come to the Valley of Humiliation. Two little helpless children we were, but strong in childish faith, and an intense earnestness of purpose. I remember how, when we had travelled about half a mile, and stopped on a hill whence we could see our home, and I wanted to look back, and was restrained by an agonizing recollection of Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt. I remember how Fred made me forget it all, by promising that he would build me a boat, with a nice little locker and a flag, to sail across the River of Death, while he would swim alongside, as he was not afraid of water. Oh, Fred! Fred! the innocent, silly babies we were then!

On we went, growing hungry and tired, but keeping up a brave heart all the while, by reason of the faith within us. It was only when I stumbled over a stone, and my little cat scampered out of the arms that held her tighter for the danger, I could not catch her again; then, indeed, I cried bitterly, but Fred reminded me, by way of comfort, of the two friends who deserted Christian on his way to the Slough of Despond; and since I couldn't have her called Obstinate, a name which I had heard too often applied to myself not to understand, we said my treacherous puss was Pliable, as we didn't know what that meant, and went on, greatly comforted. For the first three or four miles we met many people and teams, but no one stopped to question us; and then we struck upon an old overgrown road, untravelled for years, to which we were directed by a deaf, bent old man, of whom we inquired the way to the "Slough of Despond." "Slough's Pond! Yes, I hear; Yon's the road to it; and a desperate slough it used to be. Folks call it Adder's Swamp now-a-days." The very place; and we thanked him and went on, on, on, faint, and foot-sore, and weary. Looking back through long years, it seems to me as if we must have travelled many miles in this way. Be that as it may, it was so long before we reached our destination that my shoes gave way in many places, so that every step on the rough path was intense torture. It was long before our journey was ended that I ceased entirely to think of its object, and had cried myself sick and weak. But I am glad to remember that I cried very quietly to myself, partly, I am sure, to keep from distressing poor Fred; but, I fear, more than half, because I was afraid he would think me not quite the brave girl, who never cried, of whom he had boasted to his playmates. At last the path ceased entirely, and after wandering about a long time, we came to a place where the trees, thick and rank, grew closer together, branching down almost to the swampy ground. Great vines coiled in and out among them, making thickets dense and almost impenetrable. I remember peering through the gathering darkness as we plunged at once into the great swamp, which began here, and wondering why it was that the sky wore so strange and terrible an aspect. Masses on masses of heavy jagged clouds were piled upon each other, of such intense blackness as was awful to behold. I remember hearing

the angry mutterings of distant thunder, and seeing the daylight gradually disappear, as we wandered further and further into that dreadful labyrinth of horror and darkness. I remember the swamp lilies, writhing in the fierce wind just rising, and the luxuriant moss that was so grateful to my bleeding feet suddenly shrouded in thick and terrible blackness. I felt Fred, who had taken me by the hand, shrink back, and heard him shriek in fear, when there came a great glare of blinding, scorching light, as if the firmament was rent asunder, and the earth was yawning at our feet. I remember groping, faint, and blind, and dizzy, among slimy, creeping, writhing things, and staggering, sick and weak, into dark stagnant pools that glared in the terrible light like the wild savage eyes of some beast of prey. I remember the blackness that succeeded, and the horrible sense of desolation and unspeakable terror that froze my blood. I remember, as in some awful dream, that haunts and tortures me yet, the giant trees and coiling vines torn up by the fierce tornado as if they had been reeds; and the roar of the deafening thunder. I remember, as in some torture-dream, the sudden shivering of the heavy branches overhead, the rending of the massive trunk, reeling and tottering to its fall; the terrible glare of the lightning that revealed the impending dangers, and my brother's face of fascinated horror! It was no earth-born impulse that impelled me. It was no mere human power that nerved my childish arm, and gave me strength to thrust him from me, away, *beyond* the reach of peril. Only Infinite Mercy could have bestowed that strength upon a young and helpless child like me. And I knew that he was saved! I heard him call my name. I saw him spring toward me, faithful even in that perilous moment, and knew it was in vain! Then came the awful crash! There was a terrible cry, and I remember no more for many hours. I never knew how long I lay there as one dead. It must have been far in the morning when I recovered my senses, for I remember seeing the cold gray light struggling in, through shattered boughs and up-torn trees, and feeling the heavy rain upon my face. I remember striving to raise myself, and falling back in much pain and weakness, finding myself pinioned down by some great weight, so that I could not move. I remember how my recollection slowly returned, mingled with

confused dreams of home, and my mother's voice. I remember crying wildly for Fred, and hearing no answer in the terrible stillness, but the echo of my own weak, hollow cry. Then I dreamed again that I was praying at my mother's knee—Fred and I—and we were saying "Our Father, who art in heaven;" and I heard the echo of that changed hollow voice repeat "Our Father!" I never knew whether, in the tumult and confusion that followed, it was a fancy of a fevered brain or not; but I heard a voice say, "Suffer little children to come unto me." And it seemed like another, and yet it was myself that spoke. I know now it was no fevered dream, but a most blessed reality. That I had seen my father's face, white and haggard, as I had never seen it look before; seen it through all the terrible torture that followed, when, as they told me afterwards, a band of strong men, who had searched for the lost children many anxious hours, through that awful storm, and had been guided to my side, when they had almost given up hope, by the faint cry of a child, sobbing out, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" when these strong men, melted into tears, lifted the heavy branches from my crushed and mangled form, and laid the maimed, disfigured child in her father's arms. It was no dream, when, after months of agony, and torturing visions, and wild delirium, I woke at last, in my own little bed at home, and heard them whisper in the darkened room: "Thank God, she will live!" And my mother's stifled sobs, as my head lay on her bosom, and my father's devout thanksgiving to the All-Merciful, I had never heard him address before. It was no dream, when, weeks after, my father carried me, a maimed, deformed, but living child, out into the soft spring air, and showed me the young grass, strewn with pale, pink flakes, showered from the peach-trees, which had been laden with fruit when I played among them last. When they brought to me my brother, long since recovered from the heavy sickness which had prostrated us both after that awful night of terror and exposure, and told me I had saved his life, and let him cry over his altered playmate tears bitterer than ever he shed over his own sorrows. When we went together, as soon as I began to crawl about again on my little crutches, to the grave of Old Katy, who, feeble and aged, had never recovered the shock of her nurslings' loss, and had

died soon after without ever being able to understand that we had been found again. Thank God, it was no dream, when my precious mother, changed indeed, and robbed of all the bloom that had made her so beautiful in my childish eyes, and which never returned again, so terrible had been her suffering and anxiety during that awful time, told me "how all these things had worked together for good," and that, stung to the soul by their former negligence, she and my father had resolved, God helping them, to commence their pilgrimage without delay, taking us with them on the strait and narrow way that leadeth to eternal life, to which they had been mercifully directed by our childish daring. Again I see the beloved group gathered around me, an object of more tender solicitude and care in my helpless weakness than when they exulted in my childish strength and beauty. Again I hear my father read our favorite *Pilgrim's Progress*, and my grandfather's explanation of the true lessons to be drawn from its instructive pages. Again I see my mother, crying, as she always did, at the story of our wanderings, and hear them tell how Fred was found on the borders of the swamp, long before I was discovered, so bewildered and terrified that he could not speak, and yet resisted, with all his feeble strength, every attempt to carry him home till I was placed beside him: and how he never left my room after he was convalescent, till there was hope again. Dear Fred! he only is left to me now of all my childhood's friends. Long since they have crossed the cold river, and entered in at the golden gate: and "glorious it was to see the welcome of the pilgrims, as they went up and followed one another in at the beautiful gate of the city." Dear, noble, faithful Fred! when we were left alone, in his true, unselfish love, he would have abandoned the sailor life he loves so well, to devote himself to his useless, invalid sister. It was long before I could force him from me, even to take command of the vessel he had been longing for all his life. It is five and twenty years since then, and now he is on his last voyage. Next month we shall meet again, and "Miss Susie's Hospital" will receive a new and permanent guest in its beloved master.

L.

ALBANY, Oct. 14th, 1853.

THE SOCIAL CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D. D.

IN the present article we will briefly treat of the *social* character of Christ, under the four heads of affability, philanthropy and affection, and of submission to the constituted authorities.

Under the first of these heads, which we have termed the *affability* of the Saviour, we would make you remark his free and ready intercourse with mankind. He lived and moved in and for society. He did not retire from the communion of men, much as he saw to offend his holy and pure soul. There was no appearance of monkish austerity or pharisaic dignity about him. "The Son of man came eating and drinking," he says. In other words, there was nothing singular in his mode of life. He partook of innocent enjoyments. He was present at a marriage, where his first public miracle was to turn water into wine, when they were deficient. He attended a supper, made in his honor, by the family of Martha and Mary, whose brother Lazarus he had restored to life; and when Mary, still further to testify her gratitude, expended a large sum in anointing him, so that the disciples blamed her extravagance, he kindly took her part, at the same time alluding to his speedy death and burial, intimating that it was usual to go to a great expense on such occasions in honor of departed friends; an expense that was never blamed as being extravagant. He associated with all classes. He dined with a Pharisee. He did not reproach Nicodemus for coming at night, though it was pretty evident that he did so because he was ashamed to be seen coming to Christ as a learner. But his usual companions were the poor and the despised, so that he was reproached for eating with publicans and sinners. All that wished might approach and enjoy his instructions, or receive his aid. Heathens and Samaritans, no less than his own countrymen, shared in his kindness. When Zaccheus wished to get a sight of the Prophet, and could not for the press, being short of stature, which made him use the precaution of climbing into a sycamore-tree where Christ was to pass, how kindly does he address him: "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for to-day I

must abide in thy house!" Consider also his condescension to the poorest and most ignorant in his public addresses. He adapted his language to the meanest capacity. He spoke in parables, which, by their liveliness and truth to nature, fixed every intellect, interested every capacity. "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." This he states as one of the evidences of his being the Messiah. The poor, the ignorant, the afflicted, were the objects of his peculiar regard. Children, too, engaged his affectionate notice.

Parallel with his affability and condescension runs the *philanthropy*, the compassion and benevolence of the Saviour. "He went about doing good." He was unwearied in his labors for the benefit of mankind. For this he forgot food and rest. He traversed the whole land, going from city to city. He pitied the multitude that had continued with him three days, so that they had consumed all their provisions, and would have fainted on the way if he had sent them away fasting. Wherefore he fed them from his little store, to teach us to be hospitable and generous. His whole life, in short, was devoted to the welfare of mankind. He did not live for himself. He came not to be ministered unto, to be served and waited on; "but to minister and to lay down his life as a ransom for many." But to enumerate all the instances of his compassion and benevolence, recorded by the Evangelists, would be to transcribe more than half the gospels. And yet we are told that what is recorded is but a small portion of all that he did and taught: selected under the guidance of the Holy Spirit for our instruction and comfort, that we might believe and thus obtain everlasting life. "Many good works," he says to the Jews, "have I showed you from my Father. For which of these works do ye stone me?" Yet all this while he depended upon the voluntary offerings of his more wealthy disciples for his support. Often he had not where to lay his head. He was subject to fatigue and hunger; while he never suffered any to go away without his aid, who came in faith. Nay, where their faith was weak, he used various means to excite and kindle it up, so that he might, consistently, help them.—Again: the general benevolence of the Saviour did not preclude a peculiar *affection* for his immediate disciples and natural relatives. How tender is the concern which he manifested for his apostles, when he was

about to be taken from them ! How he employs every argument that affection and wisdom could suggest, to prepare them to meet the trial that awaited them, when they should see their beloved Master seized by ruffian hands, subjected to a mock-trial, condemned, and led away to be executed as a malefactor of the deepest dye ! He forgets his own approaching sufferings in his anxiety for their comfort. He assures them that it is for their advantage that he should be taken from them. He promises to send them another Comforter, so that they might not be left in a state of orphanage. He declares his intention to come again, and receive them to himself ; that, meanwhile, he will go and prepare a place for them. And when he was risen again, according to his repeated assurances, how careful he is to prepare their hearts for the joyful event, that they may not be overcome by too great an ecstasy of joy ! First, they find an empty tomb : an angel informs the women that Jesus whom they seek is not there, but is risen as he had said. Then he appears first to Mary Magdalene ; then to Peter ; but not to the latter, till he had sent him a message by the women, mentioning his name expressly. I allude to the words of the angel : “ Go tell his disciples and Peter that he is risen.” In joining the two disciples as they were going to Emmaus toward evening, full of anxiety, hope, and fear, Christ does not make himself known at first, till he had coolly reasoned with them from Scripture, showing them that all things which he had suffered were in perfect agreement with what had been foretold respecting him, as well as that he should rise again. Then at the breaking of bread he was made known unto them, and immediately vanished out of their sight.

Nor was he a stranger to *friendship*. Among all the apostles, there was one whom Jesus loved—the amiable John—whose affectionate disposition, and still, meditative turn, drew upon him the peculiar love of the Saviour. To him also he commended his widowed and aged mother, when he was hanging on the cross. Nor was his confidence misplaced : for “ from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.” By this act, also, the Saviour proves that he had all the natural affection which a son should feel toward her who took care of him in his helpless infancy. His friendship for Lazarus and his excellent sisters is also a charming trait in the Saviour’s

human character. His love for his ungrateful and infatuated countrymen was strikingly displayed, when, on foretelling their coming doom, he wept over Jerusalem, which, as it was the focus of crime, so was it also to be foremost in the punishment. Even when bearing his cross to Golgotha, and seeing the women following with tears, he turns to them and says: "Weep not for me, daughters of Jerusalem: but weep for yourselves and for your children." Hence we may learn that the Saviour's character was eminently social, affectionate, and public-spirited, wherein he has set us an example that we should follow his steps.

As a *citizen*, too, a member of civil society, he submitted to the constituted authorities of the country. He surrendered himself without resistance to the officers of the Sanhedrim. And when adjured by the high-priest to say whether he was the Son of God, he answered in the affirmative, though perfectly aware that on this very confession they would found the sentence of condemnation which they were eager to pronounce, and only lacked a legal pretext. Again: before Pilate, under similar circumstances, he confessed that he was a king; the very thing this which finally induced that time-serving governor to consent to pronounce a sentence of death, while he was convinced of his innocence and of the utter futility of the charges brought against him by the Jews: for he feared they might make such representations to the suspicious emperor as would endanger his life or office. Another instance of the Saviour's submission to the constituted order, we have in the payment of the temple-tribute—paid annually by every adult male of the Jews—when he directed Peter to cast a hook into the water, and take up the first fish that he should catch, and he would find a piece of money in his mouth, which would serve to pay for them both.

PRACTICAL WISDOM.

A MAN who has fallen into a deep pond, does not waste his time in trying to find out how it happened. He knows that he is in; and that if he does not get out he will be drowned. So the first thing he does is to try to get out. Do not let us waste time in trying to find out how sin came into the world. We are sinners. The question is, how are we to be saved from the condemnation of a holy law which we have broken and the penalty of which is eternal death?

CHRISTMAS-EVE AND THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

“Oh, the Christmas-tree is a jollity
To the oldest heart, I ween;
For what to the pine are frost and time,
If still the boughs are green?
And what to the heart are wrong and smart,
So love is undefiled?—
For despite his tears and the sin of years,
Love keeps the man a child.

How blaze the lights o’ the Christmas nights!
How burns the Christmas fire!
But kindlier still is the bosom’s thrill
Of happy dame and sire;
For near nor far, nor in flame nor star,
They trace life’s distance clear;
But their fortune lies in the bright young eyes
They hold so fair and dear.”

ALL HAIL! The Christmas-eve of Eighteen hundred and fifty-three. The glad utterances of our Immanuel’s Advent, in our by-gone years, yet live in fresh memorials among the reminiscences of our childhood.

Great Gift-day of the Father Almighty, whereon he hath presented to mankind his Son, his best-beloved; memorable day of peace and blessings upon a world; For “God hath sent him to bless you.”

Behold the announcing angels, breathing out upon the ear of the ravished shepherds their advent-hymn: “Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and good-will to men.” Let us also go up to Bethlehem, and see the child Jesus, while we open our hearts for the gracious vision, and receive his divine influence.

Children’s joy-day—welcome, thrice welcome, thy merry return!

“Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour’s call;
Come seek his face, and taste his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring ;
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King ;
O crown him Lord of all.

This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O haste ! before him fall ;
For you he died, that you might live
To crown him Lord of all."

We love little children—we rejoice in their innocent merriment, and notwithstanding that *some* grown-up people say—"We have no *children* now-a-days—but only infants and adults," we cling to our own notions upon this matter, and we cannot but infer that these people's eyes have grown *misty*, and that they need clearer spectacles; for we are ourselves happy in the friendship of many real, bona-fide children; and we are rejuvenated, as it were, by the lovely presence of these bright sun-streaks from heaven.

May the beautiful Christmas-tree be raised amongst them, according to the good old German custom of Luther and his family, gathered together, around their Christmas-tree.

"Originally the Christmas-tree represented the birth of the Christ-Kindleim. At the foot of the tree was seen the Manger, the Mother and the Child. These have now disappeared, and the only figure remaining is that of the announcing angel, who appears at the top of the tree, and is generally mistaken for the Christ-child himself."

This custom is among the Germans more universally commemorated than among ourselves. But, in Bethlehem, Pa., which is a Moravian settlement, this ancient festival is still observed, with all its original freshness and beauty. On Christmas-eve every household has a Christmas-tree whose branches are loaded with bon-bons and toys for the children, and pendent with gifts suitable for their respective ages. On the same evening, religious services are held in the church, and adults and children there congregate together and engage in reading the account of the Advent of the "Holy Child," and the brethren and sisters unite in responsive hymns commemorative of this joyful event. During the singing they partake of the "Love-Feast," and the children afterward receive and carry home with them a wax-light, as their remembrancer of

the "Light of the world," embodied in human form, whose coming as their Saviour they thus celebrate. Blessings rest upon the dear children; may their young hearts rejoice on this merry occasion, and may they towards all around them reciprocate benevolent feeling! May they ever be the comfort and the joy of parental hearts, and sing with the holy angels, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth, and good-will to men."

And as children ever love to hear stories, we will whisper to their sympathizing ear, the account of the "Homeless Orphan Boy" and his Christmas-tree. "On a certain Christmas-eve, in a certain German city, while a Christmas-tree was sparkling in every house, a poor homeless orphan was wandering, faint, weary and cold, through the streets. He gazed longingly at the windows, from which joyful lights streamed. He knocked timidly at door after door, but was unheeded. He would fain have gained entrance to one of these happy households, merely to look on, but no one heard him. At last he retired, sick and miserable, to a dark corner; and there, as he shivered with the cold of the December night, he remembered that an answer was promised to every sincere prayer. So he prayed to the Lord Jesus, to give him a Christmas-tree. And as he prayed, he beheld a star in the distance, and as he gazed, the star approached him, and he descried the glorious form of a beautiful child. It was the Christ-child, who came to answer his prayer, and who drew down stars from heaven to light a Christmas-tree for the poor orphan. And when the tree was all lighted, the Christ-child took the boy into the tree, and they were all wafted away into heaven. The next day the newspapers contained this item of city intelligence:—"Found in —— street, the dead body of a boy of some eight or ten years of age, parents unknown; coroner's verdict, death by starvation and cold." The poor little outcast had quitted the world, outwardly in circumstances of extreme wretchedness, but inwardly in a dream of heaven, and in the arms of the Christ-child."

And we also subjoin, in conclusion, for the sake of our youthful friends, Johnny Luther's Christmas letter from his Father.—"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little Son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well, and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home, I will bring

thee a pretty little fairing. I know a pretty, merry garden, wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were? And he said, they are the children that love to pray and to learn, and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son, too, whose name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into the garden, and eat those beautiful apples and pears, and ride those fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost, too; and when they all come together, they shall have fifes and trumpets, and lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance and shout, with little cross-bows. And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten, therefore I could not wait the dance; and I said to the man, Ah, dear Sir, I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently and to learn well, and to be good, so that he also may come to this garden. But he has an aunt Lehne; he must bring her with him. Then the man said, it shall be so; go and write him so. Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away, and tell Lippus and Jost, too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet Aunt Lehne, and give her a kiss for my sake.

Thy dear father,

MARTINUS LUTHER."

FAITH AND OPINION.

FAITH overcomes the world: opinion is overcome by the world. Faith is triumphant in its power and in its effects; it is of divine tendency to renew the heart, and to produce those fruits of purity and holiness which demonstrate the dignity of its original. Opinion has enlarged the field of speculation, and been the cause of producing fruits directly opposite to the nature of faith. Opinion has terminated in schism; faith is productive of unity.—*Fothergill.*

E C L E C T I C .

SCENE IN A PASTOR'S STUDY.

A WRITER in the *Christian Parlor Magazine* gives the following graphic sketch :

I am thinking now of that gentle tap from a timid hand. It was just at this hushed twilight hour. As I opened the door there stood a daughter, a dear young disciple of Jesus, holding her gray-haired father by the hand. Poor old man ! for more than sixty years he had grievously sinned against his Maker and feared no coming judgment. Scarcely once in all that time had his shadow darkened the house of God. But in his old age sovereign grace had found him out. An arrow from the quiver of God had pierced his heart. For weeks he hid the wound from his praying wife and children, and although he would toss night after night upon a bed that brought no sleep to his eyelids, and sit down and rise up again and again from his untouched food, the stubborn man would not confess, that the arrow of the Almighty it was, that was drinking up his spirit. Yet the grace of a Saviour was mightier than he. The quick eye of his daughter was upon him ; her tears and her pleadings followed him. God gave to her pleading voice a power to open the long-pent heart. It was poured out in broken confessions of guilt and pleas for mercy. And then, with what sweet persuasion she drew him to the house of her pastor !

"It is my father," said the affectionate girl, as she entered my study that evening ; "he's come to ask you if he can find a Saviour. Speak, father, do, and tell him all about it." "Oh, Sir, exclaimed the sobbing man, "I am the most miserable sinner—I am just ready to perish—I would give all the world for a Saviour—but I don't deserve one." "He is nigh," I replied, "unto all them that call upon Him, he will hear their cry." "But I don't know how to go to him." "Go tell him just what you have told me. That you are a most miserable sinner, just ready to perish, and that you deserve to perish. Tell Him that His atoning blood is all your hope and all your trust. Acknowledge that if ever you are saved, the glory of your salvation must be all his ; but if you perish, the blame will be all your own." "But will He save me after I have lived so long in sin against Him, and when I have nothing to give Him but powers and faculties worn out in the service of the world?" "Hear Him saying, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out,' 'Ask and it shall be given you ; seek and ye shall find.' Oh go to Him ! Cast yourself upon the love which brought Him down to die for you, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." "Do, do, father," interrupted the daughter, grasping his hand, and turning to him an eye floating in tenderness.

The old man was overcome, his head sank upon his daughter's bosom, his gray hairs were on her cheek ; he wept aloud—we all wept. "Sir," he cried, "will you pray for me?" "Yes, but it is *you*, who are to repent ; it is *you* who are to cast yourself upon sovereign mercy for help." It was there, yonder, we knelt side by side, while I commended the trembling sinner to the mercy of Him, "who forgiveth sins only." At my request, he followed me in prayer. He was bowed to the very floor in the earnestness and lowliness of his plea—while his daughter bent over him, her hands folded and her fast trickling tears falling on him. For nearly ten minutes he breathed for mercy with an agony of supplication that I never heard surpassed ; then, as if in

despair of all further effort, exclaimed, "There, I can do no more—if Jesus will save me, I will praise him for it for ever; if he will not, I will never blame him. He must do as he pleases." After a moment's pause he added—"He *may* do as He pleases."

The struggle was over, the storm of feeling was hushed, and when the old man arose and took his seat again, the serenity of heaven was spreading itself over his countenance. "I do not know what it means," said he; "my anxiety is gone, and I feel so peaceful." The daughter looked up inquiringly, caught the smile of her father's face, and the next moment was in his bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break in excess of joy. Wonderfully did her sobs and broken thanks chime in with the angels' song of gladness over the sinner that repenteth. The birth-place of that soul will never be forgotten.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE unanimity with which THANKSGIVING-DAY is observed speaks well for our country, and for the religious sentiment that pervades the great body of the people. Among the pleasing incidents which we have noticed, in connection with this festival of Puritan origin, was an announcement in a New-York daily paper, stating that one of the synagogues of that city would be open, and a discourse delivered suitable to the occasion. It was a becoming tribute paid to the God of Israel; and in the mingling of the worship of Christian and Jew, on that day, do we not see the promise of a more harmonious worship, when Israel shall recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the promised Messiah? No one can measure the influence of the truths uttered on that day from thousands of pulpits throughout the land. No one can measure the influence of such a gathering, constituting, as it does, an acknowledgment of national dependence and responsibility. We have hope for our country while this commemoration-day returns with every circling year—hope for its progress in enlightenment and purity. How can the divine benediction fail to attend such a spontaneous offering of the nation's gratitude to the Supreme Ruler? How, while this strong sense of obligation continues, can we fall short of the experience indicated in the declaration: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance"?

It is customary in many places, on this day, for the more wealthy, or those who are in comfortable circumstances, to invite their less-favored neighbors to partake with them of their Thanksgiving-dinner—a custom growing out of the benevolence that is always awakened by a proper feeling of dependence and thankfulness; for he who truly believes that he receives all his blessings from God, will be anxious to distribute, and willing to communicate. And what a ray of gladness must it bring to the poor man's dwelling, when on this festive day his table is loaded with the bountiful gifts of a kind Providence, and the children luxuriate upon the unstinted meal?

Among the methods of reform which the benevolent are using in the city of New-York, in their efforts to win the guilty from the paths of vice, this custom has been wisely introduced. The children of the depraved poor are congregated around a plentiful repast, and those who, in by-gone days, never welcomed this festival,—perhaps never knew when it came,—who make their living, such as it is, by sweeping the crossings, or begging cold victuals, find that there are human beings who care for them, and human sympathies that are drawn out by their wretchedness. Many, very many, will be lifted out of their deep degradation by this active benevolence. It will take hold of what is human within them. It will reach those depths of their natures which have long been hidden by crime. It will awaken tender emotions,—gratitude and affection will burn in hearts that have long been frozen by the cold indifference of the refined and pure-minded. Oh! there is a pathos in beneficence that few can resist. We say it not in mirth, but in all soberness: when these little ragged urchins, with the fringes of poverty around their garments, crowd about the tables filled with the gifts of the charitable, how must their eyes dilate with gladness at the sight of roast-turkeys and pumpkin-pies, and good wheat-bread; and how must their hearts expand with a new emotion, and what joyous music must be awakened in their souls, when the hand of kindness sweeps the strings of a hitherto untouched sensibility. This is one way to preach the Gospel to the poor and abased. Our Saviour had compassion on the multitudes, and fed them, and thus prepared them for the higher manifestation of his benevolence—the gift of the bread of Life. Thrice welcome this most welcome festive-day, if the degraded poor, and their children reared in irreligion and crime, are taught by it to look to the Great Giver,—if by it their hearts are warmed with heavenly love, and they are made virtuous and religious, and are brought in repentance and faith to the saving compassion of Him who “went about doing good.”

Our youthful readers have, doubtless, read the article entitled, “CHRISTMAS-EVE, AND THE CHRISTMAS-TREE,” and have thanked the writer for her kind and pleasant words; and as they, probably, wish to know a little more about Lippus, and Jost, and Aunt Lehne, we will introduce them to these personages. The real name of Lippus was Philip, and he was the son of Melanethon, the intimate friend of Luther; and Jost, whose true name was Justus, was the son of Justus Jonas, another friend of Luther; and Aunt Lehne was Johnny’s aunt, Magdalene. Luther’s son, John, or Hänschen, (Johnny, as he loved to call him,) was only four years old when he sent him the letter about the beautiful pleasant garden. In the year 1537, when John was eleven years old, and was at school, he received another letter from his father, in a different style, but containing the same excellent advice. It was partly in these words:

“Thus far, my dearest John, your studies, and the letters you have written, please me. If you go on in this manner, you will not only gratify me, your affectionate father, but will chiefly benefit yourself in not becoming degenerate. Wherefore proceed diligently as you have begun. For God, who commands children to obey their parents, promises a blessing to obedient

children. Be sure that you value this blessing, and that you do not allow yourself to be misled by evil examples. For the same God threatens children who are disobedient with cursing. * * * Fear God, then, and listen to your parents, who desire nothing but your good; and flee base and evil conversation."

These are wise, and pious, and tender counsels; and may be safely and profitably followed by all who read them.

GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY!—How much is conveyed in these words! And these glad tidings were to be for all people. Well might angel-voices swell the grand chorus, *Glorify to God in the highest*; well might they predict *Peace on earth*, and declare the event they had been commissioned to proclaim, an exhibition of *good-will to men*. It was a happy moment for the shepherds, when they stood at the manger which contained the child Jesus. It was a happy moment for the wise men, when the guiding star rested over the place that contained the infant Saviour, and when they were permitted to lay their gifts at his feet. We envy not those who lightly esteem the day that has been set apart to commemorate the nativity of the world's Deliverer and King. If the nation may appoint a day of thanksgiving, why may not the Church? Some say we are not certain of the time when Christ was born. But we are certain of the event,—and it is this we celebrate.

This festival has been often abused, it is true,—but so has the Sabbath; and thousands there are who, instead of keeping the Sabbath holy, make it a day of sin. To him who observes it with a mind properly influenced, and piously disposed, Christmas is a holy day. It has quickened and elevated the piety of many. It has left impressions upon the feelings of childhood most salutary and enduring. This festival falls on the Sabbath the present year,—a most befitting coincidence; reminding us at once of the three leading incidents in the history of human redemption—the nativity, sacrifice, and resurrection of God's only-begotten and well-beloved Son.

TALKING of the "Christmas-tree," reminds us of one in which we were interested not many years ago. It was decorated with all sorts of beautiful presents for the children,—some attached to the branches with ribbons of different colors, and others, such as horses and whips for the boys, and dolls for the girls, arranged below. Fixed firmly on the branches were little sockets, in which small wax-candles were placed. When Christmas-eve came, the young neighbors who were invited to the festival, flocked in, waiting for the summons that would admit them to the guest-chamber. They were not to enter until the third ringing of a tiny bell that was used for the occasion. The first ringing of the bell put expectation all on tip-toe; and then there was a long pause, to teach the young folks patience; and then the bell sent forth its little notes again, and expectation rose still higher; and at last the welcome signal came, and at the same moment the folding-doors were thrown open, and the beautiful vision broke at once upon their senses. Just then was heard what appeared to be distant music, and a musical-box

at the farther end of the room uttered notes as liquid and joyous as the clear notes of a happy bird. The wax-candles, which were all burning, filled the room with light. For a while the children paused in silent surprise. The bright vision hushed every voice. And then suddenly as

“The sprightly horse
Moves to the music of his tinkling bells,”

they rushed, one and all, around the beautiful tree, and filled the air with the music of their own merry voices. Those boys and girls have grown older since then. May they always seek pleasures as rational and pure as those which met them around the Christmas-tree on that pleasant Christmas-eve.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

CHURCH-ERECTION FUND.—We perceive that a promising beginning has been made towards raising the proposed fund for church-extension. The \$50,000 can be realized without doubt or difficulty, if the effort is as unanimous as it ought to be. The fund of the *Congregationalists* is likely to reach the sum of sixty thousand dollars. The Presbyterians (New School,) have resolved to raise one hundred thousand dollars. The simultaneous effort was to have been made on the second Sabbath of November, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, it was deferred by many pastors until the third Sabbath of November. Four days after, that is on the 24th of November, the New York Evangelist announced that nearly twenty-five thousand dollars had been secured in New-York and Brooklyn, and before this paragraph meets the eye of the reader, the probability is, that the entire amount will be obtained. We hope that the Lutheran Church will not be behind these examples, but that the work of making collections will go on steadily, until the fifty thousand dollars are raised.

THERE are at present thirty-two Missionaries in the employ of the Lutheran Home Missionary Society.

THE indefatigable agent of the Pennsylvania Synod, Rev. B. Keller, is progressing successfully in his efforts to endow the contemplated German Professorship at Gettysburg.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEGLECT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Out of the entire population of England and Scotland, amounting to twenty-one millions of souls, eight millions do not attend any public worship; and of the two millions in London, one and a half million are in the same lamentable spiritual condition!

ENGLISH WORSHIP IN THE CAPITOL OF PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia has recently assigned the chapel in the castle of Monbijou for the use of the English congregation in Berlin.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE IN PRUSSIA.—On the 11th of July, the Prussian branch of the Evangelical Alliance met in Berlin; on which occasion a number of addresses were delivered on the doctrine, basis and principles of the Alliance. If the Protestants of Germany would cease their unprofitable contentions about the symbolic differences between the Lutherans and Reformed, which are confessedly of non-essential character, and, agreeing to differ in peace on these minor topics, as the Evangelical Alliance does, would unite their energies for the promotion of genuine piety, domestic and foreign missions, and opposition to Popery and Rationalism, how soon would the blessed influence of such a truly Christian course be visible in the revival of genuine religion, the decline of Popery and Infidelity amongst them, and the new impulse given to missionary enterprises! And happy would it be for the different branches of the Lutheran and Reformed churches of this country, if they would adopt a similar course. It was when “the churches *had rest* in Judea, Galilee and Samaria, that they were *aligned*, and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and comfort of the Holy Ghost, *were multiplied*.”—Acts 9 : 31.

THE BAPTISTS IN GERMANY.—This denomination has at this time fifty-two congregations, thirty-eight ordained ministers, and three thousand church-members, in different parts of Germany.

A MILLION OF BIBLES FOR CHINA.—A long and fervid appeal has been addressed by the venerable Dr. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, of England, calling upon British Christians of all denominations to contribute \$80,000, for the purpose of sending a million copies of the New Testament to China for immediate distribution. What created intellect can calculate the blessed influence, which such a measure would exert on the three hundred millions of Chinese? And could not the Protestants of these United States easily do the same?

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Popular Errors on the subject of Insanity Exposed. By JAMES F. DUNCAN, is regarded as a judicious, well written and timely publication. It clearly shows the criminality of juries, which acquit murderers on the plea of insanity, without any plausible evidence, and charitably attributes the majority of suicides to this cause.

History of the Insurrection in China, with Notices of the Christianity, Creed and Proclamations of the Insurgents. By MM. CALLERY and YVAN, translated by JOHN OXENFORD. This work is pronounced by the British press, the most satisfactory and reliable which has yet appeared on the recent eventful movements in the “Celestial Empire.”

History of the French Protestant Refugees, from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, down to our own Days. By M. CH. WEISS. An interesting, authentic and valuable work, in two volumes.

AMONG the recent issues of the *German* press, we may mention a few:—*Theologie aus der Idee des Lebens.* By F. C. OETINGER. Distinguished for its tendency to give practical life to Theology. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Supper of our Lord, or the Mass, Christianity or Popery. By Dr. MARRIOTT, of Basil. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Life of Christ, according to the Four Evangelists. By Dr. J. P. LANGE, Prof. at Zurich, in five vols., 8vo. Highly commended in Tholuck's *Theol. Anzeiger*.

Tabular View of Dogmatic History, based on Neander's Lectures and Church History. By K. VORLAENDER. 60 cts.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1854.

No. 9.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

————— "ALMIGHTY FATHER!—
The rolling year
Is full of THEE."

TIME is a tireless traveller. He presses on in his even march, bearing upon his shoulders the weight of accumulating events, and moves as easily now, after a lapse of six thousand years and more, as he did at first. The years are Time's children, and *their* days are numbered. They have only a twelvemonth to run. What a butterfly existence!—not in gay and sportive ease, but in striking brevity. The years are solitarians. Two cannot live in the world together. The one must disappear just as the other comes upon the stage of action. And yet they may be said to shake hands and part with a friendly greeting, for they are the children of the same Father, portions of the same plan. It is well to have these time-marks along the track of history. They help the mind in travelling back to periods of remarkable developments. They are the stated peals of the great bell of duration, which startle the slothful into momentary wakefulness, and quicken the earnest to a more resolute improvement of life's opportunities.

The past year, like all its predecessors, has been productive of great changes. It has been to many the last of their years on the earth. It has overwhelmed many in grief. It has

brought joy to many hearts. It has been to many the period of a new birth, and they will remember it as the year in which they began really to live and to enjoy life. To the Christian, it has been a year of conflict and triumph, perhaps of disquietude on account of indwelling sin. The Church has been moving onward. Error has lost ground, and many victories have been won over Falsehood, on the great battle-field of Truth.

During the past year, Europe has been rocked upon the sea of political agitation, and momentous questions are now pending in the political world, whose adjustment calls for the wisest diplomacy. The close of the year finds Russia and Turkey in a position which may involve the whole of continental Europe in war. That such a result is feared, we know from the powerful excitement which pervades the public mind. This, instead of growing less, is becoming more intense every day. Clouds hang over the nations—black, thick clouds—charged with the elements of strife and carnage, and they may break at any moment. In this respect, the coming year is full of interest. It may bring forth mighty revolutions. It may witness the demolition of existing institutions, and the erection of others in their stead. Kingdoms may disappear, and political changes may occur that have not been paralleled for ages, either in extent or in their influence upon the final and universal prevalence of Truth and Justice. Whether diplomatists, with all their skill, will be able to settle the important questions that are involved in the present state of things, and thus gratify the desire for peace which is said to prevail—whether they will be able to postpone the crisis which is evidently treasured up in the future, no one pretends to determine. It requires a greater than human wisdom to foretell the precise time when the nations shall be thoroughly sifted, and the antiquated and unjust social arrangements of tyranny and false religions, shall give way before the progressive spirit and power of the Gospel. In the controversy that is now going on between the Autocrat and the Sultan, there may be principles beyond the reach of negotiation; and the first act of the fearful drama in which nations are to be the actors, may have already opened.

In this land, how different has been our experience! We sympathize with some of these movements, but we are not involved in them. Here, all the great interests of society have

been guarded, in a good degree, by protective laws. The past year has been with us a year of peace, of plenty, of advancement in all the enterprises connected with national prosperity and progress. Houses of worship have been erected; projects have been formed and partly executed, for the more rapid multiplication of evangelical churches, and the more rapid extension of evangelical influences; the religious press has been neither idle nor inefficient; industry has been unmolested in its occupations, and encouraged by a ready market for all it has produced.

There are certain aspects of the year which should have a prominent place in our thoughts; we mean those periodical changes that are uniform, and are apt to be overlooked because they may be relied on, and always come with unfailing regularity. If political revolutions awaken a profound interest in the mind, why should not those noiseless revolutions which the hand of Omnipotence is ever carrying on—the turning of this ponderous globe upon its axis, or its annual race around the sun, bringing day and night, winter and summer, spring and autumn?

“With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first the unwieldy planets launched along
The illimitable void!
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course;
To the kind tempered change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful.”

Winter first salutes the opening year. Some call it cheerless. To the poor, it may be, and often is; but it should be the work of Charity to take away the chill that comes upon the hearts of the needy, and not let the biting frost enter their dwellings. Gather round that huge Christmas-fire in the old farm-house, crackling away in the ample fire-place, and throwing out its cheerful heat upon the happy group, while the winds are making their shrill music on the branches of the leafless trees. Listen to the aged sire as he speaks of by-gone years, and makes the children joyous by carrying them back to his own childhood-days, telling them how he used to sail his tiny boat in the little eddies of the bright stream, or chase butterflies over the green meadows; or how, in his manhood's strength, he felled the mighty trees of the dense forest, and made a clearing, and

planted his log-cabin where the foot of civilized man had never trod before. Watch the snow-flakes as they descend playfully, toying with the half-resistant air; see the earth wrapped in her white hyemal robes; listen to the merry bells, as the prancing horses, full of life and spirit, keep time with their quick, gay notes; go out and snuff the pure breeze sparkling with frost; scale the snow-covered hills, and quaff the invigoration which nature holds out to you on a clear, cold winter's day.

“Close crowds the shivering atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.”
All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter; only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen.”

Then comes Spring with its blossoms and its songs, and the warm sunshine with which it unlocks the frost-doors of earth's prison; making the life-flow circulate again in trees and shrubs and plants, and bringing the birds back from their winter retreats and filling the air with warbling and sweetness, and giving freedom to the ice-bound streams, and retouching the fields and the gardens and the woods with the bright, beautiful coloring of her magic pencil.

Next follows Summer with its fruit-bearing warmth and its refreshing showers, its fields of waving grain, and the healthful labors of the field. Then Autumn, breathing

“The breath of orchard, big with bending fruit.”

These all come with every circling year. And for these we should be thankful to the Great Giver, *because* with unfailing regularity they visit us, and bring their annual gifts.

“Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear!”

There are some respects in which the New-Year should vary from the Old. It should find us more earnest laborers in the cause of humanity and truth. There is much to be done—much for ourselves and others. Sympathize, then, more deep-

ly and actively with the suffering, and the wronged, and the sin-stricken. Yonder is one who is still in the path of the destroyer; plead with him as you have never yet plead. Con-
trive new measures of relief for the poor—kindle the fire of joy and hope and love in some wretched dwelling which you have never visited before. Give more of your abundance for the spread of the Gospel. Pray and work for the renewal of your own piety—let it shine with a brighter radiance than ever. Or if your past life is a record of slighted opportunities and buried or abused talents—of neglected duties and despised mercies, let the New-Year find you walking in the new and living way. Would you have the opening year happy to its close? It must be one of usefulness, one that shall witness your improvement as a moral being—not a year of folly and thoughtlessness, of impenitence and sin.

OVER-SEA RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. II. BY J. G. M.

You will remember, reader, if you have read my last "Recollection," that I did not buy that famous picture of Luther, by Cranach. I retreated from the sale with feelings somewhat akin to those with which a man rushes out of his first shower-bath. I have been so long in recovering from the shock of that first bid, "*acht hundert Thaler*," that I have never told the story publicly until now. My visit to Prince Max of Neuwied, "who was not at home," though I heard him abusing his servant for announcing me, was only a slight sprinkle of rain on my hatless head, in comparison with this Niagarian cataract over my whole body.

Speaking of Luther's likeness, reminds me of what art has done towards commemorating the deeds of this illustrious man. Painters, engravers, sculptors, and artists of every description, have exerted all their genial powers in perpetuating his name and works. The most consummate skill and taste have been expended on this fruitful theme. The most distinguished masters of the pencil, graver, and chisel, have sought to immortalize themselves by some artistic production in relation to

Luther. Every gallery of art in Protestant Europe is adorned by some magnificent painting, engraving, bust, or statue, illustrative of his character and personal appearance. No man ever lived who has afforded so much material for the artist's work, and no man ever lived who more deserves all the honors that art can bestow. The King of Bavaria was compelled by the irresistible fiat of public opinion to place a colossal bust of Luther in the Wallhalla—that noble receptacle of the marble memorials of German worthies—though he refused it long. Luther's likeness has been painted, engraved, and sculptured in bronze, marble, wax, plaster, and other substances, numberless times; but these are not the only modes through which art has contributed to eternize his name. There are hundreds of different *medals* in gold, silver, bronze, and other materials in commemoration of some great event in his life. Years before his death, many of these were struck by the order of princes, noblemen, and other admirers of the great reformer; and ever since, on the recurrence of the anniversary of his birth, or of particularly momentous eras of the reformation, similar memorials have appeared. Many of these are exquisitely wrought, and are extremely beautiful. They are anxiously sought for by all collectors, and are of course highly prized. I should like to give the devices of some of the most valuable, but I have no room. But I must take room for a few words about one that is highly valued by connoisseurs. One side represents a bust of Luther and his name. The other side represents an altar on which lies an open book with the inscription, "Verbum Dei," (Word of God.) On the book is a heart with the sign of the Cross, which is illuminated by the sun from above. On this side we read the Latin words, "Vir multa struens," (*The man who builds many things.*) Now, this is very appropriate to Luther: but, say, reader, do you observe that it is an anagram of his name? Write down his name thus, MARTINUS LUTHERUS, and by a proper transposition of the letters you can make out of it, *Vir multa struens*. This puts me in mind of telling you of some other anagrams of his name, which are very interesting. A Romish priest, named Nicolas Viner, who lived in 1520, after reading the reformer's writings, said there was in every letter of the name LYTER, a remarkable and impressive meaning. By taking each letter as the first of

a word, he made it out thus, *Lux Vera Totius Ecclesiae Romanæ*, which means, *The true light of the whole Roman Church*. There, is not that remarkable? Was not that character admirably suited to Luther? But there is another which is no less singular; out of *Martinus Lutherus*, you can make *Ter matris vulnus*; and this being interpreted, means, *He gave three wounds to the mother*, that is, *the Church*. Have patience, reader, till I give you another, which is perhaps the most expressive of all. What else, do you think, can be made of the words *D. Martinus Lutherus*? Hear the following remarkably descriptive anagram—*UT TURRIS DAS LUMEN*, which mean, *Like a tower (light-house) you give light*. Is there any thing more singularly expressive of Luther's character and writings? Yes, verily, he was and is a tower built on the rocky shore of the tempestuous ocean of life, from the tall summit of which a blaze of glorious light radiates all around to guide the storm-tost mariner into the haven of safety and rest.

The historian Müller has said of Luther, "that his Maker allowed him to exhibit great infirmities, that *men might not worship him*." His exalted talents, his profound learning, his saint-like piety, his overpowering eloquence, his all-controlling influence, his illustrious deeds—all, all inspired such a religious veneration in the minds of his contemporaries, that there would have been danger of rendering him more than worldly honors, if he had not given evidence of numerous weaknesses, which showed that at best he was but a man.

There is a curious story told of one of his portraits, which was no doubt believed by many of his admirers.

Reader, have you ever visited an obscure little village called Upper Rossla, near Weimar, in Germany? If not, when you go there, and enter an old church which dates back as far as A.D. 1570, you will see suspended on a side-wall, an old, mouldy, greasy, ill-painted likeness of Luther, of which a wonderful story is told. Several respectable writers mention it, so that it is not a mere unwritten report, or an old wife's traditional legend. This portrait of Luther, they say, has been actually covered with great drops of sweat on more than one occasion. On the 26th Sunday after Trinity, Nov. 24th, 1651, the minister, of course, read and preached on the gospel for the day, which was Matt. xxx. 31-36. He took occasion to inveigh

most severely against the abuses that prevailed in that region, with regard to church and schools. To establish his argument more conclusively, and justify the correctness of his position, he quoted several passages from Luther's writings. During this, some persons in the choir observed that the face of the likeness was covered with drops of sweat. Three large drops ran down over the book which is represented in his hand, and made a distinct streak over his clerical robes. After the public service, the minister and some other respectable persons instituted a thorough investigation of the matter. They thought at first, that it might have been occasioned by the rain leaking through the roof of the ancient church; but they discovered that the dust on which the drops had fallen, was still dry underneath, and that there was no sign of moisture on the frame or canvas, nor could it have been caused by the dampness of the wall, for the picture did not touch it. Although the drops were wiped off, yet others in great abundance again appeared. It is said, that the picture exhibited the same phenomenon three times in the space of fifty-four years. The last time was as late as March 30th, 1705, on the day of general fast and humiliation, ordered by the Grand-duke. It continued from the time of the morning-service till evening, and though the drops were wiped away, yet others, as large as peas, instantly reappeared, and only on the face and book, whilst the other parts of the picture were perfectly dry!

Were you ever at the village of Arten, near Eisleben? If not, when you travel in Germany, go to Arten, and on entering the audience-chamber of the Ducal Consistorium of Mansfeld, you will be politely treated by the old attendant: for he will take you for an Englishman, and he knows the English pay well for sight-seeing. On the wall just opposite the door, you will see a copper-print likeness of Luther, that looks as if it had been hanging in the smoke for half a century. Under it you will read these words, *Effigies Lutheri in incendio Artensi Anno 1634 mirabiliter servata*, which means, The likeness of Luther, that was wonderfully preserved in the conflagration of Arten in 1634. There are various other inscriptions on and about it, the purport of one of which is, that when the house of a certain Herr Baumich, with all its contents, was consumed, this likeness of Luther was preserved; and although it lay for

a long time on red hot ashes, it suffered no harm! This, in few words, is the narrative which is pompously told in hexameter Latin verse.

So much about the pictures and medals of Luther for to-day. Who can weary in talking and reading of that greatest of all men since apostolic days?

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

BY REV. F. W. BRAUNS.

THAT man is born to trouble, as the sparks to fly upwards, is a universally-received truth; but that this trouble exerts a very great influence in the formation of character, is not so generally known or acknowledged. Of this influence, especially of that of *sanctified* affliction, I purpose now to write.

Afflictions are of many kinds. There are *worldly* afflictions, such as poverty, ill-health, disappointed expectation of pleasure, honor and gain; suffering and death of friends; and, worst of all perhaps, the cruelty towards us, of those whom we have warmly loved and tenderly cherished.

Then there are also *spiritual* troubles,—sorrow for past sins, dreadful conflicts with temptation, a sense of not advancing in the divine life as fast as we wish, besetting sins unconquered, resolutions broken, faith weak, love cold, hope faint, prayers lacking in fervor, the Bible carelessly read, difficulty in maintaining an interest in religious exercises, a consciousness of being far from God, and great difficulty in coming near to him, enemies not forgiven, pride, vanity, and selfishness still dominant in the soul, sorrow for the carelessness and ungodliness of others, the coldness of the Church in general, and the inconsistency and unprofitableness of many of God's servants, and, probably the most depressing thing of all to many, a want of Christian sympathy in fellow-Christians, a want of religious intercourse and confidential communion, and of a close union between kindred hearts in the cause of their common Redeemer.

Now, these afflictions have different effects upon different individuals, according to the differences in their temperaments,

and in their advancement in the Christian life, or to the entire absence of religion (from) their hearts.

Some express their grief freely to others. They find relief in telling every body of what troubles them. They can with considerable calmness relate to you all the circumstances, whilst here and there a tear or two forms a soothing outlet for their grief, or gives proof of the sincerity of their feeling. Perhaps they lament loudly; perhaps the body yields to the excitement, and they become insensible. We believe that these things are often the result of afflictation, and are not genuine expressions of the emotions within: but we will have nothing to do with such hypocrisy, and speak now only of *real* sorrow. Now, in such cases, we do not suppose that affliction is followed by any very great influence upon the character. It passes away, and is forgotten. Perhaps a few furrows have been left upon the brow: may-be, the face looks a little older: possibly, the individual has a more settled demeanor; but this is all. Such grief is superficial in its nature, and in its effects.

But when grief can find no vent in tears or lamentations; when it is like that of Job and his friends, as described in these words, "So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great:" then, be assured, it is deep in its nature, striking and lasting in its effects. When the perplexed, persecuted, cast-down soul says nothing, but, instinctively shunning society, broods in quiet over his anguish, impiously reproaching the God who had suffered it to come upon him, or, on the other hand, telling it all to his heavenly Father: and there, where no ear but his can hear, and no eye but his can see, pleading for comfort and submissiveness, with a fervor at which colder natures or less devoted hearts would be astounded; ah, then has the arrow pierced far down into the recesses of the soul, and its deep and hidden waters have been sorely troubled. Such sorrow penetrates the whole moral nature, and leaves its decided mark upon the future character.

If it is unsanctified; if the earnest prayer has not arisen, that it be made a blessing to the soul: if the heart has been so broken, that it cannot be healed, except by the Great Comforter, and he has not been applied to; if the wounded spirit has been so pressed down, that it cannot rise again, then irritabi-

lity, misanthropy, and despair cast their gloomy shades upon the character. Then the man has no comfort, but lives on, bitterly complaining of God's providences, miserable himself, and disagreeable to others.

But when the groaning spirit falls down before its Maker, and there, in unutterable agony, vainly attempts to frame its petitions into words; when it faintly looks upwards, and would trust, though it often be but feebly, in the goodness of God and the merits of Jesus; when it goes to the sacred Word for consolation; when it agonizes with heaven, that the purposed end of the affliction may be accomplished, and that it may be made more humble, patient, and believing,—then how blessed the impression thus made upon the character. The spirit is subdued, but not broken; grave, but still cheerful; happy, yet not boisterous. It is kinder, tenderer, gentler than before. It is more long-suffering, less irritable, and more charitable in its judgments. Its hope is calmer perhaps, but brighter. Its faith is quiet, but unconquerably firm; filling the whole soul, it is an ever-present strength in weakness, and an incentive to action when the soul grows dispirited and sluggish. Love is less showy, but more fervent, lasting, and comprehensive in its range. The spirit that has keenly suffered, can now feel more for others—can sympathize with them warmly and deeply.

Possibly, the outward manner is more reserved, and evinces great dignity and self-respect; but it is a dignity consistent with the deepest humility and distrust of self. When assured that its confidence is not misplaced, this sanctified spirit is more confiding and communicative than ever. To the *world* it may seem cold, and possibly haughty; but it is because they understand it not; for he, whose privilege it is to look behind the veil, finds, warmly burning there, true, universal Christian benevolence.

And then more firmly seated, and more beautifully developed than before, are *all* the gospel virtues. The trying of faith has worked patience; patience, experience; and experience, hope. Christian judgment is more matured; Christian insight more penetrating. The whole character, mental and moral, is more complete and profound. Thought runs deeper, and examines things more thoroughly. Self-knowledge has been acquired, and with it a knowledge of other men's hearts. Prudence and

wisdom are now prominent characteristics. In a word, as the Christian emerges, thus sanctified, from the fiery furnace, the Church hails him as a holier, happier, a more useful and reliable member; and even the world acknowledges that he is better fitted to grasp *its* difficulties, fight its conflicts, assume its responsibilities, and perform its duties.

Yes, the pruner's knife cuts to the quick, but it is that we may bring forth more fruit. "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" "but despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. He chasteneth us for our profit, that we may be made partakers of his holiness."

Then, welcome the stroke that bears us down, to be lifted up again by the hand of Jesus. Welcome the heavy burden, which we cannot carry, and which we *must* cast upon Him who is ever willing to bear it. Welcome the tortures of body and mind, that leave an impression so beautiful, so happy, so holy upon the soul. And welcome those comparatively "light" afflictions, which "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Reader, thou too hast been afflicted. What impression has been made upon *thy* character?

LEAVES FROM A PASTOR'S PORTFOLIO.

HOW WE REPAIRED OUR CHURCH.

It was not an easy matter; for though I was quite persuaded in my own mind that it stood in need of a thorough renovation, those on whom it rested to furnish the means thought otherwise, and it required time, ingenuity, and patience, to argue them out of the conviction on which they had deliberately settled. The edifice of which I am writing was built before the declaration of American independence. It was literally founded on a rock. A slight elevation, sloping in three directions, and the surface of which presented a broad surface of solid limestone, was chosen as the spot on which to

rear a house of prayer. The scene around was then, in the year 1770, comparatively wild: though civilization had made its dottings in the shape of a cleared and cultivated field here and there, the land was for the most part covered with primeval forests. Where the Indian yet roamed, and where events of stirring and fearful moment were soon to transpire, Christianity erected a memorial of her presence; and the sacred edifice rose with its tall, graceful spire pointing heavenward. And all through the "troubulous times" of the Revolution, that edifice was preserved; while surrounding fields were laid waste, and private dwellings, and barns in which had been stored the products of the harvest, were burned to the ground. And there it still stands—a memorial of the zeal and self-denying liberality of the few honored men and women who consecrated their time and means to the work.

I have been often told how that edifice was built; and I used the information as an argument in favor of that change in the internal appearance and arrangement which seemed to be desirable. The expense of the original erection was chiefly borne by nine individuals, or rather families, as all the members who were able to do anything did what they could. The strong-handed, able-bodied men quarried and dressed the stone, and hauled it with their own teams; and the women, each in turn, prepared the meals for the workmen in a rough, temporary building, or shanty, erected for the purpose. This was both dining-room and kitchen: here the cooking was done, and here the meals were eaten with a zest created not simply by hard labor, but by hard labor performed at the call of duty. With working hands there were cheerful hearts, and all this helped the appetite. An approving conscience is without doubt a powerful stimulant to the digestive functions; and, when accompanied by physical activity, is a valuable antidote against dyspeptic tendencies. So at least these resolute disciples found it.

The Stone Church, as it was called by way of distinction from other sacred edifices in that section of country, which were all built of wood, had a European reputation, owing more to its locality than to any thing else. The road which lies between the church and the opposite rising ground was many years ago a celebrated thoroughfare, and, before other

and more rapid modes of conveyance came into use, was travelled with private carriages, which passed along in great numbers every day, to visit what was then, and perhaps is now, *the* great point of attraction in this western world. And opposite the church there was a house of entertainment, widely known for its well-prepared meals and its excellent accommodations in all respects. And many a European traveller has minuted down in his note-book this locality, and on his return home has advised his European friends, who were about taking the same tour, to be sure and stop at the Stone Church, if they would be well entertained. And what renders all these facts more interesting, is, that the host and hostess of that celebrated tarrying-place, now aged, are still living, and were living when the church in which they still regularly worship was in process of erection, though at that time they were in extreme infancy.

When I first became acquainted with the Stone Church, it retained all the marks of its antiquity. Externally, it could not have been improved. The form was pleasing to the eye, and the tall spire was as graceful and well-proportioned as it could be. The internal arrangement was not so pleasing. The pulpit was of the peculiar goblet shape universally known in those days, with a sounding-board above, which, from its nearness to the speaker's head, gave him many an unpleasant hint, that, however earnest he might be, and however appropriate the sentiment he was uttering might make it, he must be very sure to guard against the sudden and violent lifting of his hand. The pulpit was of that sombre, heavy hue usually denominated lead color, composed of lamp-black and white, without any of that warmth which a little umber would have thrown into it. Moreover, it was built as high as it could well be, according to the idea of the laws of sound then entertained, which was supposed to fall to the ground like other bodies, attracted by gravitation; and as bodies thus attracted gain velocity and force with their descent, the extreme elevation of the pulpit was intended to secure all the advantage of this law—imparting to the preacher's voice a power and an impressiveness augmented in proportion to his distance from his hearers. The backs of the pews were perpendicular, and so high that the head rested against them. These were all a

dingy-brown; and in point of unsightliness, were in strict harmony with the pulpit. Such was the taste that had prevailed more than sixty years before. But whilst our house of worship was at that time the most attractive of any within a large circumference, the standard of taste had changed; modern structures had risen up around us, more pleasing to the eye and more comfortable every way; and the necessity was thus forced upon us to come a little nearer to this standard.

Well, as I said at the beginning, it was no easy matter to make others think as I did. The opposition to the measure of improvement took a form which had to be assailed with much delicacy and tenderness. It was an ancestral feeling: they could not bear the obliteration of what their fathers had done. The pulpit must retain its altitude, the pews their discomforts; even the hard floor must remain uncarpeted, because their heavy tread upon the naked wood reminded them of the noise their fathers used to make when they entered the house of prayer! They could not consent to question the taste or interfere with the arrangements of those ancient times. I did not tell them what I strongly suspected: that they had lost the enterprise and zeal of their fathers. I thought at the time, that if the proposed repairs, instead of requiring an expenditure, had promised a pecuniary gain, the ancestral feeling would have accommodated itself with great facility to the modern love of acquisition. But I kept all these thoughts to myself, because their revelation would not have helped my plan. I argued that their fathers were quite up to the standard of taste, and the ideas of convenience, that prevailed in their days; that if they did not carpet their church, neither did they carpet their dwellings; that if they made their pews the color of brick, and their pulpit the color of lead, they gave to their parlors the same tints; and that they could not show their reverence for their fathers better than to do as *they* had done: to have every thing connected with their house of worship in accordance with the best standard of taste and the most enlightened ideas of comfort that prevailed. Some, by the readiness with which they yielded to this mode of reasoning, showed either that their objection was honest, or that they saw its fallacy so clearly as to be ashamed to adhere to it even in form; but to others the ancestral feeling clung with won-

derful pertinacity to the very last. When, however, the sacred edifice was at length renovated, and the pulpit stood in pleasant proportions and at a proper elevation, and the ancient pews were replaced by others of modern structure and convenience, and the whole was painted in beautiful imitation of delicately-grained oak, highly varnished, these lovers of the antique, *forced* to use what we must in charity believe they could not *enjoy*, had at least the consolation of knowing, that, if the spirit of modern innovation had violated their primitive tastes, they were not expected to *give* as liberally as their neighbors for improvements which were so much at variance with their ancient predilections. So, as it had cost them but little, they managed to endure the change; and from the day that the repairs were finished and paid for, we never heard the ancestral feeling urge a single objection against the arrangement.

THE HIDDEN FOUNT.

THE heart may live, and seem to give
Each full, deep, wak'ning thought
To the gentle breast, when it finds the rest
Its wearied wing had sought;
But there are depths that never sleep;
And oft, when all is gay, they weep.

The eye may smile, when yet the while,
Beneath the snowy lid,
The curtained swell of tears could tell,
Of grief that scarce is hid.
For there are depths that never sleep;
And oft, when all is lone, they weep.

The words of love, as a gentle dove,—
Of hope, as a brilliant sky,—
Of bliss, as the bloom of a summer's morn—
On the glowing life, may lie.
But there are depths that never sleep;
And oft, when the surface is calm, they weep.

BELLA.

WASHINGTON.

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

IN this remarkable personage, we see a most striking illustration of the wisdom of the mighty Ruler of nations, in raising up and qualifying men for great and important purposes. He was a man for his times, equal to every emergency, and great in every position. In doing honor to his memory, we cannot be said to worship man; for we cheerfully acknowledge that he was but an instrument in the hands of the Most High, for the accomplishment of the wise and gracious designs of heaven. His history is but a page in the great volume of God's providence; and we cannot go astray if we read it, and study it, and deduce from it lessons of wisdom and principles of action.

The character of Washington appears to have been a perfect *model* character. In him there were none of those pitiable eccentricities, those obnoxious idiosyncrasies which detract so much from the merit of other names. He was not of that number who are great in one department of action, but worthless in another; who are giants in one enterprise, but babes in another. Though tried more severely than is possible for the great majority of men, he was never found wanting. He established his claim to the praise we have bestowed upon him, by a long life of service to his country, under circumstances the most trying; when he was surrounded with difficulties, and was most minutely watched by the ambitious, the aspiring, and the envious. Had he exhibited a single defect; had he, for a moment, swerved from the path of stern integrity, it would have been instantly laid to his charge by those who would have been glad to supplant him in the affections of his countrymen, and to succeed him in the authority and office which had been so unanimously forced upon him. History leaves no blot upon his name. There are several particulars in this character, to which we would briefly allude:

1. *Uprightness of Purpose.*—A man may be *great*, as men of the world sometimes view greatness, and yet not deserve the appellation of *good*. He may possess a towering intellect, may be victorious in battle, may have at his disposal the most un-

bounded wealth, and yet, lacking uprightness of purpose, he is not truly great. There is often a vast difference between the actions of a man and the end which he has in view. Looking at *what* is done, we may be full of admiration and praise: and yet, when the intention is exposed, we may be full of disgust and censure. No brilliancy of achievement can atone for dishonesty of purpose. When, therefore, we hear of the great deeds and wonderful exploits of men, our minds involuntarily inquire into their motives. If these be pure, we speak their names with praise: but if they be low, groveling, selfish, we withhold our admiration, and speak only to condemn.

Washington was upright in the purpose of his actions. Neither envy, nor jealousy, nor selfishness, ever mingled in any of his motives. The cause in which he was engaged was not of his own seeking, for private or selfish ends—it was the cause of his country, and the cause of humanity. Unjust and oppressive laws were enacted and imposed upon our forefathers; burdens, too grievous to be borne, were laid upon them; and rights and privileges, guaranteed them by their Maker, were forcibly taken from them. No other alternative was left them but a resort to arms. They endured the evils of their condition, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. They remonstrated, but their remonstrances were unheeded. They plead for redress: but their pleas were unanswered, except with new grievances and fresh injuries. In reliance, then, upon that unseen Hand which administers justice to the oppressed, our Fathers declared themselves free and independent, and proceeded to maintain the declaration they had made. They considered themselves in the path of duty: and so do we, and so does all the world. In the struggle which then ensued,

Washington entered, with all the ardor of his glowing nature. He buckled on his armor, and went forth to victory. He fought for his country, he contended for freedom. His purpose was noble, his end praiseworthy.

2. *Correctness of Principle.*—The man who is really a good man, will always show in his actions, that the principles which control all his movements are right. His opinions will be the result of honest and candid inquiry: not merely the echo of popular sentiment, but the deductions of sound reason. These deductions will be brought into constant exercise, exerting

their influence over every thought and action. They will require him always to resolve in accordance with truth and duty. They will not suffer him to ask what influence his movements will have upon his temporal interests, or upon his favor with the world, but will constrain him to maintain the cause of righteousness at all hazards. The man of sound and settled principles of action, does not profess one thing to his confidential friends, and advocate another before the public; he is not driven from his course by every popular breeze, but is firm, steadfast, and abiding; choosing with great care and study, and neither changing nor modifying, unless compelled by conclusive evidence.

The treason of Arnold, and the insurrectionary movements of Burr, show what might have occurred had the motives of our great revolutionary Hero been as corrupt and corrupting as those which hurried them on to the false and traitorous acts that stamp their names with shame and infamy, as lasting as it is deep.

Viewed as to the principles by which he was actuated, the character of Washington gains new lustre, the longer we gaze upon it. We need not say that he was scrupulously honest, for the world has said it, and all ages will believe it. We need not say that he was religious, for history has written this to his praise, and no one desires to erase it. But in order to show how he valued the principles which he had adopted, and how they modeled his character and governed his actions, we present several incidents of his life, which are as important as they are interesting.

You have all, doubtless, heard of the adventure with the hatchet, when but a boy of six years. When asked about the injury done to the tree, with a heroism which would have brought honor to one of thrice his years, he confessed that he had done the deed. He was ever a man of truth. The principle, so early instilled, was not suffered to be forgotten through a long and troublesome life.

During one of those trying occasions through which he so often passed, when every heart, less confident than his own, was about to give up all for lost, he was seated in council with his generals, deliberating upon the public good and safety, when one of his companions in arms uttered an oath. The

pious indignation of his soul at once vented itself in the following severe reproof: "I thought we all considered ourselves gentlemen." Such was his opinion of profanity.

Upon another occasion, when fearing the result of an unexpected attack, he retired into the surrounding woods, and prayed.

These are small events, in themselves considered; but they give us an insight, nevertheless, into the whole character of the man.

3. *Fidelity in Action.*—This quality was found in Washington, in the highest degree. In every position, he proved himself trustworthy and faithful. He permitted no interest to suffer, which was dependent upon his care. He abused no power which was given for him to exercise. He misemployed none of the funds which were at his disposal, and never faltered in the discharge of any duty which was demanded of him; and, hence, he feared no scrutiny. By unanimous consent, he was intrusted with the highest military and civil authority in the gift of his country, and never was power more judiciously or more successfully wielded. He suffered no fear to affright, no danger to drive, and no allurements to entice him from the strict and faithful fulfillment of every obligation. Ever true to his country, he gave America no reason to repent of her choice of him as her General, or as her first President. His firm adherence to her interests, and his zeal in her service, were but poorly repaid by the honors—full of dangers, and trouble, and responsibility—which were heaped upon him during his laborious life. They deserve to be commemorated throughout all time.

4. *Perseverance in Effort.*—It is not one great effort which makes a scholar, a general, a statesman, a philosopher, or a Christian. To attain these high positions, effort must succeed effort. If we have failed eleven times, like the spider which animated the Scottish general to renew his attack, we must make another trial; and, perchance, the same result will reward our perseverance.

Of this, we have a brilliant illustration in the life of Washington. He was driven from his purpose, not even by the threats of England. Putting his trust in the Lord, he continued firm and steadfast amid all the disasters and discouragements.

ments which crowded upon him. He felt the weight of many doubts and fears, but he suffered them not to overcome him. Although opposed by a numerous and well-disciplined foe, resting upon the justice of his cause, he remembered what he had often read in God's word, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and encouraging his troops, with the hope of final success, he led them on to repeated attacks, until victory crowned his efforts, and America was free. Here was his reward.

Such was the character of Washington—a character worthy the imitation and admiration of all ages. It was complete in all its parts, symmetrical in its proportions, harmonious in its adjustments, consistent in all its manifestations, and firmly united and compacted, so as to present one perfect whole.

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. GEORGE B. MILLER, D.D.

BY the personal character of the Saviour we mean such traits as have more immediate reference to his own intrinsic disposition and individual feelings as a man. Two traits that particularly mark his character, he has himself pointed out, when he says: "I am meek and lowly of heart." His mildness under injuries and insults of the most aggravated kind, are known to all. He prayed for his murderers while enduring the agonies of the Cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." His humility was displayed throughout his eventful life. He sought not great things for himself in this world. He sought not his own honor, or reputation, or glory. He committed himself in all things to him that judgeth righteously. Those divine honors which he might have claimed by personal right, as God of the Universe, as the Eternal Father's coëqual son; those, as the apostle observes in a passage already alluded to, he relinquished, to have them restored by the Father as the dear-earned rewards of his sufferings, as the prize of his perfect obedience. We cannot stop to dwell upon the perfect purity and holiness of the Saviour, so that he could challenge his bitterest enemies, who had watched his every motion, "Which of

you can convict me of sin?" We can but allude to his diligence in performing the work assigned him; his contented mind in every situation, that he was willing, though Lord of all, to be fed by the bounty of his followers; his unwearied perseverance in carrying out his Father's purposes, in spite of opposition and discouragement of every sort; his openness and plain dealing; the wisdom and grace that were displayed in his every action and every word; his faithfulness in the performance of his work; his faith and confidence in God; his prudence in meeting and repelling the snares of his adversaries; his gentleness towards the infirmities of his friends.

Now, in all these traits of character, in all these virtues and graces, he has left us an example, that we should follow in his steps. He lived on earth not only for our benefit, but for our instruction. He came to exemplify human excellence, as it was intended by our Creator. He designed to show us how to endure or overcome every difficulty and every temptation, incident to our earthly condition. The example of our blessed Saviour teaches us how we are to serve God and benefit our fellow-creatures. It shows us what is the personal character we must strive to attain. Only so far as we have the mind of Christ, are we his disciples. By this test, we may try ourselves and judge of the nature of our hopes. Various rules have been given, whereby men should test their own characters and examine themselves. These may have their use. But here is one, plain, easy, and satisfactory. Have we any conformity to Christ in our dispositions, our principles, and our conduct? On no other terms can we make out a title for heaven. Is it our constant aim and fervent desire to be like him? Is it our chief regret that we fall so far short of our copy? In the character and actions of the Saviour, we discover the entire absence of that selfishness which is natural to fallen men. Have we felt and lamented our selfishness, and have we prayed and striven to be delivered from it? Have we learnt to yield our will to the will of God, satisfied that his purposes are the best, that his laws are holy, just, and pure? Have we learnt to repose unlimited confidence in the wisdom, power, and goodness of our heavenly Father, so that we are perfectly satisfied, that while we are pursuing the course of duty, no harm can befall us; that all the opposition, or enmity, or fraud, or violence of

men and devils, can not injure a hair of our heads? Under this persuasion, do we strive to be found faithful in our respective spheres of action? Do we seek to grow in the knowledge of our duty, and in acquaintance with the character of our Lord, striving to be conformed more and more to his image? These are all simple questions, which any one can understand, and any one can settle for himself. We cannot, indeed, come up to the mark that is set us; but are we trying for it? Are we daily endeavoring to approach nearer to it? Are we conscious of making at least some progress? Does our sense of the evil of sin become more powerful and influential, driving us more frequently and more earnestly to the throne of grace? Does conscience become more tender, our views of duty more clear and convincing? Of one thing we may be sure. There is no such thing as standing still in the spiritual life. We are advancing or going back, drawing nearer to heaven or to hell, with every successive day; I might have said, with every successive breath. Each conscious act that we perform, will have its precise weight and influence upon our characters and our consequent future destiny. What we do from love to Christ and obedience to his commands, and in imitation of his example, will increase our spiritual strength, and draw down the blessing of heaven. Every careless, selfish, sinful act will proportionably unfit us for duty or for heaven. And if we find that we have never seriously attempted to imitate the Saviour in his life, then is it high time for us to begin. There is a great work before us, which must be accomplished in this life, or it never will be.

Or, if we discover that, after having run well for a while, we have again sunk into selfishness and sloth, we must at once recall our steps, return to the Lord with weeping and supplication, and confession of our sin, or we are in imminent danger of sinking beyond recovery. Oh! how many there are, to whom the Psalmist's description applies, when he represents the wicked man as one who has left off to do good. Such are of all others most exposed to the danger of eternal damnation, unless they speedily repent and do their first works. But, if they will take warning, they may yet escape the dreadful ruin which threatens them. And if we have the testimony of our conscience, that we are indeed making it the great business of

our lives to serve the Lord, to be useful in our generation, and to grow continually in personal holiness, then may we take courage. God is for us; Christ is not only our Pattern, but our High Priest and Advocate; and while, through the remains of infirmity, we all offend sometimes, we have the gracious assurance, that if we sin, he will intercede on our behalf. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

Finally, despisers of every name may see, from the subject that has been treated, that the name of Christian is a noble name, and though many bear it who have no rightful claim to it, those who have a Scriptural title to it, are not those poor, mean, despicable characters, that in their pride and folly they may have taken them for. In short, that the only persons worthy of the name of men, are they who copy after Christ Jesus, who has left us an example, that we should follow his steps.

ECLECTIC.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CRADLE.

THERE is a very pretty and interesting amusement in Germany among the upper classes, called the *Wiegen-Fest*, or Festival of the Cradle; and the favorite time of the year for this kind of acting-tableaux is the month of May, because it is thought lucky to be born in this month, because the *Mai-blumen* (*Convallaria majalis*), or Lily of the Valley, which then first comes into flower, can be obtained as an emblem.

We may imagine in an old baronial *schloss* or chateau in the country, a party on a visit to a young Count or Countess, whose first-born is only a few months old. A spacious room is selected for the reception of visitors, and adjoining is a smaller one, with folding-doors, surrounded by an old oaken boundary resembling the frame of a picture. A curtain conceals the whole. The resident visitors compose and arrange the tableaux, the Count and Countess forming a part of the audience. The curtain draws up, and a cradle is seen with a baby in it, the nurse rocking, and lulling her young charge to sleep with the melodious air of a *Wiegenlied* or cradle-song, or what we call a lullaby. The words in German are very simple and pretty, and are expressive of a mother's affection and care—that angels hover over the cradle to protect what lies within, and are ready to wipe up its tears—that the mother sits constantly watching, and that her love for the child never suffers her to sleep. A lady and gentleman enter, representing the Count and Countess, and are dressed as much like them as possible. They join in the song, and contemplate with pleasure their cherished *augapfel*, or apple of their eye; when a lady, dressed up as a gipsy, makes her appearance, and

states that she is aware she is in the presence of fine lords and ladies, beautifully dressed out in silks and satins, while she is only a beggar and in rags, but that she is an old gipsy who has ventured to come and amuse them, and hopes she may be permitted to speak. She approaches the personified Count and Countess, bearing as an offering an emblem of their darling child—the Lily of the Valley. (In Germany, when a child happens to be born in May, it is called a *Mai-blümchen*, or Lily of the Valley, in the same way as in England they say a May-bird.)

The Gipsy now observes to the Count and Countess, that all she had predicted to them before their marriage had come to pass; that a veil or curtain had been over the present scene till lately; that she would absent herself for a time, but would soon return and give them a peep into futurity;—she would again remove the veil, and show them what they would be fifty years hence. The curtain falls, and the well-known air of *Freut euch des Lebens*, (Life let us cherish,) is heard, at the conclusion of which the curtain is again drawn up, and there is seen sitting in an arm-chair, the Countess, now no longer in the bloom of youth, but the venerable grandmama, in a costume suitable to her age, and still possessing a degree of beauty, as pleasing and interesting of its kind as when she was fifty years younger. By her side sits the Count, her husband, with snowy locks and wrinkled brow, but still retaining the good-humor and urbanity of his earlier years. Children and grandchildren surround the worthy pair, and form a most interesting tableau. A female voice is heard singing a favorite national air; it is the Gipsy, who enters the family-circle, and addressing the venerable Count and Countess, proceeds to state that as she had told them so correctly what would come to pass, she hoped that they would not refuse to grant her a reward, adding: "*So schenke deine Freundschaft mir*, (Give me your friendship;) I will keep it as the most valuable gift you can bestow upon me, and should I be so happy as to see you again fifty years hence, I will show you that I still retain *Freundschaft—des lebens schönste Gabe*, (friendship the most valuable gift in life.)"

Music strikes up, and the curtain falls upon the pretty tableau.

A SHORT SERMON FOR YOUNG MEN.

TEXT:—*Owe no man anything.* Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Shun it as you would the devil. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire and absolute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, quiet, independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, pleasant dreams, and happy wakings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a mill-stone about the neck. It is an incubus on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the whole firmament of a man's being. It eclipses the sun, it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces the beautiful blue of the sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature, and turns to dissonance all the voices of its melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of a man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion. Pass by it as you would by a leper, or one smitten by the plague. Touch it not. Taste not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Finally, I say to each and to all, but especially to you, young men, keep out of debt.

"I AM A LOST MAN."

THE newspapers inform us that these were the last words of Bugeaud, marshal of France, and duke of Isly. When he uttered them, he was just closing a brilliant, many would say a useful life. He had led vast armies to battle. He had governed extensive states. He had been conspicuous in the councils of his nation. The President of France made anxious visits to his death-chamber. The stern Cavaignac wept as he looked upon the dissolving frame of his old comrade; and the Convention was profoundly affected when the news of his death was announced. With all this accumulation of honor he was, by his own confession, "a lost man." How mournful the contrast between the glory of his life, and the deep gloom of its close!

From the same source we learn that Bugeaud had a pious mother. In the history of his eventful life, this seems to have been the only quarter in which a good influence was exerted upon his heart. His mother's voice alone warned him of his danger, and spoke to him of eternity; all other influences led him astray. In the camp he heard of God only in blasphemy. In civil life he saw nothing but a desperate struggle for earthly place and power. In the saloons of Paris, he heard wit mocking, and philosophy denouncing the religion of his youth. The quiet voice that had warned him and prayed with him was, alas for him, overborne and lost in the midst of these babbling voices of the world.

In the hour of death, however, these voices die away and are forgotten. The acclamations of a world could not have made the failing pulse of Bugeaud beat faster. Other tones were in his ears; for the accents we will not listen to when they admonish us, we are often forced to listen to when they accuse. The dying moments are often the time of resurrection for abused privileges and neglected gifts. They stalk forth from the "burial places of memory," to foreshadow our doom, and convince us of its undeniable justice.

Thus we explain that fearful expression which fell from the dying warrior. He heeded a voice which he had long neglected and forgotten. Across the waste of years, and through the storm of battle it comes, clear and distinct, upon his failing ear. It asks for the fruit of early counsel. It seeks for the result of pious care and zeal. One comprehensive glance over his life satisfies the man that he has wasted it. His own conscience condemns him. In this he knows that he but anticipates the sentence of God, and he sinks into death "a lost man."

The lesson of this sad incident is easily read. It is only another instance of the ease with which carelessness can turn our best blessings into curses. A mother's love and a mother's pious care are inestimable gifts of God's mercy. Indifference and impenitence can make them causes of our deeper damnation, and so change the soft voice that sung our infancy to sleep, that it will haunt our dying pillow with accusations that we can neither gainsay nor resist.

SAND SHOWERS.—It has been ascertained by Ehrenberg, that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals. "Perhaps," says Humboldt, "many of these float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE revolution in China is one of the most remarkable developments of this extraordinary age. A recent article in the *British Quarterly Review* goes over the whole ground, and discusses with great ability the probable results of this new feature in the history of a nation so long isolated and walled in from the rest of mankind, fixed in its habits and character beyond a parallel—if we except the Jews—and boasting of an antiquity possessed by no other. Only think of a national chronology that runs back “two thousand two or three hundred years before the Christian era,” to within “one hundred and fifty years of the deluge, or fifty years after the confusion of tongues at Babel,” so “that Noah was very probably still alive when the first settlers in China took possession of their present locality, and laid the foundations of that empire which has never been overturned, nor shaken out of its place, by all the convulsions that have kept the rest of the world in a state of change.” That God has no ordinary purpose to accomplish in the planting, growth, and preservation of this wonderful people, will be doubted only by those who refuse to recognize his hand in all the events of history. That purpose is beginning to reveal itself. Here is a nation composed of one third of the human race, all reading the same language, and it is easy to conceive that a revolution of opinion and faith, a revolution of social and religious character, can be much more easily effected among these millions than if they were divided into a thousand tribes speaking different languages, and hostile to each other in their political relations.

The revolution is of a decidedly religious type. With many grave errors, natural to those in a transition-state, just emerging from the gross abominations of idolatry and atheism, the revolutionists, in the books they have published, “assert the being of one God, the creator of man, of spirits, and of all things—affirm the excellence and authority of the Ten Commandments, and accept them as their moral law—have expressed further their belief in Jesus Christ as the Saviour—have composed forms of prayer for the use of penitent sinners—and have declared the existence of an evil spirit, whose power in temptation is to be resolutely and constantly resisted. They possess also a doxology to the Trinity, and distinctly recognize a future state.” The leader in this movement, who is also the instructor of his adherents, declares that his attention was first drawn to the truths of Scripture by a work presented to him while a student, at one of the triennial literary examinations. This work is entitled *Good Words to Admonish the Age*, and was written by Leang A-fah, a Chinese convert to Christianity, who is still laboring in connection with missionary operations in Canton, and was “the first convert made by Protestant missions.” Thus while the impatient and the doubting have complained of the slowness and the fewness of results attending the foreign missionary work, the very first convert was all the while sowing the seed of the harvest which has suddenly sprung up to our view. What a rebuke to those who complain and

are discouraged because they can not see the full-grown oak the very moment the acorn is planted! We can not trace this revolution, of course, through all the variations that may yet mark its progress, but we are firm in the belief that the end will be advantageous to Christianity, and therefore to the world. If the Tartar dynasty is overthrown, of which there is a strong and growing probability, China will be open to the circulation of the Scriptures, and to other evangelical efforts, and the teachers of Christianity will have free access to every part of the empire.

Already has idolatry received a blow from which it will not recover. "The gentlemen on board the *Hermes* saw, when she was at Silver Island, the great river of China strewn with wrecks of the demolished idols, and Buddhas, twenty feet high, floating in dishonored crowds onward to the ocean, henceforth to be perches for the sea-birds, or mistaken for a new species of sea-monster by some credulous and affrighted navigator. If this is not casting their idols to the moles and to the bats, it is to the fishes and the gulls."

It is mentioned as a coincidence, in which the hand of God can be clearly traced, that at the precise time of this movement a greatly improved translation of the New Testament has been prepared, and is offered for sale at an extremely low price, so that the Word of life will, in all probability, spread as fast as the way is opened for its dissemination.

What is true of China is true of the entire foreign missionary field. The heaven of the Gospel is working. Let the friends of the Redeemer labor on, then, with undiminished ardor, and God will take care of results.

A LETTER from Hartwick Seminary informs us of a more than ordinary religious interest among the students of that institution. It is cheering to witness the movings of the Spirit upon these fountains of learning, where so many of our youth are imbibing the principles and impressions that are to regulate their future course through life, and determine the character of their influence and the extent of their usefulness. And now especially, when God in his providence is rapidly opening a pathway among the nations for the progress of his truth and kingdom, is it important that the educated intellect of the country should be sanctified, so that, while the harvest is waving, there may be no lack of reapers. Persevering prayer for the youth of our land, who are in our colleges and other literary institutions, is the evident duty of the Church. The prayer of faith, God will hear and answer.

CHURCH EXTENSION, as proposed by the leading evangelical denominations, is preëminently a Bible movement; for its aim is to perpetuate the great principles of Protestantism, and the privileges and securities guarantied by the free action of these principles upon the popular mind. Each denomination labors, it is true, for the promotion of its denominational interests, but it is the object of all to build churches of the Protestant faith. "The Word of the Lord endureth for ever." We want it to endure for ever in our own land.

Believing as we do, that all our national distinction and all our personal blessings are to be traced to the power of this word acting upon human character, and bringing the individual conscience under the control of the Divine government, we want to see this word perpetuated—we want to see it just as untrammelled in the future as it is now—we want to see the generations that are to come, trained up by it to a right perception of their relations, and qualified by it for the largest freedom. We want to be sure that an open Bible will float upon the tide of emigration, whether that emigration consist of the movements of our own citizens, who, impelled by the spirit of enterprise which marks our character as a people, go to seek a home in the far West, or whether it consist of the passage of foreigners to our distant territories. We want to have the Bible read in every hamlet, and in every public school throughout the land. We want all men who dwell in our midst to enjoy this greatest boon of freedom—the liberty of studying God's communications “without let or hindrance.” We are persuaded that if our nationality in its present form, and with the present advantages which it secures to every citizen, is to be perpetuated, *that* Christianity, *that freedom of conscience*, that right of private judgment in which our national existence and superiority originated, must also endure; for the disappearance of the one will be the disruption of the other. For this reason, among others, we hope the grand scheme of church-erection may succeed, and that through the liberality of its friends, its enginery of moral power may soon be put in motion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

NEW ENGLAND COMMON SCHOOLS.—During the past year 641,983 pupils attended the public schools in the six New England States. The whole cost of instruction for the year was \$2,055,131 65. In Vermont, the average cost of each pupil was \$2 22; in Maine, \$1 34; in Connecticut, \$1 35; in Rhode-Island, \$1 64; in Massachusetts, \$4 54.

JUDGE THOMPSON of Philadelphia has recently decided that the crying of newspapers in the public streets on the Sabbath is a breach of the peace. He said, “As well might the oysterman cry his oysters, or the charcoal-man ring his bell. The peace of Sunday may be disturbed by acts which on other days cannot be complained of—such acts as interfere with the rights which the law vouchsafes to the people who desire to observe that day as a period of religious observance and of rest from worldly business. It is the duty of courts to uphold the institutions and laws under which our liberties have grown and prospered.”

DIFFERENT PURSUITS IN THE UNITED STATES.—It is estimated that 33,076 men in the United States are engaged in internal navigation; 56,021 in navigating the ocean; 65,225 in the learned professions; 119,607 in commerce; 791,749 in manufactures; and 3,719,951 in agriculture.

SIGNIFICANT.—The editor of the Roman Catholic paper at St. Louis says, "We do not believe that 'the masses,' as our modern reformers insultingly call the laboring classes, are one whit more happy, more respectable, or better informed, for knowing how to read."

ALMOST NATIONAL.—Twenty-three States in the Union observed November 24th as a day of thanksgiving.

GERMAN YOUNG MEN'S UNION OF NEW-YORK.—The design of this Society is to influence young men to spend their evenings in a Christian way, in perusing religious and scientific works, instead of drinking and carousing in beer-shops. The Association rented a room, and engaged teachers to give instruction during the winter in English, Mathematics, History, Singing, &c. It has been attended by three hundred young men.

ROMISH CONSECRATION AND AMAZING DECEPTION!—At the recent consecration of three Bishops in the Romish Cathedral of New-York, the candidates took the usual oath of a Bishop, as found in the standards of Romanism, not excepting the persecuting and other objectionable parts of it. Yes, American citizens, they swore on the holy gospels, that "they will *defend and keep the royalties*" of the Pope, i. e. his kingly authority! "that they will keep the *reservations*" and "mandates" of the holy Fathers; and that they will, to the extent of their power, *persecute and fight against heretics*, (i. e. *Protestants*), *schismatics* or rebels to their said Lord, (the Pope)!! But is it possible that they took these oaths in open daylight, before the American public? Yes, it is even so; but they pronounced them in Latin and not in English! And then had distributed papers among the audience, purporting to be a translation of the whole of the oath, and actually omitted the parts above-named!!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

CHEERING NEWS FROM GERMANY.—At a recent convention (*kirchentag*) held in Berlin, the capital of Prussia, consisting of upwards of 2,100 delegates from the different kingdoms and principalities of Germany, the necessity of union among the friends of evangelical religion, on a definite basis, was generally admitted. After mature deliberation, it was resolved that all would unite in the reception and profession of one and the same confession of faith, namely, that of *Augsburg*, as the oldest, the mother symbol of Protestantism, with the express understanding that the minor, the non-fundamental points of difference, those on which the Augsburg Confession and Heidelberg Catechism of the Reformed Church diverge, should be left to the conscientious judgment of each individual. This is, substantially, the doctrinal position of the *General Synod* of our Church in this country; and it must be highly gratifying to its friends, to find the stand point adopted a quarter of a century ago, now avowed, after much experience and reflection, by so large an assemblage of the most learned and distinguished divines of the father-land, including such men as Dr. Julius Müller, of Halle; Drs. Nitch, Krummacker, Stahl, and Suetlage, of Berlin; Dr. Schenkel, of Heidelberg; Dr. Sartorius, of Königsberg; Prelate Kapf, of Stuttgart; Consistorial Counsellors Kündle, of Stettin, and Voigt; Superintendent Zahn; Consistorial Counsellor Wachler, of Breslau; Dr. Hoffman, of Berlin; Sauter, of Elberfeld; Professor Lange, of Zurich; and Merle d'Aubigné, of Geneva.

THE BERGLAN BIBLE SOCIETY, in Elberfeld, has resolved not to circulate any Bibles in future, to which the Apocryphal books are annexed.

IN STAMA-ALLAH, NEAR JERUSALEM, an evangelical congregation has been organized, embracing 217 families.

THE JESUITS IN MEXICO.—The restoration of despotism in Mexico, under Santa Anna, is to be sustained by the restoration of the *Jesuits*, for which the Pope is said to have paid a large sum.

AN ENLIGHTENED POPE.—The holy father, at present occupying the chair of St. Peter, who some months since rejoiced the youthful heart of the Austrian emperor with the present of a tooth of St. Peter (!), has recently sent a fragment of the manger in which the infant Saviour was cradled (!!!) to the Duke of Brabant, as a wedding-gift! Either this Pope or his Cardinals are in their dotage, and deserve the commiseration of the civilized world; or they are guilty of a degree of duplicity, which will involve a fearful retribution at their final account.

BRITISH BRANCH OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—The Seventh Annual Conference of this noble institution, designed to promote Christian union and coöperation among all evangelical denominations, and to protect Protestants from Romish oppression, was held in London, commencing October 25th. Highly interesting statements were made concerning the progress of the principles of the Alliance, and of religious liberty and spiritual religion, in the different countries of Europe. Sir Culling Eardley and Rev. A. Monod made communications, showing that *Louis Napoleon* is a friend to religious liberty; and that the prospects of genuine religion are very favorable in different parts of the Continent.

BLESSED INFLUENCE OF MISSIONS IN TURKEY.—In a recent speech in the British House of Commons, Mr. LAYARD stated, that, mainly through the influence and teaching of the American missionaries, scarcely a considerable town exists in Turkey, in which there is not the nucleus of a *Protestant* community! At first, the converts to Christianity were persecuted by the heads of the churches to which they had belonged, but Lord STRATFORD and Lord COWLEY, (British Ambassadors,) obtained firmans from the Turkish government, for the protection of the new sect, which is now every where recognised by the civil authorities throughout the empire.

ROME VERSUS SECRET SOCIETIES.—The Romish paper at Pittsburgh publishes the denunciations of the Church against all secret societies, such as Freemasonry, Odd-fellowship, &c., but forgets to say a word against the two most dangerous secret societies the world has ever known: *Jesuitism*, and the *Inquisition*, and these too existing in the Romish Church!

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF BASEL.—This truly active and evangelical Society, which acts as agent for the joint missionary efforts of the friends of Christian Germany and Switzerland, has, since 1815, sent out two hundred and sixty-five missionaries to the heathen world. The major part of these laborers were educated in the Missionary Institute at Basel, in which an abridged course of classical preparation is given, together with a more practical theological education than that of the German universities.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY AWAKING IN IRISH ROMANISTS.—A recent emigrant from Ireland, requested his Protestant employer to write a letter for him to his friends at home, and among the items of good news which he dictated, was the following: "*Plaze tell them that in this happy land, no Praist can dominare over us as in Ould Ireland.*"

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

A VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1851. By Professor Benjamin Silliman of Yale College. 2 vols. 12mo.

THIS is a very valuable work—presenting a comparison between the literary and scientific aspects of Europe as it now is, and as it was fifty years ago.

"NOAH AND HIS TIMES," &c. By the Rev. J. Munson Olmstead, M. A.
Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853.

THIS title by no means indicates the value of the matter which the reader of the book will find in it. The antediluvian arts, the extent of the deluge, various important chronological points, &c., are considered, and ably illustrated. We were particularly pleased with the views expressed on the subject of "The unity of descent of mankind," which important Scriptural doctrine has of late been vigorously, but unsuccessfully, assailed by a few men of science. The whole work indicates extensive and patient research, and—which is not always seen—modesty and candor in referring to the sources whence any of the materials may have been derived. It is chaste, and often eloquent, in style, rich in varied learning, and happily adapted to advance the interests alike of science and religion. * * *

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Rev. Theophilus Stork, D.D.
Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1854.

WE are delighted with this volume: it is a happy conception, beautifully realized—exhibiting important doctrinal views in connection with such topics as "The Wonders of Bethlehem," "Little Children brought to the Saviour," "The Children in the Temple," "Timothy," and "The Infanticide of Bethlehem." It is very far from being a dry discussion; but there is a warmth, a soul, a tenderness, pervading the whole, which binds the feelings to the subject, and makes the heart the medium through which the intellect is gratified and instructed. Our thoughts cannot associate too often or too intimately with children: they have a mission, and we are to recognize it: they claim at our hands a duty, and we are to perform it. The volume before us exhibits this mission, and dwells upon this duty with a touching and persuasive earnestness.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, FOR JANUARY, 1854.—This periodical is no longer an experiment; it has won its way to popular favor by the ability which has characterized it from the beginning; and the success of the enterprise speaks well for the public discrimination. It is truly an *American* Magazine of a high order, including among its contributions some of the ablest writers in the country. The pictorial embellishments add materially to the value and interest of the work. The contents of the January number fully sustain the reputation already acquired. This number commences a new volume, (the third,) and the present is therefore a convenient time to subscribe. Terms, \$3 a year. The two volumes for 1853 can be procured of the publishers, G. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park-Place, New-York.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Among the most important issues of the German press may be named the following:

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE, &c. By Professor Lange, D.D., of Zurich. 1 vol. 8vo.

The high reputation of the author gained by his former publications authorizes the expectation of a work of superior merit.

SANCTORIUS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DEFENSE OF THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION, against Ancient and Modern Opponents.

MANUAL OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN NATIONAL LITERATURE; its development and specimens. By Dr. L. Herrig. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

No. 10.

THE STUDY OF EMINENT MODELS,

ESSENTIAL TO THE RIGHT FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

IMITATION is natural, as daily and universal experience teaches. When the young citizen of earth has fairly awakened to the consciousness of his existence, he learns to imitate the sounds and actions produced by those who surround him. This is his first step from a state of passive existence to the life of activity he will by and by be called to lead. From this source he acquires his earliest lessons of speech and action, of love and hate, of desire and aversion. He learns by imitation, and he learns rapidly, for good or evil, according to the examples set him.

But this tendency to imitate is not confined to the years of early childhood. It accompanies us into youth and manhood, and to some extent adheres to us till death. The bulk of mankind are governed by this principle to the injury of their personal independence and manhood. Except in the most necessary actions of life, they are influenced much more by the example of others, especially of such as are looked up to as giving the tone and character to society, than from personal conviction of the propriety of a certain line of conduct.

And since this tendency is so natural, we may infer that it has its good use, unless when misdirected or abused, to which all natural tendencies are liable. It makes the acquisition of

necessary knowledge doubly easy. Indeed, without this instinctive principle to give the mind its first impulse, we should not be able to take the first step in the work of improving ourselves, or at any rate it would become a most slow and laborious operation; years would be required for what is accomplished in a few days or even hours. Example is the embodiment of rules of life and action; and it has become proverbial that examples are better than precepts. And when we consider that affection and natural instinct combine to make us imitative creatures, it will readily be granted that this is an important feature in our mental conformation. Thus too the goodness of God becomes conspicuous in having made the natural affection that we feel for our friends, relatives, teachers, and benefactors, a means of our own more rapid progress in knowledge and virtue; yea there is no stronger motive for spiritual improvement presented to us, than this of imitating our heavenly Father and our Redeemer. Though independent action, in a certain sense and degree, is important for the formation of character, there is a humility and reverence fostered by the exercise of the imitative faculty that are both lovely and proper; and since in many respects we are all of us children, and it is well if we are sensible of it, the time will never come, at least this side the grave, when we shall not find it both natural and useful to imitate wholesome examples. And even imperfect copies, as all human virtue must necessarily be, can afford us profitable hints; even the most deficient will be found to have some trait of excellence, which may be safely and advantageously imitated, while we are careful to avoid the faults with which this excellence is combined; and it is often found that an inferior degree of virtue serves as a more powerful stimulus than a higher degree, because it presents less difficulty in the attainment, while at the same time it is important to have also a pattern of perfect and faultless excellence, by which to try the various examples that we meet with, to judge of the different degrees in which they approach to perfection, so that we may not be deceived by false appearances and plausible pretensions and splendid faults. How long for instance has the world been seen to bow with gaping admiration before the statues of warriors and conquerors, while the true benefactors of the race, its teachers and guides, have been comparatively neglected and cast into the shade!

And while a better spirit and a more sensible estimation of the true value of the so-called heroes of the earth is beginning to prevail, we may still see daily instances of the superior homage paid to great talents, over that which moral worth and large-souled benevolence inspires. Hence the value of such examples as are calculated to draw off, in some measure, our attention from those more imposing qualities which call forth the applause of the multitude, to the more quiet, but at the same time more useful attributes of our nature.

Thus we are furnished in the sacred volume with a variety of examples, held up expressly for our imitation, of which the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews furnishes a number of instances. We have the conduct and character of God's servants presented under every imaginable aspect of circumstance and disposition. Their feelings and experience are recorded in the invaluable collection of sacred hymns which we call the book of Psalms. These let us into their most secret feelings and desires, while the narrative of their lives, brief as it is, often consisting of only a few striking touches, presents to us the various trials to which they were subject, and the manner in which they conducted themselves under them. Thus the Bible is a store-house of instruction, calculated, under the influences of that Holy Spirit by whom it was given, to produce a character of true excellency, solid virtue, and sincere piety.

The natural character and the forming circumstances of the lives of the Scripture worthies are so diversified that no disposition or situation will easily be found to which a parallel would not be furnished. It is a study for life. And the greater proficiency we make in this study, if we pursue it for the purpose of a practical application, the more advanced shall we become in every grace and virtue. But as all mere human characters have their flaws, and these often so interwoven with their good qualities that we can hardly separate them, and are in danger of imitating the faulty—especially as that is so much easier—we are presented in the Bible with a character of absolute perfection, completely balanced, without the shadow of a flaw, and yet human; having all the tender feelings, the innocent tendencies, the original constitution of our nature, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. And we are especially commanded to make him our pattern and exemplar in all things. And

difficult—yea, for flesh and blood, absolutely impossible, as it is to follow in his track, still by becoming united to him by faith and deriving therefrom his fulness, we may, if we please, make a considerable approach to the perfect virtue that resided in him. And if we wish to have safe models for imitation among men, it is to those who have most closely followed Christ that we must look. All the highest virtues of the heathen world, as well as of unconverted men in Christian lands, have been well described as splendid vices. They are either mere natural distinctive tendencies, that have nothing of virtue properly so called in them; or they rest upon a foundation of pride, selfishness, and egotism, which deprives them of all pretension to virtue, however splendid and heroic the conduct may seem to which they give rise; or, granting they have something of virtue in their composition, they fall so far short in all true characteristics of virtue below the most ordinary of the true children of God, as to be scarce worthy of notice, and to be at best but unsafe patterns to imitate. While if we would see examples of heroic self sacrifice; or of unflinching endurance of pain; or of an active benevolence that knows no bounds, nor respite, except what the necessity of our nature imposes, it is in the ranks of evangelical Christianity, in the lives of missionaries, of martyrs, of afflicted believers, of children early converted, to say nothing of Scripture characters, that we must look for them.

But Scripture characters, as drawn by the pencil of inspiration, have one advantage over all narratives of even the best of men, inasmuch as they delineate, with perfect impartiality, both the faults and virtues of their subjects. In reading the accounts of good men, drawn up by friends or admirers, we are presented with a picture, which, if true in its description of virtues and free from exaggeration, still, by its silence as to faults, produces the impression of a perfection that we feel to be unattainable, or else of a character that is not natural, and therefore not to be imitated. It presents the subject in a light so different from anything we have ever witnessed, that it fails to interest us as it ought. In this respect, the virtuous and pious individuals whom we have personally known, and who, to borrow an expression from Scripture, "have gone in and out among us," are much better subjects for imitation; and especially so if they

have stood in some near and endearing relation to us, and still more if that has been one of authority and guidance. The remembrance of such should be piously cherished. It will make virtuous self-denial and benevolent sacrifice doubly easy, by the thought that if present—and who knows but they are?—it would afford them pleasure and satisfaction to see us pursue that path which they so faithfully and affectionately pointed out to us, while it will aid the duty by all the force of association and early habit. Thus the affectionate remembrance of a pious mother's advice and prayers will check the waywardness of youth, long after her earthly remains have been deposited in the cold and silent tomb; and thus a beloved teacher or pastor, when dead, will yet speak to those who were intrusted to his charge.

And with proper allowances, the biographies of worldly great and wise men may be read with advantage. Such reading is certainly far more instructive than that of the one thousand and one novels, and the uncounted host of newspaper stories and magazine novelettes with which the world is flooded, and the minds of the young dissipated, if not corrupted.

THE BURIAL-GROUND.

BY REV. HENRY M. BICKEL.

“Yon spot, where in the sunset ray a single white stone gleams,
I've visited, I cannot tell how often, in my dreams;
That spot o'er which I wept, though then too young my loss to know,
As I beheld my father's form sepulchred far below.”

TAPPAN.

FEW places on earth are regarded with more veneration than the consecrated ground where the dead are buried. There we entomb the dearest and worthiest objects of our earthly affection; and our hearts, moved by the remembrance of their love and kindness, often urge us to the graves in which the dear departed rest. With sad hearts we obey the impulse of nature and love. We bathe their humble couches with the bitter tears of grief, and deck them with the flowers affection's hand has plucked.

The burial-ground is the last earthly home of all the varied tribes and ranks of men, and all honor it. There the artless Indian maid brings wreaths of beads and flowers,

“And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worship the god of thunders there.”

There, over the ashes of the fallen great, proud mausoleums erected, stand; and over the more humble peasant's clayey bed, the simple marble casts its shade, or weeping-willow spreads its pendant boughs. And unassuming mounds are there; perhaps they are the strangers' graves. No monuments of classic sculpture speak the virtues of the dead—but the modest violets grow there, spreading their perfume round.

And who are they, when “twilight hours” approach, that slowly walk the grave-yard path, or linger round the crypts of death? They are the afflicted of God. Follow them, and from the trembling tear which glistens in the eye, and the look of wasting melancholy, learn the eloquence of love, and the bitterness of grief over hopes decayed.

“There children set about their play-mate's grave
The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—
Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
Fled early—silent lovers who had given
All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.”

The burial-ground—*Gottesacker*—is a sad, a solemn, a sacred, and also, a hopeful place. Let not unhallowed deeds or ruthless hands desecrate it. Tread lightly over it, for the dead are there; and disturb not their slumbers, for they rest in peace.

We have said that the burial-ground is a *sad* place. So it is. There lie entombed the beloved companions of life, from the sweet-lipped babe, which perished like a flower nipped by an untimely frost, to the gray-haired sire who saw a second childhood dawn, then calmly went to rest. There, there lie concealed the objects of parental and filial affection in the dark,

lone grave. There are they who were once the light and joy of our homes and firesides, and who gladdened our hearts with their approving, happy smiles—but now all silent and cold. Friend after friend departs, and the light of present hope and love is lost amid the darkness and chaos of a sorrowing, broken heart. The palsy of death broods over the departed. The eye sparkles no more with life and love—the voice charms no more with its once melodious notes—and the bosom throbs no more with emotions of innocent delight. And in the quiet grave-yard we behold the cause of all this. Over the features we once delighted to behold, death has cast its icy mantle, the coffin its lid, and the grave its awful gloom. There we hear the echo of the Almighty's voice—"In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die;" and from the ashes of the dead a hollow sound is heard, and thus it seems to say, "*It is appointed unto man once to die.*" And hence, also,

It is a solemn place. Amid the gay scenes and business cares of life we seldom think of death. The merchant in his counting-room, or the farmer in his fields thinks only of life and wealth. The statesman and the hero think only of political aggrandizement or military glory. And amid the innocent delights of the social circle, the young think only of the triumph of love. But the burial-ground sends forth a constant dirge-like sound. The song of death is heard, and from each darksome grave the solemn chorus comes, "Thou, too, must die." It tells us that we are not immortal—that we must and will die, and that the bosom which in the morning swells with the fulness of life, may be, ere night,

"Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps his funeral wing."

For in the grave-yard are buried the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the young and the old, the learned and the unlettered. Trophies are there of every rank, and age, and sex. We see, where'er we look, a grave; and our better spirit gently speaks, "*Prepare to die.*" And another voice is heard—it is the inspired prophet's voice—saying, "Prepare to meet thy God."

But the burial-ground is also a *sacred* place. There silently repose our kindred—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh.

There our friends and dear associates sleep the long years away. There are the graves of the virtuous, the pious, and the great. Those whom we protected and supported in life, and around whom our sympathies and affections ivy-like entwined, rest there—and the little earth they occupy, we hallow and respect. But more than this, He who is the Resurrection and the Life, our adorable Saviour, honored the grave with his presence. The beloved and only-begotten Son of the Father, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, made the sepulchre his abode, and therefore it is a sacred place. There are the treasures of earth—the seeds whence shall germinate and grow fair flowers of immortality.

But, finally, the burial-ground is a *hopeful* place. What! does not the grave rob us of our friends? Does it not shut from our mortal vision for ever the beautiful and the beloved? Are not rottenness and corruption within the narrow cell in which we deposit our dead? Does not the holy man of God, ere yet the grave is closed, pronounce the awful sentence, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust?" 'Tis even so; and yet we cannot look upon the grave without hope. The grave has been robbed of its victory, and corruption of its triumph. Though the ashes of the dead are scattered on every mountain-top and through every vale; though multitudes, from helpless infancy to silvered age, pass away into the untried world, and their graves arch the earth—all the myriads of earth's fallen ones shall rise again. The vast plain of dry bones shall be reanimated, and all who lie commingled in "the great tomb of man" shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and come forth. Then shall a congregated universe make the everlasting hills resound the "Hymn to Immortality," and the sad music of the "Thanatopsis" shall be heard no more. Especially may the child of God look upon the grave with hope. The Lord of Life and Glory burst the fetters of the tomb, and became the first fruits of them that slept. Henceforth for the Christian, the grave has no terrors. It is but a quiet resting-place, where we shall go and dwell awhile, when tired and overburdened with the cares and ills of life. It is the great refiner's crucible in which these clayey forms of ours shall be purified from their infirmities and imperfections, where all the dross with which our bodies are now compound-

ed, shall be extracted and removed, and whence we shall come forth again more vigorous and beautiful than ever. The pallor of death shall be converted into roses of health; old and decrepit age into immortal youth and vigor; the silence of long years into eternal praises; and the dreariness of the tomb into the delights of heaven. Death is not eternal sleep, nor shall the grave incarcerate our bodies for ever. "All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man and come forth." On the resurrection morn each burial-ground shall teem with life; for the graves will open and the dead arise. Then shall we greet once more the beloved companions of earth; the playmates of our childhood hours, the friends we loved in school-boy days, and the cherished associates of riper years. Brothers and sisters shall rise and meet again; and she who taught our infant lips to pray, and he whose early guidance trained our infant steps and led us to the house of God. Husband and wife shall meet again—parent and child. Then, too, shall wake from the long dreary sleep of death, they whom cruelty had severed, and meet, from distant graves perchance, and live in the full transport of undying love.

The rainbow of hope, with its beautiful pinions of purple and gold, arches each burial-ground and grave; and on its front this superscription is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

CECIL AND THE WATCH.

CECIL says, "I once saw this subject forcibly illustrated. A watch-maker told me, that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces, and put it together again, twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered, and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him, that possibly the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicion true. The steel-work in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and the watch went as well as possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind be magnetized by any predilection it must act irregularly."

OVER-SEA RECOLLECTIONS.

NO. III.—BY J. G. M.

"Now, Professor G——, I have seen all the lions and tigers in Halle—yea, the whole menagerie. I have visited all your celebrated places, including the Orphan House, Franke Statue, the University, the libraries, museums, and the greatest of your great professors and scholars; and I have come to spend my last hours in Halle with you."

"But there is one interesting object which I am sure you have not seen."

"And that is?"

"Never mind what it is; my lecture hour has nearly arrived; amuse yourself here in the library till the lecture is over, and then I will be your showman."

"No, I will be one of your hearers."

"As you please," he replied.

The bell soon rang, and I tumbled up into the room with about fifty students, and listened to him on the Weald Formation of North Germany, for Professor G—— is one of the great geological giants of that wonderful country.

"Now," said he after his lecture, "I am ready." We left his house, and he piloted me through a dozen narrow, dark, dirty streets until we arrived at the gate of St. Mary's Lutheran Church. It is a large edifice of old-time style, irregularly constructed, and apparently of different orders of architecture. On our way I saw eight or ten lads dressed in long, black clerical gowns, accompanied by an adult in the same costume. They stopped before a house, and in a moment they sent forth a strain of vocal music, such as I have not heard from boys for many a day. Their voices harmonized perfectly; the different parts were correctly sustained; the time was faultless, and the melody was enrapturing. It was the first time I had witnessed a similar scene; but there was no necessity of inquiring what it meant. Who would not have thought of the boy Martin Luther, accompanied by his school-mates, and going about the streets of Eisenach singing for bread, three hundred years ago? That whole scene was vividly and *feelingly* reproduced; for I must confess to the infirmity of tears. These boys were also

singing for bread, and many a kreutzer jingled in the box which one of them handed round. They were pupils of the Orphan House; and every Saturday a company of twelve are permitted to gather alms in this ancient *Lutheristic* fashion. I shelled out in true American style, for my heart was full, and my purse became empty. It was a rich treat altogether; I do not mean the music only, but the place, the performers, the cause for which they plead, the reminiscence which it brought up—all was rich, and I stood by and listened and shed tears, long after the Professor had more than once impatiently tugged me by the arm and said, "*Allons, Monsieur, lasset uns weiter gehen!*" I reluctantly went, but the enchanting music of that well-trained juvenile choir rang in my ears for months.

The Professor did not tell me what it was he intended to show me, and as I knew his design was to surprise me, I was too polite to ask him. We entered a side-door of St. Mary's, ascended two pair of stairs, and entered a spacious room connected with the Church, containing a large library. Ah! thought I, here are some manuscripts of Luther or other men of his day, and of these I have already seen enough at Wolfenbittel and other places; or it is some old picture, and I am tired of pictures, statues, palaces, and splendid gardens; or it is some Lutheran relic, a shoe, a mug, a spoon once used by the great reformer, and of these I have seen more than Luther probably ever owned. (But there is a spoon of undoubted authenticity at Wolfenbittel, with which Luther ate many a hasty plate of soup, and which one of my travelling friends put into his own mouth out of pure veneration for the mighty original owner. It was an affecting manifestation of genuine reverence, and plainly exhibited the refined *taste* of my friend. If it could have been done genteelly, I would not only have put the spoon into my mouth, but swallowed it whole, and have brought it off altogether.) The Professor was silent, and then it occurred to me that in all probability some stirring reformation events either happened or were concocted in this room; or what just then struck me, it might have been in this room that the dead body of Luther was deposited when it was conveyed from Eisleben where he died, to Wittenberg where he was buried; for I remembered that the procession stopped a night in Halle. The Professor and I had often spoken of the

illustrious Saxon, whose work he admires and whose memory he reveres with equal enthusiasm to my own, and he presumed I would like to stand even on ground where his unburied corpse reposed, though but for a few hours; but still he said nothing. On my first entrance into the room, I observed just opposite the door, a gentleman seated behind a table dressed in the clerical style of three hundred years ago—the little square velvet cap and the long, flowing, black gown—but I took no special notice of him as he was engaged in writing, and did not even look up as we entered. The Professor did not salute him, nor did he introduce me to him. My attention was immediately drawn to another part of the room, and the librarian at the table, as I took him to be, was forgotten. Even yet I could not divine what the great curiosity was, which the Professor said I must see before I left Halle, and which was deposited in that room. I was getting impatient, and moved rather hastily from one place to another, carelessly reading the titles of old, musty, moth-eaten books, in order to conceal my disappointment; I was soon brought into close proximity with the supposed librarian, and after one scrutinizing look at the figure, I screamed with surprise and joy. My whole heart was in my mouth again, and I was glad that no one else was with us in the library. I rushed up to the Professor and gave him such a squeeze of the hand as made him almost shriek. “You have succeeded—ten thousand thanks—*ewig Dank*”—I cried out. “And what was all this,” my impatient reader will ask, “that set a grave divine almost crazy with delight?” Reader! *it was an original wax statue of Luther*, so life-like, that no wonder I took it for a living man as I entered the room. It was this which the Professor brought me to see, and which I regarded as well worthy of long-continued observation. Those of my readers who remember the frontispiece in the old German-Lutheran hymn-books which their parents used, will have some idea of the *form* of this statue. I have also seen a large engraving of it in some old Lutheran families in this country, and I should be pleased to know that every household had a likeness of Luther.

This statue represents the Reformation hero sitting behind a table earnestly engaged in writing; the body is not however inclined, but erect, noble, and dignified. The face and hands

are exquisitely sculptured in wax, and the head and body clothed in sacerdotal vestments.

When Luther's corpse was conveyed from Eisleben to Wittenberg, as was stated above, it remained one night in Halle, where an artist took a perfect impression of the face, and this wax bust is the product of his labor. Of course, being taken two or three days after death, the features would exhibit some change, but it was rendered as life-like as possible in the finish. It has been preserved in that room since 1610, having been transferred from the sacristy of the church, where it was originally deposited.

The Professor told me that the celebrated sculptor Rauch of Berlin intended to execute a marble statue from this bust, and that it would of course be necessary to take a plaster cast of it, and moreover when the mould was made, it would be easy to multiply copies, one of which he would send me. This I received after the lapse of a year, and persuaded an artist here to prepare copies from it, encouraging him with the hope of selling at least a few to compensate him for his trouble. He produced a perfect fac-simile of the original; but alas! there are many who will glorify Luther to an exceeding height, and yet will not pay a few dollars for his bust; many who have seen it do not think it looks like Luther, just as if they knew all about it. A waggish friend of mine, after hearing several ministers expressing themselves unfavorably as to the likeness, drily remarked, "*Well, it has been so long since I have seen Luther, that I do not distinctly remember how he looked!*" The critics keenly felt the absurdity of their position, and said no more. The chief reason of the failure of the artist in disposing of his bust, is the want of cultivated taste, and, of course, an inability to appreciate an elegant work of art, among the many of our people. Rauch was interrupted in the completion of his marble statue by the revolution of '48, and I have not heard whether he has finished it since.

This, and the one of bronze in the square at Wittenberg, are the only life-size statues of Luther I have ever seen, and I doubt whether any others exist. Painted and engraved portraits there are by tens of thousands, and let them be multiplied and distributed until every child in the Church becomes familiar with that "face divine," and breathes the spirit which animated it and glistened out of those eagle eyes!

FOR THE DESPONDING.

How the wintry winds are wailing,
Through the cold, unfriendly air ;
And the stars of heaven seem paling,
Mourning for the dying year ;
All within, without, is dreary ;
Winter hoarsely tells his tale ;
And the stricken heart is weary,
Of the storms that it assail.

Hard the storms of life are beating,
'Gainst this tenement of clay ;
Grief, like cankering care, is eating,
Slow, but sure, my life away.
Thus, the fainting soul oft crieth,
When despairing 'neath its load ;
Then, religious hope replieth,
Drooping spirit, trust in God.

Though thou'rt in the tents of Kedar,
Dost in Meshech sad sojourn ;
Look beyond ; fair groves of cedar
Still do Lebanon's top adorn.
Though the ravens still do feed thee,
Wait the summons from on high ;
To another stream He'll lead thee,
When the brook becometh dry.

Cease thee, then, cease thus to murmur ;
Take not up this mournful strain ;
Fix thy hopes on Jesus firmer,
And resigned, thou'lt smile again.
Think not that a happy morrow
Comes to all, without its cares ;
Thine is not the only sorrow,
Thine are not the only tears.

Every son and daughter, mortal,
Of life's troubles, have their share ;
And, till on them close death's portal,
Clings the sin of Adam there.
But, where, on the plains of Jordan,
Shiloh's waters softly go,
Thou shalt sing of ransom, pardon,
Love that never angels know.

Reading, Pa.

HADASSAH.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE LEAF.

ABOUT a century ago, in the German town of Frankfort, it is said, there might have been seen a child of seven, arranging in his play-house certain minerals and mosses and plants in the form of an altar, on the top of which he had placed a lighted taper, to symbolize the aspirations of the human soul. That child was Goethe. Thus early and mysteriously was enkindled his later love for that science which has wreathed his grave with the freshness of an immortal bloom. A flash and inspiration of his poetical mind afterwards revealed to him the truth of the transformation of the leaf into the stamens and petals of the flower; thus laying open the whole beautiful theory of the metamorphosis of plants, and unfolding a law, which had baffled the skill of the most distinguished professional savans. The substance of his reasoning was this; "If there is a God, there must be *order* in his universe, extending to the minutest atom. May not, then, these apparent irregularities, these anomalies in the floral kingdom, all be reduced to a single type, from which they are evolved and developed? They may. That type is the *leaf*; and the blossoms, the stamens and pistil, the various envelopes; and all the other forms are *identical organs*, modified by a series of vegetative processes, so as to be unrecognizable. According to circumstances, we see a flowering sprout or a sterile branch appear; the calyx, if it advances a step too far, becomes a corolla, and an undeveloped corolla remains a calyx. In this way the most varied transformations become possible, and these many obscurities and diversities in flowers are reduced to unity, in the laws of growth." Thus the rose, in its wild state, has but a single row of petals; cultivate it, and those little stamens in the core of the flower, are changed into petals, *one step backward towards their original type of the leaf*, and the flower becomes double. This wonderful process among the floral tribes is unsuspected by many of their greatest admirers; and the maiden little thinks, as she bends over her rose-tree, what mysterious *education* has made this Persian beauty so to differ from its "country cousin," the sweet-brier.

Thus, amid an infinite variety of form, we may trace a pre-

vailing order and development, the leaf being the type to which all can be reduced. Hence we infer a unity of thought and design, in the floral world; thus, throughout the whole range of that elegant *periodical literature*, which appears in its season among the tree-tops and on the hill-side, from the one rare central flower of the Indian palm, waving its splendid crown above the tropical forest, to the violet that gladdens our northern homes, we trace the varied thought of Him, who is the great Poet (ποιητής) of the universe.

But let us unfold a little further, and see whither this argument, written on the leaf, will carry us. Careful observations made by a distinguished savant of Europe, have shown that this type of the leaf is not only that of all the organs of the flower, but also of the *buds and branches of the tree*. The leaf is the tree in miniature. If we observe, for instance, the veins in the oak-leaf, we shall find an exact correspondence between the distribution of the venation of the leaf, and the distribution of the branches of the tree along the trunk. We shall find them leaving the midrib and the trunk, respectively, at the *same angle*. It has been seen, on an examination of more than two hundred varieties of trees and plants, that the angles and distribution of the veins and branches exactly coincided in all respects. Moreover, if our leaf has no foot-stalk (or petiole)—as the tiny blade of the hemlock, the laurel, and some other shrubs—we shall invariably find that the trunk *is branched from the root*. If, on the other hand, the leaf has a foot-stalk—as in the sycamore, maple, &c.—the trunk of the tree has no branches near the base. Any one, in passing through a wood, may examine for himself this wonderful interesting truth. We thus find that every *individual in the vegetable world is designed after the one pattern of the leaf*—not only every flower that blooms, but every inhabitant of the forest, from the lowliest plant, to the oak that lifts its coronal of beauty a hundred feet in the air. Thus every forest-leaf hath an argument for the grandeur of Deity. Through them we trace a thread of unity in thought and design, from simple beauty into swelling grandeur—just as we can trace the one line of the stream, stealing from its verdant nook, rimming its edges with flowers, and at last seen gathering magnificent forest-trees along its banks, as, broadening and deepening, it pursues its resplendent pathway to the ocean.

But consider, too, the *extent* of this splendid literature, not a tithe of which is seen by man ; with what profusion has the great Author scattered his elegant types of thought, as if he cared not whether any should read them ! Some are torn by the long storm from the green boughs of summer ; some fall like flakes of light in autumn woods. They have waved in polar blasts, or gleamed in the light of southern constellations. This truth is important ; it flashes upon us the “hiding of God’s power.” To him who has reached this point in the “argument,” nature tells no trivial holiday tale. There is the life of a great Thought, pulsating through every vein of its mighty organism, and heard far away in its abysmal solitudes. Like an exhortation from the deep, the significant question arises, is not the thought expressed in the leaf, the plant, the tree, typical of a power unseen and regnant throughout the unsearched universe ? May not the Design, traced in the leaf that moulders in the untrod solitudes of our own planet, be traced, also, in the scenery of those far-off worlds ? Thus he penetrates the spirit of nature, its true language, its sublimer beauty. It is no longer merely a gorgeous grouping of colors and forms. He has passed from ephemeral sensations to absolute ideas, having their places in the eternal order of Heaven. That fluttering leaf tells him of a universal harmony, and that in nature may be found the *complement* of the idea of every deep thinker. So was it, for example, with Goethe.

Read, then, the “argument” of the leaf. In its every lineament beats a heart of wonder. What a branching luxuriance of expression, what a magnificent reach and comprehension of thought does the simple leaf unfold ! What a network of articulate intelligence does it reveal, filling the silent air with the flowing thought of Deity, environing and swaying the least man’s life, and throbbing from star to star, beyond the verge of that universe which night and the telescope reveal ! Let him, then, who is wearied by the tangled controversies of theologians, find logic amid the harmonies of the universe. Let him who is puzzled by the sophistries of books, examine the stereotypes of God.

But the argument of the leaf does not close here : it proves not only the thought of God, in design, but also his love. Had its Author intended merely to indicate design, he would

not have used this wondrous variety of form. He could have made the leaf without its down, its enamel, and its infinite diversity of pattern, tint, and shade. He need not have developed it into flowers, with their exquisite variety of outline, color, and perfume—indeed it was *this very development and variety* that so long puzzled botanists by the apparent *absence* of unity and order. We should more easily have detected *design* in the work of the Architect if he had hewn and squared his materials like the shapes of a timber-yard, instead of weaving them into the luxuriance of the forest; if he had not concealed the very rivets and clasps of his workmanship, beneath such a profusion of beauty. Hence, only he whose glance is keen and searching ever detects the symmetry beneath its gorgeous veil, as only he whose ear is close to the great heart of nature can catch her mysterious under-song, as of a thousand distant-breaking fountains, or as the low, complaining music that stirs the trees of an autumnal night. If, then, *unity* amid variety argues design, *variety* amid unity argues love. Men delight in beauty; and therefore God has made for them a beautiful world. He seems to have pointed the leaf on the same beneficent principle that he makes the sun to set in radiant clouds, and the insect to rejoice in wings of burnished gold, and the bird in brilliant plumage. If we glance for a moment at the other beautiful works of God, we shall the better see that he had a purpose in gilding and enamelling the leaf. This mighty, throbbing universe is overlaid with beauty. The sun creates it when he draws blooming life from the bosom of the earth, and spreads over all his web of many-colored light. So, too, we have felt it, when bright birds were darting among the leaves like evanescent hopes, or fluttering and singing at the blue portals of the morning. So, too, when the shadows fell to the eastward, and we have seen the crimson banner of sunset unfurled along the sky; and when the picture deepened, and evening came in like a pleasant dream, through her ancient gate of gold, and the crescent moon hung in the still west, its pale light resting on the features of the softened landscape, like a white veil on the face of beauty. So, too, when we have seen decaying nature smiling along the pearl and crimson verges of Indian summer days, and like some fair queen putting on her brilliant coronation robes, to be laid thus in the burial-vaults of her royal ancestry.

We see clearly in all this the purpose of God. He would inweave the experience of every one such scene as another golden thread of joy in Life's rich brocade; and the beauty that glistens in the leaf is by no means the least brilliant of those threads. By the rightly-constituted mind, that purpose is recognized, and the sweet suggestions of faith point upward to a loving friend. That one is to be pitied who finds no delicate and pure suggestions in all the freshness and bloom, the light, and fragrance, and song of rejoicing nature—who can lie under the dark tent of his unconsciousness when the boughs of God's heritage bend over him. The world is always beautiful, in its light of morning and of evening, its summer shine, and its sparkling January heaven. And so there is a nameless charm investing the noble old mansion, yet it is not its external decorations that most distinguish it; not its glittering gateway, its golden vanes and solemn oriels; but rather the unseen forms that move within, the noble images it retains of beings passed away, its interior circle of fire-light, and its sacred jewelry of the hearth and the heart. So, too, do we think of an invisible tenant, that *consecrates* this temple of the universe; who "clothes himself with light as with a garment," whose "way is in the sea, and his path through the great waters, and whose footsteps are unknown."

But not only has God thus colored and shaped the leaves, and *drawn them out into flower petals*, and wreathed them into smiles for the delight of man; He has infinitely scattered these arguments of his love. We have felt that the *universality* of beauty proves the *universality* of love, when we have seen the tender bloom springing up far from the sight of man, as if merely to delight the little insects that glow like "living diamonds," and hang their golden egg in the forest. Why does he plant the violet in its hidden cleft, and the myrtle far away amid the snow-wreaths of encircling mountains? Why has he spread broad sheets of flowers and fragrance over the unvisited prairie? What a prodigality and luxuriance of beauty has he shut up in the primeval forest, with its spreading trunks, its delicate clinging-mosses, its brilliant birds and insects, its awful shadows, and bright bursting glades? Are we not from this view of the "argument," urged to infer a beneficence, ever operative and smiling through the universe—

a beneficence, that like the blue heavens, bends in love and tenderness over all? See how this simple "argument" lifts us up to the grandest conclusions of faith! Shall not He who shelters the violet in its hidden cleft, smile upon the prayer that goes up by the sea-shore for the storm-tossed mariner? Shall no light of answering confidence be shed upon the solitary one, even though the blue depths are voiceless, and the "long grass" is still?

Thus we have sought to unfold the argument of the leaf. We have traced it bursting from the seed, developing in the bud, the flower, and the skeleton of the plant. We have traced it through every variety of shrub, and recognized its tiny features in the sturdy trunk and sighing foliage of the oak. In a word, we have seen how the beauty, the fragrance, and the grandeur of the forest suggest a design and a love that is regnant throughout the universe. It is not often in the literature of men that a profound science is expressed in the language of an elegant and truthful poetry. Yet both are illustrated in the over-hanging bough: they are blended in the leaf.

HOPE AND CHARITY.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM "LE GÉNIE DU CHRISTIANISME," OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

HOPE, the second theological virtue, has almost the same strength as faith; desire is the father of power; whoever strongly desires, obtains. Jesus Christ said, "Seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Pythagoras says, in the same sense: *Power dwells near necessity*; for necessity implies privation, and privation walks side by side with desire. Desire, or hope, is a true genius, and the originator of power. It is that, in man's estate, to which he is born, and that innate aspiring which is *never* extinguished. Does a man find himself defeated in his endeavors, it is because he had not desired with earnestness; it is that he is wanting in that love which grasps, sooner or later, the object to which he aspires; of that love which, in the Divine Being, embraces all and rejoices over all worlds, with a boundless and ever-satisfying hope, and which revivifies itself continually.

There is, however, an essential difference between faith and hope, as regards their vigor. Faith receives her inspiration from *without*; she comes to us as a stranger. Hope, on the contrary, receiving her influence from *within*, pleasantly diffuses herself around and beyond us. The first is imposed upon us; the second springs from our own wishes; *that* is an obedience, *this* a love, or an affection. But, from faith, the other virtues flow more naturally as she proceeds direct from God; consequently, being an emanation from the Eternal, she is more beautiful than hope, which is but a part of man; therefore, the Church has justly placed faith in the first rank. But hope offers in herself an individual character; it is that which brings her in connection with our miseries. Undoubtedly, that religion which makes a virtue of hope was revealed from Heaven! This nurse of the unhappy, placed near to man, is like a mother near her sick-child, who cradles it in her arms, nourishes it from her maternal fountains, presenting the refreshing cordial which soothes its grief. She sits a watcher at its lonely pillow, and lulls it asleep by her magical songs. Is it not strange to see hope, whose office it is so gently to guard us, and which seems a spontaneous movement of the soul, transformed, for the Christian, into a virtue strictly enjoined? So that he would be obliged to take a long draught at this enchanted cup, where so many sorrowful ones esteemed themselves happy if but for a moment they could moisten their lips. Nay more, and here is the marvel, he will be *rewarded for having hoped, for having*, in this manner, *secured his own felicity*. The faithful, always militant in this life, ever contending with the enemy, are treated by religion, even in their defeat, like the conquered generals whom the Roman senate received in triumph, for the sole reason that they had not *despaired* of final safety. But if the man whom hope never abandoned was, by the ancients, regarded as something remarkable, what would they have thought of the Christian, who no longer *talks* about hope, but *cherishes* it as *his life*? As to Charity, daughter of Jesus Christ, in the proper sense she signifies *kindness and joy*. Religion, wishing to convert the human heart, and to direct our affections and our tenderness to advantage, has *invented a new passion*; she has, in order to explain it, availed herself neither of the word love, which is not

sufficiently rigid, nor of the word friendship, which loses itself in the tomb, neither of the word pity, which is too nearly allied to pride; but she has found the expression, *charity*, which embraces love, friendship, and pity, and which, at the same time, contains something celestial, or heavenly. By this she directs our thoughts towards heaven, refining them, and reconveying them towards the Creator; by this she teaches us this wonderful truth, that men should, so to speak, love themselves through God, which spiritualizes their love; thus employing this immortal essence as a conductor towards him. But if *charity*, directly emanating from the Eternal and from his word, is a Christian virtue, she is also in strict alliance with nature. It is this uninterrupted harmony of heaven and earth, of God and humanity, by which the character of the true religion is recognized. The moral and political institutions of antiquity are often in opposition with the feelings of the soul. Christianity, on the contrary, ever in agreement with the affections, does not command abstract and solitary virtues, but virtues drawn from our wants and useful to us. It has placed *charity* as a well of abundance in the midst of the deserts of life. "Charity," says the apostle, "suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

E. B. S.

THE CROWNING FRUIT OF HUMANITY.

THE last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is, tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.—*Richter*.

FALSEHOOD.

IT is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Dr. Johnson*.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

WHETHER we are to have a share in forming the characters of others, is not for us to determine; that point is settled by the very relations we occupy in the world. Mind is continually acting upon mind. Why does that infant, ere it can speak, clap its little hands in ecstasy, and laugh as if its little heart were brimful of joy? Notice that mother's eye, as it throws out the light of the soul's warm affection, and at that mother's countenance all radiant with smiles, and you will perceive, that the gambols of the child are but responses to the look of maternal love. What a power does that mother wield at that very moment! Perhaps she knows it not. Or, if she has studied the philosophy of the emotions; if she has reflected how smile answers to smile, and frown to frown; and, in connection with this, has often thought of her own responsibility, and prayed to be delivered from those exhibitions of temper which would make her child unlovely, instead of loving and loved; no such considerations occupy her mind now, as she frolics and toys with the immortal plaything that nestles fondly in her arms. The fountain of affection within is running over, and the child imbibes the warm, gushing stream. The loving mother smiles because she loves. The act is spontaneous, unpremeditated. But it goes down into the deep recesses of that young spirit, and touches the chord of affection there, and the gleesome laugh of the little one is the sweet music of the instrument which none knows so well as a mother how to play. That smile of maternal love, it may be, has laid the foundation of filial attachment and fidelity in after life. Would that mothers and fathers too, and brothers and sisters, could always smile! What beautiful traits of character would grow, and expand, and ripen in the warm sunshine of such homes!

See that little fellow of three years, how he is throwing his toys in every direction! A moment ago he was building his miniature house, but meeting with an architectural puzzle, which he could not unravel, he summoned his father to his aid. The father did not hear, and he spoke more importunately, and took hold of him in childish earnestness, and tried every noisy, pulling expedient to bring the feelings of the full-grown man

down to the point of sympathy with his infantile troubles; but the pressure of business was upon the father's movements, and he shook the little pleader off somewhat impatiently, and in his disappointment he strutted in all the dignity of offended pride, and frowned, and scolded, and cried all at once. Oh, what a weight of anguish was piled upon that young heart! How keenly did he feel that repulse! But that was not all. It made him angry. It drove the light of peace from his sunny brow, and covered it all over with the black tempest-clouds of excited passion. It made an impress upon his character unfavorable to its right development. We do not say that such scenes can always be prevented. We do not say that the father, whose mind is engrossed with the cares attending his daily avocations, can always so far master himself, and school his impulses as to bend down with benignant cheerfulness, and notice all the little wants of the young prattler, who perhaps clings to his knee twenty times a day, and makes as many demands upon his patience. But it would be well, if it could be so. It would be well, if in this respect the man were always a child. That father, however, did not intend to injure the feelings, or to alienate in the least the young affections of his gentle boy. He did not intend to warp that forming character, and make his child selfish and indifferent to the happiness of others. It may be he did not know of the tearful eye, and the pained and stricken heart. Thus it is, that much of our influence goes out, whilst we ourselves are unconscious of the power it employs in shaping the tempers and feelings of others.

The other day, the writer happened to be in a store where toys of all sorts were sold for children. The salesman pointed to a dissected game, and recommended it strongly to a lady and gentleman, who were making purchases, as something that would be very interesting to their boys. "We have no boys," said the mother. I glanced at the toy, and found it was a battle-scene. Now, it is not to be supposed that the manufacturer or the salesman intended to familiarize the minds of the young with sights of carnage, and by associating these sights with their amusements, to take away their repulsiveness and throw a charm around them; and yet, who will say, that the military ardor of the man is not often implanted thus early in the sports of the child? See that youthful battalion of mimic war-

riors, with caps on their heads, and swords dangling at their sides, or guns looking fiercely over their shoulders, marching and counter-marching to the beat of the drum; mark how their eyes flash and their cheeks glow, with the stirring excitement of the mirthful hour. None who furnish these trappings for their children, dream that such diversions will have any tendency to inflame the resentful passions. But look at another scene. Witness the occupations of that young brother and sister, transplanting their flowers, or admiring the new tints of beauty that peep every day out of the expanding buds. Where would you expect to find the most lovely and gentle traits of character; in these last, whose diversion consists in watching the silent and peaceful operations of nature, or in the others? The law of influence is at work in both cases.

How true it is, that no man liveth to himself, that every one is shaping the character of some one else, that no act which is seen, no word that is heard, no look that is noticed, is without some bearing upon human destiny! The anchorite mingles with none of his kind; he buries himself in seclusion far away from the haunts of men; and some may imagine that he has no share in giving form or direction to other minds; but, by his example, he inculcates moroseness or misanthropy, and there are those who fall in love with his asceticism, and imitate it.

Let a remark fall in the hearing of your children, not very complimentary to your neighbor, and they catch the spirit of censoriousness. Or speak well of those whom others are inclined to defame, apologize for their weaknesses and make allowances for their faults, and your children imbibe the spirit of charity. It is not alone by acts performed for the purpose that we make impressions upon other minds; the largest amount of influence is undoubtedly exerted by means of our daily exhibitions of temper, by the casual opinions we express every day, by our gestures, by the glance of the eye, by every word that escapes us; these go out on their mission, and perform their work, and modify the opinions, and practices, and dispositions of others. What a solemn view does this give us of our responsibility! With what care should every word, and opinion, and action, be weighed before it goes beyond our control, and meets the observation and takes possession of the thoughts of others!

ECLECTIC.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS closed his oration before the New-England Society, December 22d, thus:

"There has been an impression that the virtues of our fathers were stern and repulsive of beauty. And so is the mountain-top stern, when the storms wrestle, and the snow abides, and the ice congeals; but from that mountain-top comes the beauty that looks up at its base, and that skirts the stream on its long way to the ocean. So will the sterner virtues always melt into beauty, when the storms and cold with which they have to contend have passed away.

"Those principles that were combined in the 'May Flower'—the same once inclosed by the walls of an upper chamber in Jerusalem—and that, 233 years ago, this day, were first breathed into the atmosphere of this continent from Plymouth Rock, have seemed to abide in it there as a mighty spell, and have so diffused and mingled themselves with it everywhere, that the whole people breathe them in as with the very breath of their life; and so that no chemistry of tyranny, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever get them out. They were never as strong as they are to-day. They make little show of unity by great convocations. They effect no pomp, provide no prizes for a worldly ambition. Wealth does not gravitate towards them; fashion has no affinity for them. The votaries of these more often detach themselves and float to other centres. In their simplicity they stand like the heavens, unpropped by visible pillars. They seem, if not born, yet as it were, born again for this continent and this age, and for that oceanic breadth and depth of movement which is clearly before Society and the Church. They ally themselves with all that is peculiar in our free institutions, with all that is most simple and grand in the works of God, with all that is true and mighty in the movements of the elements, with all that is comprehensive in charity, and great in effort and self-sacrifice. Like the electric fluid, they are subtle and pervasive, often working silently, and seen only in their effects as they quicken the growth of the plants of righteousness and crystallize the gems that are to be set in the diadem of the Redeemer. But when the storm shall come, if come it must, that final storm that is to shake not only the earth but also heaven, that the things which cannot be shaken may remain, then they will be abroad in their might, now imperceptibly controlling affinities, and now flashing out in their brightness, and talking in thunder-tones in the moral and political heavens. To the ears of the oppressed in every land those tones will be as music. To the grave where freedom may still be buried, they will be as the trump of God. She will hear them, and come forth, clothed in the garments of her immortality, and the nations shall walk and dwell with her."

HIC, HÆC, HOC.—When the Rev. Dr. Patton was in England, he dined with several gentlemen, who used a great variety of arguments to make him give up his cold water principles. "Now here," said one; "here, doctor, is some good old hock; surely you can't decline this?" "Can't," replied the doctor; "why, sir, I learned to decline it when a boy. Hic, hæc, hoc." The table was in a roar, and the doctor came off triumphant. Let all boys when they are young decline hock; if they do, they will never know the drunkard's hic.

SEEK RELIGION WHILE YOUNG.—Let no one think that there is greater difficulty in becoming a Christian in childhood, than there is at a later period in life. There is much less. If any one wanted a tree in front of his house, would he go and dig and transplant a great tree, with a tall, heavy trunk, wide-spreading branches, and great roots running deep into the ground? He might possibly do it; but it would be a work of great difficulty, and the tree would not be very likely to live. He would rather choose a young tree, which would be easily and safely transplanted. In like manner, the difficulty of becoming religious increases as one grows older.

A woman of ninety lay on her death-bed, who had been a disciple of Christ for half a century. Conversing with a friend, she said: "Tell all the children that an old woman, who is just on the borders of eternity, is very much grieved that she did not begin to love the Saviour when she was a child. Tell them, youth is the time to serve the Lord."

THE LAST ALTAR.—"If Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academics of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fireside; her last altar would be the female heart; her last audience would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard perhaps only at the throne of God." So writes an eloquent author. This is a high eulogy upon woman. Rather than call in question its justness, we solemnly admonish her to show herself worthy of it.

NOVEL-READING.—*Opinion of Dr. Hawes.*—No habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought, or inculcates the serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is disgusted with the plainness and simplicity of truth; with the sober realities that demand his attention as a rational and immortal being, and an accountable subject of God's government.

Opinion of Dr. Wayland.—It is manifest that our moral feelings, like our taste, may be excited by the corruption of our imaginations, scarcely less than by the reality. These, therefore, may develop moral character. He who meditates with pleasure upon fictions of pollution and crime, whether originating with himself or with others, renders it evident that nothing but opposing circumstances prevent him from being himself an actor in the crime which he loves. Let the imagination, then, be most carefully guarded, if we wish to escape temptation, or make progress in virtue.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—How apt we are to laugh at the small beginnings of some of our neighbors—how apt to look upon the success of such as begin in a small way as more than problematical—how apt to desire an extensive business—one that will enable us to get rich in a year or two, fancying that when we have acquired wealth, we can buy happiness at will, never dreaming that prudence and economy are sure passports to wealth, and that a pure heart and clear conscience are the main pillars of true happiness. Wealth that is wrung from the hard earnings of honest industry by artifice and oppression, regardless of the widows' woes and orphans' tears, can never purchase happiness, although it may purchase splendid mansions and their concomitants.

We hold that any business is respectable that is honest and harmless in its nature. And wealth acquired in such a way will never disturb the repose of its possessor; but on the contrary, with a fair share of benevolence, will bring lasting blessings upon his declining years.

Now the true secret of success in any enterprise, however small or large it may be, is industry, perseverance, and economy; and he who unites these with a common share of judgment and foresight, is destined to thrive and rise in the world.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

No one can walk through the principal streets of any one of our large cities, without observing the strong contrasts which the face of society presents. Wealth and beggary move side by side. You are dazzled by the splendid attire of some votary of fashion, and at the very moment your eye catches the melancholy exhibition of some child of penury in rags, subsisting upon charity, or the small income that is derived from the daily sale of a few trifles that can hardly afford profit enough to satisfy the narrowest wants. Passing along our metropolitan Broadway, a short time since, we were deeply impressed with these contrasts. You go into a splendid saloon, and sit at marble tables upon richly-cushioned seats, opposite costly mirrors, and surrounded by groups of well or elegantly dressed persons; and as you pass out, you are met at the door by the earnest plea, "Give me a penny, sir?" while a small attenuated hand is extended to receive the pittance. Perhaps the parents of these beggar-children are idle, perhaps they are inebriates, perhaps they are hale and strong, and if they chose might earn a livelihood for themselves and families—no matter, the fact exists, that hundreds of children are thus employed, bare-footed, bare-headed, in the chill wind and drizzling rain of autumn, as well as the gentle sunshine of spring and the oppressive heat of summer, educated in a school that will fit them for future deeds of dishonor and crime. How sad it is to contemplate the social accidents that have thrown so many of the very young upon the path of beggary and sin!

But some of the very poor have too much self-respect, too much independence of character to beg, even when their condition presents a strong claim upon the active sympathies of the benevolent. On the same crowded thoroughfare, you may see an individual with a dark skin, standing erect, as if somewhat elated by the consciousness of doing what he can in the way of an honorable calling, having a placard attached to his person, or to the small box in which he carries his merchandise, inscribed with the words, "*I am blind.*" He sells cigars; and although we do not indulge in the habit of smoking, except by proxy—for we do inhale a whiff now and then, when some one else bears all the expense and performs all the labor connected with the indulgence—yet we could not have it in our heart to blame any one for purchasing the Indian weed under these circumstances; especially since it can be devoted to very profitable use in our gardens and flower-beds, as an excellent stimulant to vegetation, and there is no necessity which requires that it should exhale its fragrant life in clouds, or that the mouth of man should work out a change which reduces the perfumed roll to ashes. There is a pleasant and hopeful thought connected with this scene. This

blind man has no salaried clerk to watch over his interests, no friend at his side to see that he is not defrauded; he throws himself upon the presumed honesty of the purchaser, who is at liberty to deposit the price of the article he takes, or not, as he may feel inclined; and yet we venture to believe, that no one has ever abused this confidence, and that at the close of each day, the deposits are found to go beyond, rather than fall short of the amount of sales.

There is an aged woman, who may be seen occasionally seated on the step in front of one of the fashionable stores in Broadway. She is *very* aged. We remember her as one of the objects that interested our boyhood. And she appeared then just as old as she does now. We never saw her walk. We scarcely ever saw her move. Small in stature, bent almost double, wearing a countenance that pleases, notwithstanding the deep furrows with which the plough of time has marked it, there she sits; more like a statue than a creature of life and motion. She does not belong to the beggar class, but carries on a small trade—small it must be—for it would hardly require a shilling to buy out the whole stock. The same little old basket that used to stand beside her years ago, or one very much like it, contains a few ground-nuts—very few; and we suppose the children exchange their pennies there occasionally, though we never passed when she was so fortunate as to have a customer. Neither does she solicit custom by a look or a movement. She appears to have no anxiety, no care. Perhaps she is one of God's poor. Perhaps she has found what is better than worldly wealth, and is drawing contentment and serenity from the exhaustless fountains of heavenly grace. We know not. But we have often thought we would like to learn her history; whether she once moved in the circles of affluence and fashion, or whether she has always lived a life of penury. She might, perchance, tell a strange tale; one that would surpass, in novel and startling interest, the most vivid pictures of the imagination.

"The poor ye have always with you," said the Redeemer. But the divine arrangement in this respect, does not require that poverty should be associated with profligacy, ignorance, and crime. It should be the effort of Christian benevolence to make the poor virtuous, and then the poverty of many will cease, while enough will remain, in all probability, to leave room for the exercise of brotherly-kindness as long as the world stands.

At the close of an able article on the Russo-Turkish question, a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* speaks thus significantly of the position which England may be compelled to occupy, should Russia persevere in the attempt to carry out her nefarious plans.

"We have purposely abstained from touching on the grave question, 'What is to be done with Turkey?' It is, indeed, a question, the responsibilities of which may well make statesmen tremble. But we fail to perceive that the course of Providence has yet put it to us. What we do know, is our present plain path of duty. No verbal sophisms, no diplomatic niceties,

no risk even to our own beloved land, must keep us from *that*. A nation, like an individual, has an end for which to live. Better to cease to live than give up that end for which it came into being. 'Death before dishonor.' Right is at this moment invaded by unjust power, and the strong arm of the brave must come, if needs be, to the rescue. A 'willful king' aims at interference with the manifest course of Providential government, to turn its righteous decrees to his own account. He invades under the name of peace. To justify his violence he pleads facts that never had being, and principles that have no place save in the mind that blinds itself to the real truth of things. Let the wise take warning. What will be the end we know not yet. But our hope is in Him who 'giveth not the race to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' And with truth and justice, and that sympathy which was not withheld even from the outcast Samaritan—all these for us, we may surely quote against the northern invader, his own biblical motto for the war, if to war we at last be driven—DOMINE, IN TE SPERAVI, NE CONFUNDAR IN ÆTERNUM.—(Psalm lxxi. 1.)

"How fortunate," said a friend, the other day, "How fortunate we have been, in having had so many pleasant Sabbaths." And why fortunate? why should not the rain, which is no less needful than the sunshine in the benevolent processes of nature, be as welcome on the Sabbath as on other days? Because a watery sky on a Sabbath morning is ominous of small congregations and empty pews; and therefore, those who love the Lord's house well enough to be there, rain or shine, are happy for the sake of others when the Sabbath is bright and clear. And who are these others? What ails them? Are they all aged or infirm? Not by any means. Many of them are stronger than some who weather the storm. It would be impossible to surmise all the reasons that determine the action of individuals under these circumstances. But we are inclined to think that one of the most prominent is the fear of soiling a costly dress. Then let something less expensive be worn on these occasions, and if any should happen to notice the change, they would perceive at once its manifest propriety. It is said that on election-days it always rains. We have known exceptions to the rule; but we never knew an exception to the rule of large assemblages on such days. Some timid souls, who are so fawn-like in their tempers as to be frightened from the Lord's house by a cloud, and who shrink back into the dry, warm, sheltering nooks of their comfortable homes, are suddenly fired with extraordinary courage when business or pleasure invites them to face the pelting rain, or the keen, piercing wind. It is God who sends these Sabbath showers, and when they come, our plain duty is to wait upon God in his sanctuary, and thus show that we are satisfied with the arrangement and thankful for it.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The total amount of California gold deposited in the Philadelphia mint, from the first discovery to November 1, 1853, is stated to be \$204,000,000.

INFATUATION OF GAMBLING.—The recent fire by which the city of Sonora in California was burned to the ground, was discovered by a man in time to stop it, but he could get no assistance in furnishing water. He begged of certain parties in an adjoining gambling saloon, to leave their game and help to save the town, but they were too much absorbed in their game, and the fire was left to do its work.

NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—The East Boston clipper ship, "Great Republic," which was destroyed by fire in New-York harbor a short time since, is said to have been the largest vessel constructed since the days of Noah's Ark. She was three hundred and twenty-five feet long, and was supposed to be capable of carrying six thousand tons of cargo, though only rated a little over four thousand five hundred tons burthen. It may be interesting at this time, since the two vessels have been alluded to in this connection, to learn the dimensions of Noah's Ark. A ship was constructed for Ptolemy Philopater, which was 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, and 72 feet deep, and of 6445 tons burthen. Archimedes constructed a ship for Hiero, King of Syracuse, of such large dimensions, that none of the harbors in Sicily or Greece could receive it. Noah's Ark, by those that are curious in such things, has been calculated to have contained 1,500,000 cubic feet, and was of 11,905 tons burthen. A remarkable difference between modern and ancient times, in state and condition, is exemplified in the "Great Republic." She was the property of a private American citizen; while the wealth and resources of all Sicily were called into requisition to construct Hiero's vessel.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A curious indication, with many others, of the long-matured designs of Russia for an attack upon Turkey, is offered by the fact, well known in the London trade, that the Russian medical department purchased, at the commencement of the present year, four times their usual amount of quinine, the chief medicine for the intermittent fever arising from malaria. It is customary with that government to purchase six months' consumption at a time. The order was this year for an amount equal to two years' consumption. The circumstance occasioned much surprise, until the mystery was solved by recent events.

In Sweden, the people are fast rising to a fearful conviction of the self-entailed miseries produced by spirit-drinking. The late allusion to this vice in the King's speech at the opening of the Diet, seems to have been more the reflex of incipient public opinion than an original conception of his own. Various petitions have been presented of late to King Oscar, praying him to "take such measures as shall avert the misery which threatens the nation, if the production of spirits be allowed to continue in its present extent." The last of these petitions had 18,000 signatures.

THE project for providing a million copies of the New Testament for China, to meet the openings which the successes and the completion of the revolution will naturally create, is popular in England. The necessary fund is rapidly accumulating, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and there is said to be an amazing amount of Christian effort put forth in connection with the scheme. Active measures are taken not only in England and Wales, but in Scotland and Ireland. The latest report of the collections, stated that nearly 300,000 copies had been already subscribed for.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Littell's Living Age; Second Series. This long-tried favorite, whose aim it is to gather from all sources the most valuable specimens of periodical literature, presents to its many readers a new attraction in the form of a beautiful steel-plate engraving with every number, and as the work is issued weekly, subscribers will receive fifty-two plates during the year. Those who desire a work in which entertainment and profound, vigorous thought are judiciously combined, will do well to subscribe for the *Living Age*. Terms, \$6 a year, in advance. Address Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

Christ in History. The Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Hartford, has issued a work with this title, which is spoken of as "evincing both scholarship and taste. It is simply a popular, graphic portraiture of the influence of Christianity, as an element of social and political life from the earliest time; free from mystical views, and true to the great principles of the Reformation."

A Month in England; by Henry T. Tuckerman, records the observations made by the author during that short period. They are emphatically first impressions, therefore. The volume is interesting, and will be read with pleasure. Published by Redfield, New-York.

Minnesota and its Resources; by J. W. Bond, describes in glowing colors the natural beauties and prospective wealth of that distant region of our country. Presenting a geographical view of the territory, and its agricultural advantages, an account of its towns, travelling facilities, &c., it will be particularly valuable to those who are looking towards Minnesota as their future home.

The Flower of the Family, is an interesting book for girls, by the author of *Little Susie's Six Birthdays*.

THE FOREIGN PRESS.

AUGUSTE COMTE has just issued the third volume of his *Système de Politique Positive*, which contains the "Philosophy of History."

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, in the autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks. By Laurence Oliphant.

The *Athenæum* says, this volume forms a valuable contribution to our present scanty stock of knowledge of the internal state of the Russian empire; and will be more generally acceptable from the lively and agreeable style in which the author imparts much new and interesting information.

Sunlight through the Mist; or, Practical Lessons drawn from the Lives of Good Men. Intended as a Sunday book for children. By a Lady.

Discovery of the Site of the Destroyed Cities of the Plain, Sodom and Gomorrah. By M. De Sauley, member of the French Institute. In 2 vols.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1854.

No. 11.

THE CHURCH OF GOD—WHAT IS IT?

THE distinctive character of man as a *religious* being, must be evident to every individual, as well from the inward monitor implanted in his breast, pointing him to a higher Judge of human actions, as from the structure of the universe around him, abounding in numberless intelligent arrangements, which aim at moral designs. Accordingly, even the ancient heathen affirmed this attribute of our nature, and designated it by a word,* derived, as Cicero supposes, from the habit of man to *review*† his actions, or as the Latin father Lactantius maintains, from his feeling naturally *obligated*‡ to a course of virtue. But amid the light of the Gospel, our religious nature, and obligation to a higher power, must be far more evident to reflecting minds. Indeed, viewed by aid of this light, religion must be regarded as the highest interest that can attach to man. It alone can satisfy the yearnings of his soul after the infinite and the holy, after immortality and God. It alone can solve the problem of his earth-born, yet heaven-destined existence; illustrate his infinitely various relations to earth, and explain how his citizenship is still in heaven. It alone can conduct him safely through the mazes of life, and bring him to that blissful land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign; to that heavenly Jerusalem, where prophets and apostles, martyrs, reformers, and saints of all ages, convene in harmony, to sing

* Religio.

† Ex relegendō.

‡ Religati sumus.

hallelujahs to the Lamb that was slain, and liveth again, and intercedes for them.

Yet is it not evident, that the great mass of mankind habitually neglect the known dictates of this religion, whose obligation is engraven on their souls? If we adopt any standard of religion, which an intelligent inquirer could derive from an honest interpretation of the New Testament, how few are the families, how few even the individuals, that attain to it, or make conformity to its dictates, the daily effort of their life! Indeed, left to himself no man would do so. "There is none righteous, no not one; there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh God; they are all gone out of the way, there is none that doeth good, no not one." *

This general alienation from God, our best benefactor and friend, the moral governor of our world, and of all the myriads of stellar and of planetary worlds which spangle the regions of immensity, could not fail to entail on us his divine displeasure; and our entire race must have been consigned to everlasting burnings, had not our gracious heavenly Parent remembered mercy in the midst of deserved wrath, and in the counsels of eternity devised *a plan of redemption through the sacrifice of his Son*, which has been, and for ever will be, the subject of amazement to men and angels. In achieving this glorious scheme, the Son of God, our blessed Saviour, died upon the cross to atone for our sins, and yielded a perfect obedience, to purchase for us a title to heaven. Thus by his active and passive righteousness he made ample provision for our case, and now sends forth his disciples with the injunction to preach the Gospel to every rational creature, and to invite the attention of all to this great salvation. He offers pardon and eternal life to the children of men, on condition that they repent of their injustice to his character, and violation of his laws; that they accept of the mercies of God through Christ, and in gratitude for his goodness and love for the infinite excellencies of his nature, consecrate themselves eternally to his service.

These invitations meet us on almost every page of the Gospel, and address themselves to you also, reader! To you, likewise, the *Saviour* says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke

* Rom. iii. 10-12.

upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The Almighty even deigns to expostulate with you. "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your wicked ways, for why will ye die?" And have your sins been so great as to deter you from approaching a throne of grace? Hear again the voice of mercy: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. For my thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are my ways as your ways; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." "Wherefore return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings, and will make a covenant of peace with you, and it shall be an everlasting covenant."

To aid returning sinners in securing their salvation, and to concentrate to a focus the moral influence of their renovated life, to enable them to hold up to the view of mankind the radiant standard of mercy, and by their holy example to be lights of the world and the salt of the earth, the Saviour requires them to step out from among the ungodly world, publicly to profess his name by the rite of baptism, and to associate themselves together into a distinct society. To this society, termed in holy writ *the Church*, he has committed his inspired oracles, together with his divinely-appointed system of remedial agencies, by which all those inclined to heed the gracious calls of mercy are gathered into this church, and enjoy the promise of eternal life. *The Church of Christ is, therefore, the most important institution on earth.* The family institution is important, binding together its members with ties of endearment, such as earth nowhere else knows. The civil compact is important, involving temporal interests of nations and generations. But the Church of God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, is as much more important as the soul is nobler than the body, and eternity longer than time; for it involves interests of God and man, interests which shall pervade immensity and survive eternity.

What then is the nature of the Church?

The visible Church of Christ is a *divinely-appointed institution*, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; against which Church the gates of hell shall never prevail.

It consists of all those who have *heard the gospel call, and having resolved to accept it*, have been *made disciples by baptism* in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, who have thus publicly *professed* the name of Christ before the world, and promised to *obey all things*, whatever he has commanded them in his inspired word.

It embraces all who having been admitted by baptism, *have associated themselves together in different local societies*, together with their children, for the purpose of *statedly worshipping God in the ordinances of his own appointment*, for mutual edification, discipline, supervision, and encouragement in their Christian walk, as well as coöperation in spreading the Gospel over the earth.

To this Church Christ has confided the *ministry, the word, and sacraments*, as the appointed instrumentalities employed by the Holy Spirit to awaken, convert, sanctify, and save sinners.

These means are *wisely adapted* by their intrinsic nature, to produce those effects on the mind, which are requisite for salvation; yet are they not effectual in a single case, without the superadded influences of the Holy Spirit. It was Paul that planted, and Apollos that watered; but God that gave the increase.

These *influences of the Spirit* are, according to the principles of God's moral administration, ordinarily *confined to the appointed means of grace*; and none can justly hope for them whilst they neglect these instrumentalities: but they are *invariably bestowed on all* who make a sincere, faithful and persevering use of the means; so that whilst they are thus waiting on the Lord, in the means of his own appointment, he will sooner or later, in his own time and place,* render them effectual to the awakening, conversion, sanctification, and salvation of their souls.

This Church, being appointed of God, and embracing in it the divinely-established instrumentalities, through which all spiritual blessings are bestowed, *no one who has heard the Gospel call, can ordinarily be saved without its pale*. The Church is,

* Ubi et quando vult Deus.—Augsburg Confession, Art. v.

therefore, in a proper sense, the spiritual mother of us all, in which we are to be trained up unto eternal life.

These are the cardinal features of this great spiritual brotherhood of Christendom; of that moral empire, that "kingdom of heaven," which Christ appeared on earth to establish. These are the grand outlines of that system of instrumentalities appointed by God for the salvation of our fallen and guilty race. This system has legitimated the validity of its claims, and demonstrated the divinity of its power, in all ages of its history. The little band of fishermen and tentmakers, together with the hundred and twenty names that had convened for prayer in an upper room in Jerusalem, constituted the entire original membership of this Church. But by the preaching of the Gospel, accompanied with the influence of the Spirit, "the Lord added to the Church daily, such as were saved." Converts were soon made in all the surrounding region, and organized into local churches in Samaria, at Corinth, (1 Cor. i. 2,) at Antioch, (Acts xiii. 1,) in Galatia, (1 Cor. xvi. 1,) at Rome, in Asia Minor, and elsewhere, (Rev. i. 4.) Each of these collections of worshippers is spoken of as a Christian church; yet they are also designated in the aggregate as *one church*. In this acceptance of the term does the Saviour say: "On this rock I will build *my Church*," (Matt. vi. 18,) and Paul penitently acknowledge, "In time past, I persecuted the *Church* of God, and wasted it," (Gal. i. 13.) In about three centuries, the triumphs of the holy religion were extended over a large part of the Roman Empire, and the banners of Christianity first unfurled in the valleys of Judea, were seen waving in triumph over the palace of the Cæsars. This Church of God, amidst various vicissitudes, has continued its triumphs to the present day, and realized the promise of the Saviour, "Lo, I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world." The loftiest and the wisest intellects of every century have done homage to this divine institution, and regarded it a privilege and honor to be numbered among the disciples of the crucified Nazarene. To say nothing of the distinguished divines, philosophers, and statesmen of earlier centuries, the Church of Christ has embraced in her pale the most illustrious names of modern ages, even in the ranks of civilians, such as a Grotius, a Leibnitz, a Kepler, a Newton,

a Locke, a Boyle, a Sir Matthew Hale, and, in our own country, a Chief Justice Marshall.

These and hundreds of other men, classed by the judgment of mankind among the leading intellects of their age and generation, have placed on record not only their belief in the truth of Christianity, but also their high appreciation of the word of God, and of that spiritual religion demanded of faithful church-members. Listen to testimony of the distinguished Lutheran civilian and statesman, *Oxenstiern*, the chancellor of Sweden and prime-minister as well as companion of his noble-hearted monarch, Gustavus Adolphus, who poured out his life's blood on the plains of Lutzen for the liberties of Protestantism. After the lamented death of his monarch, in 1632, he was placed at the head of the government, and not only conducted the war to a successful issue, but also ruled the nation with consummate wisdom and success. This great man appears also to have been a distinguished Christian and faithful member of the Church. He spent part of his time in retirement, and when visited in his retreat by the English ambassador, Mr. Whitlock, he closed their interview with the following remarks: "I thank God that he has given me time to know him, and to know myself. All the comfort I have, which is more than the whole world can give, I find in the enjoyment of the influences of the Holy Spirit, and in the perusal of God's Holy Word. You are now in the prime of your age and vigor, and enjoy great favor, but all this will leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I say. You will then find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort and pleasure in retiring and turning your heart from the world to the good Spirit of God, and in reading the Bible, than in all the courts and favors of princes." This testimony, let it also be remembered, was given after a long life of most successful public services, and after the highest honors of the nation had been accumulated upon him.

One more testimonial may suffice:

"Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel, but on a nice examination of the evidences for Christianity, he found reason to change his opinions. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before him, Sir Isaac addressed him in these or like words: 'Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other

parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand ; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter.' This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, 'No, sir,' said he, 'Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention.'"

Reader, these testimonials we have adduced, not because we base our faith in Christianity, or in the importance of the Christian Church, on human authority. Our object is, to show you, that if your neglect of religion hitherto has arisen from the supposition that it is a human device or imposture, and therefore obedience to its dictates not your highest duty, it would be wise for you to examine the subject, lest you lose your never-dying soul. Certainly, evidences which convinced the loftiest intellects of the world cannot be refuted by a sneer, but merit our serious investigation before we reject them. All these men also regarded the public profession of religion by membership in the visible Church, as essential to a faithful Christian. The blessed Saviour himself has decided this point. Go ye, (says he in his final commission,) and *make disciples** of all nations, *baptizing* them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."† Again, "Who-soever shall *confess me before men*, him will I also confess before my Father who is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven."‡ "He that believeth and is *baptised*, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." Membership in the visible Church of the Redeemer is therefore not only one of

* It is generally conceded by the best philologists, that *μαθητευσατε*, from *μαθητης*, a disciple, signifies to make disciples. (Schultz and Bengelius, *machel zu Jünger*. De Wette, *bekehret*.)

† Matt. xxviii. 19.

‡ Matt. x. 32.

the richest blessings of heaven, calling for our warmest gratitude, but it is also a sacred and imperative duty, distinctly enjoined in the Word of God, the neglect of which jeopard's the salvation of the soul! Reader, is your name enrolled among the followers of the Lamb, or does the eye of omniscience behold you in the ranks of those, who practically deny the Lord that bought them, and will bring upon themselves swift destruction?

SPENER.

THE SOURCE OF POLITICAL POWER.

BY J. D. HUSBANDS.

AMERICA has survived her struggle for place and power. She is a great power among the greatest powers of the earth, if not the greatest of the great. The arts and sciences in this their genial home have achieved stupendous results. When the world grows hungry or in want, it looks to the fullness and fatness of American garners, as the Egyptians and "all countries" came to Joseph to buy corn when the famine was sore in all lands. American soil is a vast depository of priceless treasure. Industry and inventive enterprise secure healthful prosperity and large abundance. I regard this country as a united, glorious, indivisible country, having many members, but one body; many interests, but one destiny; many States, but one government.

But great as my country is, she is not as great as older nations have been, which have risen gloriously and fallen ignominiously. The arts and sciences and literature have had wider scope and fuller development, we have reason to believe, in the buried past, than in our own glowing present. Refinement reached a more lustrous culmination in the lost and forgotten, than in the living and the things that now are. May it not be well to inquire why has the world lost so much? Whence these yawning, impassable gulfs between the mighty past and posthumous improvement? Why was Progress repulsed after such victories? The answer is a ready one. Sin is the parent of decay. Nations have been destroyed because human governments have failed to recognize the true source of government, the real origin of political power. Unsanctified prosperity genders pride, and pride works destruction. Great-

ness in ruins is suggestive of profitable reflection. Let me now, in the spirit of calm investigation, invite attention to the theory of our own government, and the source to which the American citizen and statesman should look for the protection and preservation of American institutions. The American Declaration of Independence affirms that "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Literally and disconnected from other parts of the same instrument, this is a dangerous fallacy. Reduce it to practice thus disjointed, it is productive of insubordination, disorders, lax and latitudinarian views of duty, and all the ills of mobs, riots, and a disturbed state of society. Human laws have for their object the regulation of relations. My purpose in this paper is to search after their sanctions.

Human government, to be absolutely independent, must possess inherent sovereignty; that is, as a government, its authority and power are not derivative but organic, dwelling within itself. For if government derives its authority or depends for its existence on any power not within itself, it is dependent on that power, whatever it may be, for vitality, and of course is not independent of it. It will be seen as we proceed, that no human government is absolutely independent. The powers of government, if derivative, are limited in their scope to the authority conferred; this authority may depend very much upon the power possessed by whomsoever it is conferred.

If government derives all its just powers literally from the consent of the governed, then it can exercise no power from which the governed withhold their consent, and none which they had not the authority to confer. The governed cannot confer powers not possessed by themselves, for the obvious reason that what they have not they cannot give. A dry fountain cannot supply or keep up a living stream.

But our political chart also affirms that all men have *inalienable rights*, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These man may not part with by his own act. It also recognizes the right to levy war by the States, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may do; and by a necessary implication affirms the superiority of the civil power to the military. Independent States or human governments may of right regulate property, and in the exer-

cise of punitive justice may inflict penal evil, abridge liberty, restrain the voluntary pursuit of happiness, and take life. I do not stop to prove that civil governments possess these large and comprehensive powers, because in this country they are actually asserted and exercised.

If life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness be inalienable, that is, cannot be legally or justly alienated or transferred to another, it is difficult to perceive how the consent of the governed gives to the government the right to take life, abridge or take away liberty, and defeat the pursuit of happiness. The supposition is a simple absurdity.

The doctrine of consent *conferring* the just powers of government in this unlimited sense, involves the idea that the government is only the agent of the governed. In individual transactions, the principal controls the agent, and it would be a startling as well as a novel doctrine, that in that relation the agent is clothed with powers far transcending those of his principal; and it would be passing strange to assert that the agent had received from his principal important powers not possessed by the latter. Upon principle, is it right that the mere agent should govern and control him whose servant he is? Is the servant greater than his master? May not the principal defeat or annul the acts of the agent, where the rights of third persons have not intervened, and no rights of the agent himself are disturbed? May not the principal revoke the agent's authority and refuse to appoint his successor? If the just powers of government be derived only from the consent of the governed, then the latter are not put to the necessity of repealing an obnoxious law, because, wanting their consent, the just power to enact it is wanting. Consent, it will be perceived, is made the pre-requisite of the power. The citizen, in that case, is not called upon to be law-abiding, orderly, and obedient to the restraints of legislation, but simply to ascertain the existence of law by the fact of consent. I do not intend by this, that our Declaration of Independence is not harmonious in all its parts, or that it is burdened with a fallacy. Quite the contrary. I have only attempted to show that when the demagogue attempts to flatter the people into the belief that all political power resides with them, and therefore they are at liberty to obey or not to obey laws at will, he is leading them into an

absurdity as well as a pernicious error. I submit, however, that this is not the fair interpretation of the Chart of Liberty. This instrument must be construed according to well-defined rules of interpretation. Its great predicate is the equality of man, his *inalienable* right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. What follows is qualified and controlled by this. Hence it follows that when it refers to the consent of the governed, it simply intends that the consent of the governed, within the legitimate scope of that consent, is essential to right government. In other words, that a representative democracy, based upon the right of suffrage, is the best form and style of government, leaving unquestioned the Divine prerogative. Now, all becomes plain. By the theory and structure of our government, it possesses authority and powers necessarily denied to the governed. Rulers are elective, but being elected, they are, as such, much more than mere agents of the people. They possess, as we have seen, powers of immense importance, which their constituents never gave them, because they never had them to give. These powers, then, must be derived from a source beyond the people and superior to them. This is a fair and legitimate deduction from the premises. Where does power reside above and beyond the great body of the people? If it is not human power, and is above it, a Christian nation will at once recognize it as superhuman or Divine. Inherent, absolute sovereignty belongs alone to God. No government is independent of his control. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges its firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence. God's providential care is over all the universe, and the best interests of the whole, as a whole, will surely be subserved.

Holy writ bids every soul be subject to the higher powers, and adds, for there is NO POWER BUT OF GOD.

When Pilate, the heathen Governor under Tiberias Caesar, asked Christ, "Knowest thou not that I have *power* to crucify thee, and have *power* to release thee?" the Son of God answered, "Thou couldst have *no power* against me, except it were *given thee from above*," referring to his authority as a magistrate or governor. It is fair to conclude, or rather, we are shut up to the conclusion, that the most important powers and authority of governments derive their sanctions from the Almighty. In

this view, in the exercise of their just powers, they have a dignity, an importance and authority, which on the one hand create immense responsibilities, and on the other should restrain evil-speaking of dignities. Having clearly the right to do what the governed may not, their powers are paramount to all mere human consent. They are to do God's will to men; to punish, not capriciously, but righteously, because they are invested with power for that very purpose; for "Rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou, then, not be afraid of the power; Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same: for he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, *be afraid*, for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

But what has the consent of the governed to do with the government? and what are the duties of the governed in their relation to the government?

This is an important practical question, the discussion of which I will reserve for a future communication, if it will be welcome to your columns.

I have done but little more than glance at the subject of this paper. My observations are intended as suggestive of salutary reflection in quarters where extended investigation may result in much good. My time and your patience and pages will not permit me to carry out these suggestions. Let us profit by the past; avoid its corruptions and the false security of those whose monuments are buried in the ruins of ambition. In national as well as in individual history, "the way of the ungodly shall, perish."

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1854.

RESOLUTIONS FORMED UNDER ANGRY FEELINGS.—Never do any thing that can denote an angry mind; for, although every body is born with a certain degree of passion, and, from untoward circumstances, will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; *never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided; and always avoid saying any thing that you would wish unsaid.*

THE EARLY DEAD.

BY REV. THOMAS LAPE.

"**ERE** sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening buds to heaven conveyed,
And bade them blossom there."

CORNELIA MARIA was the youngest of the little flock. She passed away before she had seen two winters. She had always been tender and delicate from her birth. She sickened, and after eight days of care and anxiety, the angel of death drew near.

———"Her pulse had stopped ;
And those who gathered round, leaned slowly o'er
To see if yet she breathed : when suddenly
She opened her light blue eyes, spread forth her arms,
And fixed upon us her kindling eyes,
As if she saw her glorious home in heaven.
How beautiful ! how beautiful ! she seemed to say ;
Then turning on her pillow, passed away."

The time of her burial arrived. The ministers of religion were there, and spoke words of comfort and consolation. The children of the Sabbath-school came in numbers and sang, tenderly, funeral hymns. We laid her in the ground, near our dwelling, where her sister and brother were wont to go, talk of their little sister, and strew flowers over her grave. From that spot, we afterward removed her remains to the cemetery at H——, where she sleeps by the side of her eldest sister, who has since departed this life.

We shall never forget her. No ; memory brings vividly to mind her delicate frame, her soft features, her light blue eyes, her fine flaxen hair, and her marble white countenance after death. Yes,

———"She was the *youngest*.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie ! The youngest ne'er grows old.
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them, and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them."

After an interval of more than two years, death entered the second time our dwelling, and selected for his victim our *eldest*

child, Helen Amelia. She had always enjoyed a remarkable degree of health, until the time that she was attacked by that direful scourge, the scarlet fever. She had entered her tenth summer. She had been reared up from her infancy under religious influences. As soon as she could lisp out the name of her Saviour, she was taught to raise her little heart in a few words of prayer to him, at our family worship. With few exceptions, she was always found in the Sabbath-school and in the house of God. She loved her Bible. At her own request, some time before her illness, she read the daily portions of Scripture for such religious exercises. Its sacred truths were deeply impressed upon her juvenile heart, and she gave evidences of it during her short life. Death to her was deprived of his dread and the grave of its gloom. On one occasion, when visiting the cemetery at L——, upon coming to a spot shaded by trees, and the ground covered with deep green grass, her little heart filled with deep emotions, looking to her mother, she said: "*Mother, when I die, will you bury me here?*" During her illness, when the subject of death was introduced, she evinced no dread of his approach, but was willing, should it please God to call her away, to go and join her little sister, and other kindred spirits, who had gone before her to heaven. She was taught to sing. In this exercise she took a deep interest and delight. On the evening previous to her severe attack, without being requested, she sang a number of her choice pieces, with more than ordinary sweetness. The last one is called "*That Music Sweet and Lowly*;" lines composed on the death of a child whose last words were, "*What is that music, dear mother?*" The last stanza is as follows:

"That music sweet and lowly—
'Tis Jesus bids thee come,
To join the spirits holy
In thy eternal home;
Go, dwell in yon bright heaven,
And with thy Saviour be;
O God! to thee is given
The child thou gavest me."

She retired, as well as usual, to rest, but before the morning dawn disease had attacked her body, and after two weeks of extreme suffering, she died. For more than two days she lay in convulsions. For some time previous she was delirious.

We bowed in humble and fervent prayer to God for her recovery. When in convulsions, our cry to God was, "*Restore the child, if consistent with thy will, but if not, release her from her distress and take her to thyself.*" None but a parent can feel what we felt in passing through this trying scene! When death was doing his work, taking her cold hand in ours, resigned, though with struggling of soul, to the will of God, we said: "*Farewell, blessed spirit.*" After deeply solemn and interesting religious exercises, we committed her body to the tomb, in the cemetery at H——, by the side of her little sister;

"They were united in life;
They are not divided in death."

Helen had a large, dark, expressive eye, an open and intellectual countenance. She possessed a mind capable of great expansion, and had already displayed a remarkable taste in music, painting, and needlework. When in life she was wont to sing:

"Plant ye a tree that shall wave over me,
When I am gone—I am gone."

A weeping-willow stands by her head and waves in solemn silence over her grave; two mountain-ash, one balsam, and another weeping-willow are around the sacred inclosure, where

"They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground."

We have visited that spot, but it was not in the gloom of winter, or on some lowering day; it was when nature was dressed in her best attire, when the birds were caroling from tree to tree, and when the sun was shining in his strength; such were the occasions when we visited that sacred spot, believing that it is not in accordance with the principles of Christianity to weep and mourn where repose the ashes of the sainted dead.*

We will cherish their memories, believing that a proper re-

* The late Prof. Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and gloomy time; do not go in the shade of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of the Christian; but go in the morning, and in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

membrance of them exerts a hallowed influence upon our minds. The more we think on the departure of loved ones, and the more our hearts are softened and mellowed by the principles of the Gospel, the more sensibly, it appears, do we feel their spirits hovering over us, assuring us of their love and affection. Our feelings and views, on this subject, are happily expressed in the following language: "It is an exquisite and beautiful thing, in our nature, that when the heart is softened by some tranquil happiness of affectionate feelings, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life."

We shall meet our angel daughters again. But how changed the scene! Instead of seeing them pale and emaciated, as we saw them on the bed of sickness and death, we shall see them blooming with immortal health. Instead of seeing them clothed in the habiliments of the grave, we shall see them clad in celestial glory. Instead of hearing them uttering complaints and groans, we shall hear their voices either speaking forth the love of God, or joining in concert with the ransomed above, singing the praises of redeeming grace. Their minds, how expanded and enlightened! When they were with us, we regarded it a duty, both sacred and pleasing, to develop their infantile minds, and teach them the principles of Christianity: but since it has pleased God to take them to heaven, they, having Christ for their great teacher, have learned more of God and heaven, in one minute, than we could have taught them, with the greatest care, all the days of our lives.

These considerations afford comfort and consolation. We have now children on earth and children in heaven. God has honored us in taking to himself, from this vale of tears, two of our children, to the realms above, to be employed in higher and more ennobling objects than they could have been engaged in here below. And although the separation was truly painful, yet, when viewed in the light of the Gospel, we are constrained to say, they could not have gone in a better time. We have the assurance that it is well with them. When speaking of

little children, Christ says, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Yes,

"Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

Our attractions to heaven, by these solemn and affecting events, have greatly increased. Our zeal and devotion in the cause of Christ have been renewed. The command of Christ, "watch," falls with redoubled power upon the listening ear, in order for a better preparation of heart to meet and unite with our angel daughters in the realms of endless day and blessedness.

THE NOBLE BEREANS.

BY REV. J. K. PLITT.

THE preaching of the Cross has been attended with various fortune, in every age, since the time of Christ. Wherever the Gospel has been made known, it has found its friends and its enemies. By many it has been cordially embraced, as affording to them the only means of salvation. By many more, it has been rejected, and despised, and trampled under foot, as an unholy thing.

Experience is constantly proving the truth of these statements. A contrast of the conduct of the Bereans and Thessalonians, also illustrates them; the latter of whom pursued most violent measures against Paul and Silas, when they preached Christ; whilst the former exhibited all that ingenuousness of mind which never condemns a thing unheard and untried, but which is willing that it should stand or fall upon its own merits. Berea and Thessalonica were neighboring cities of Macedonia. Upon the arrival of Christ's missionaries in the latter, Paul immediately went into the synagogue, as his manner was, opening and alleging that Jesus, whom he preached, was the Messiah. Some believed, and cast in their lot with Paul and Silas; of the devout Greeks, a great multitude, and of the chief women, not a few. But to many Jews who were present, this kind of preaching was unwelcome; they did not believe in the Messiah that had come; they had no sympathy with those views of him which the apostle presented, and to which many

converts had been made in their own midst ; they still looked for another Christ, the veil remaining untaken away in their reading of the Old Testament, their minds being blinded. And not only did they not believe, but being moved with envy at the success of Paul's preaching, they gathered unto them "certain lewd fellows, of the baser sort, and set all the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house" in which Paul and Silas abode ; neither would they be satisfied until they received security that they would be no more troubled. And thus, by their illiberal conduct, they drove out from their midst the servants of Christ, whose only mission was to do them good ; hereby furnishing an example of bigotry and selfishness, that contains nothing to invite our admiration.

Having been thus expelled from Thessalonica, Paul and Silas came to Berea, in which city they met with an entirely different reception. Though the Bereans, no doubt, entertained the same views of the Messiah as their neighbors, they manifested nothing of that ungenerous spirit which had been stirred up against the preaching of the truth among the Thessalonians. Every particular of their conduct is noble and praiseworthy. They received the word with all readiness of mind ; they were willing, respectfully to hear it, and to judge for themselves ; they did not deem it unworthy of examination because it conflicted with their peculiar views. On the other hand, they appeared glad to listen to the apostle, and anxious to be delivered from error, if their understandings could be convinced that they had fallen into it. To this end they searched the Scriptures daily, to ascertain whether Paul's teachings accorded with them. To sustain himself in preaching Christ *that had now come*, the apostle, of course, would refer largely to the Jewish Scriptures. The various types, and shadows, and signs, and promises, and prophecies concerning the Messiah would demand attention. With these, the birth, and life, and miracles, and resurrection of Christ, would be compared. So that for the Bereans to form a correct estimate of his preaching, it was necessary for them diligently to examine their own Scriptures, and to compare what had happened in the history of Christ, with what had been foreshadowed, foretold, and promised in the law and the prophets. And this is what they did, unmindful whether such examination would sustain or condemn them ; they were not afraid to come

to the light; and as a consequence of their ingenuous disposition and liberal conduct, many of them believed in Christ.

Thus did the Bereans show themselves to be far "more noble" than their neighbors at Thessalonica. Disposed to inquire honestly and patiently into the truth of the doctrines which were advanced in their hearing, they furnish an example that commends itself to our highest admiration. From their conduct we may learn such lessons as follow:

1. It evinces a noble mind and heart, honestly and faithfully to examine the claims of Christianity. It is thus only that a man can render an intelligent and unbiased verdict. To pre-judge a case is unjust and dishonorable. An honest and a conscientious jury, in a court of justice, whose duty it is to sit in judgment upon a fellow-man, will always, at the outset, consider him innocent, however flagrant may be the charges which are brought against him. This must invariably be the starting-point. If they have been in any way prejudiced, they are not qualified to perform their duty. Their minds must be free and unbiased, and by the weight of evidence alone, must they be influenced in their decisions. Thus, entering upon their duty, they receive testimony; they look at it in its various phases and relations; they earnestly and prayerfully weigh it; and then they produce their verdict, to which all reasonable men assent. And is there not vastly more in such a proceeding that is noble and honorable, than in the conduct of that jury that considers a man guilty at once; that will hear no evidence; that sacrifices justice and truth to passion and prejudice; that condemns a man without the shadow of a trial? The sentiment of every Christian community revolts against any course that immures a man in prison, or that executes him on the gallows, though he be a villain of deepest dye, without a calm, patient and dispassionate trial.

And now, if there is that which is "noble" and commendable in dealing justly and intelligently with a man where temporal things are at stake, how much more noble and rational is it for every man to deal fairly with himself in reference to those weightier matters which the divine word presents for his consideration! Christianity comes to him with high pretension,—with lofty claims; it professes for itself a divine origin; is undertakes to accomplish what man, by his unaided power,

dare not attempt; it promises rich blessings, for time and for eternity, to those who receive it into their hearts; it volunteers to raise man from the death of sin to the life of holiness; to lift him from deep degradation to glory, and honor, and immortality; it would entirely regenerate his nature; give him eyes that he may see, and ears that he may hear, and a heart that he may feel. Every thing pertaining to it is on so grand a scale—it professes and promises so much, that it challenges, as but a reasonable duty, on the part of every man, a rigid examination of its claims. In matters of every-day occurrence, men are accustomed to examine before they pronounce a judgment. If a candidate is presented to them for political preferment, they ask, who is he, what are his claims, what his qualifications for office. If a scheme of speculation is offered, they look into its chances of success, and weigh well its hazards. If an investment is to be made, they wish to know all about its securities and promises of gain. All this is well enough. But if to many of these careful and considerate persons the subject of religion is presented,—a subject which transcends all others in importance, so far as eternity is longer than time, they too often act, alas! just like the illiberal Jews at Thessalonica. Being naturally prejudiced against it, since it stamps the seal of the divine displeasure upon their ungodly ways, they condemn it without a hearing, and thus lose benefits procured by a Saviour's death, which tongue cannot describe, or the mind of man conceive. A noble, ingenuous nature will not, cannot, act thus; but it will receive the word with all readiness and search its claims.

2. Christianity has nothing to fear from a thorough examination of its character. St. Paul had every confidence in the truth which he preached; he knew that its teachings rested upon a strong foundation; they were efficacious in convincing his own mind, once as rigidly Jewish in its views and predilections as any man's could be; and he was a man of vigorous and cultivated intellect. Never did he fear that the divine word was unequal to its own defense, could men but be persuaded to imitate the example of the Bereans, to receive it with readiness and search it daily.

All genuine preaching of Christ invites the candid examination of those who hear. It is upon this that the religion of the

cross relies for its permanence and diffusion. The more it can teach men, by their personal study of its divine character, the surer is it of speedy triumph. Papal Rome may cut off the sources of religious knowledge, and teach her votaries that "ignorance is the mother of devotion;" she may withhold the Bible as a dangerous book; she may frown upon all efforts to disseminate truth, and hunt down with bitter persecution those who love God's word; but the glory and pride of the true Church of Christ is to scatter the pages of the life-giving word far and wide, that men may know, from its own authenticated records, untrammelled by human censorship, whether indeed those things are so, which the heralds of the cross preach for truth.

The Bible Societies of our own and other lands are accomplishing a mighty work for God, by multiplying and scattering abroad copies of the divine word. The desire of the Church is, that every man may have opportunity, in his own tongue, to read it, and test Christianity by it. The religion of the Cross shrinks not from the light. It is itself the child of the light, and there is no darkness in it. It is not afraid to pass the most critical investigation. Its power is *in being known*. And, doubtless, the way is now fast preparing, through the free and wide circulation of the Bible, for the glorious triumphs of grace, which shall be achieved when men know, from their own convictions, what an energy there is in the Christian religion.

Often, already, has our holy religion been called to face the attacks which the genius, and learning, and sophistry, and wit of wicked men have brought against it. But it has always risen triumphantly above these assaults, and it shines out now with a beautiful lustre, crowned with laurels from every field of conflict, its towers told, its bulwarks marked. The blood of the Founder is the seal of the victory of the Church. Perfumed with the prayers of her sons and daughters, Zion must ever be full of fragrance unto God.

Infidelity now sweeps, like the fatal simoon, over this and other lands. But why? Is it because men study the divine word? Is it the result of candid investigation of the evidences of Christianity? Is it because the example of the noble Bereans is imitated? No. Tom Paine acknowledged that in the writing of his "Age of Reason," he had neither the Old or New

Testament before him, though he was writing against both. Ignorance, prejudice, and a superficial knowledge of the Scriptures, are among the grand causes of infidelity. Let the Bible but be searched, and there is a divine certainty that this tide of infidelity will be rolled back, and the sweet words, divinely spoken, "peace—be still," subdue into a lovely calm all the raging storms of irreligion and wickedness that now rock the foundations of society.

THIS EARTH AN AUCTION-BLOCK.

WE always hear of Father Time as a stern old man, and from our earliest infancy we have learned to dread the unrelenting hand that sways the scythe and sickle. But the most sedate must have their merry moods, and the old man looked almost gleeful, as, on a bright morning, I saw him hang out his broad, red flag, and take up his heavy hammer, with which to knock off the bargains of the day. The room was crowded, though the sun had not yet travelled far on his day's journey. There were present old men, who seemed all ripened for the grave, and I looked about for monumental marble: matrons with silver hair, young men, and maidens. The Past had come and gone, leaving his wares on the stand; the Present stood in the midst, bidding away furiously, though, I thought, not always advisedly; Posterity was not able to come, but had sent hundreds of agents in his place, who seemed to be wide awake, being so excited that oftentimes they bid against themselves. I saw two men with eyes rolling in a "fine frenzy," disheveled hair, and pale faces. I knew they must be poets. As I entered, I caught the words "going, going," and looking up I saw a pile of musical instruments; among them were souls of ten thousand strings, &c. Scarce any, however, were in perfect tune. The strings of many were broken, and the air of this world had so warped others, that as one ran his fingers over the chords, harsh and discordant sounds were awakened. Among others, there was a miser's soul; it sold cheap; but I would not have been the purchaser, it was so rusty, and covered with the dust that had arisen from the grinding of the poor. Next Fame, both present and posthumous, was put up, with its mouldering columnus

crowns, and laurel-wreaths. I wondered when I saw what men would do to gain it. Some bartered their honor; some sold all their earthly possessions; while others walked through fields of gory blood. Now the auctioneer laid his hands on a queer looking heap and called out "hearts, hearts," and all seemed more earnest than before. There were hearts both large and small, cold and warm; but on close examination, I found that but two or three of that vast pile were pure. Most of them were disfigured by dark stains. Many were gilded on the outside, while all within was corruption; on the tablet of one, jet-black, I read Nero. Now I watched unsuspecting maidens as they bore away dark-looking hearts, and I thought before long they would return to buy repentance. Scarce any were sold for love, as that did not stand as high in the market as yellow gold. Oft times, I was amused at the manner in which the sturdy auctioneer let his hammer fall, and lustily shouted out "gone," before the purchaser was really aware of it; truly here as elsewhere, "Time waits for no man." When again I looked, the hearts were all disposed of, and "Public Offices" were under the hammer. Here I was more "sore amazed" than ever, for I thought surely these were the reward of merit. But they, too, were awarded to the highest bidder. Long did I watch these office-seekers maneuver. One poor man bartered his soul to have town-clerk attached to his name. Others gave large bribes mixed with immense quantities of flattery, and mints of filthy lucre, and after they had obtained the wished-for position, they sold their constituents to pay the debt. There was one article that seemed to be in great demand—Conscience—as large quantities of it were sacrificed at almost every purchase. Next came Wisdom; the bids were low, and one or two old men monopolized it all; the others forgetting that the words of wisdom are "pearls few and precious." But I was sick and weary of all this buying and selling, and I turned away just as Pleasure,

"Bewitching syren, golden rottenness,"

was being disposed of. The last words I caught were, "going, going, gone."

ECLECTIC.

FRANKLIN AT THE FIRESIDE.

NEVER have I known such a fireside companion as he was, both as a statesman and a philosopher; he never shone in a light more winning, than when was seen in the domestic circle. It was once my good fortune to pass two or three weeks with him at the house of a gentleman in Pennsylvania, and we were confined to the house during the whole of that time by the unremitting constancy and depth of the snow. But confinement could not be felt where Dr. Franklin was an inmate. His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine in any thing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration.

His manner was just as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's spell. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision, like a pure and simple style, to exhibit in the highest advantage their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization. His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional coruscations, but, without any effort or force on his part, he shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse.

Whether in company with commoners or nobles, he was always the same plain man—always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius for ever clear and unclouded, and the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced his life with an attention so vigilant, that nothing had escaped his observation, and every incident turned to advantage. His youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader as well as thinker, and by force of his own powers had wrought up the raw materials which he had gathered from books with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own.—*William Wirt.*

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.

I SHALL never forget, said the preacher, an incident which was related to me some years ago in crossing the Atlantic ocean. It was the habit of the passengers to assemble at twilight, in little groups, on the upper deck of the steamer, and while away the evening in social conversation. Every circumstance of the past that could give interest to these interviews was brought forth from the store-house of Memory. Among them was one related by the captain of our vessel, which peculiarly impressed me, and which will serve to illustrate the effects of making light of important concerns.

"When quite a young man," said the captain, "I left Boston, as one of

the crew of as noble a bark as ever sailed from that port. Health, beauty, and intelligence were aboard; and with her canvas wide spread, and her streamers flapping to the wind, she promised as speedy and successful a trip as ever vessel promised. In the prosecution of her voyage, however, she was compelled to pass certain latitudes where danger is frequently realized from the bodies of ice concealed beneath the waters. Little apprehension was entertained by the passengers nevertheless; for they confided unreservedly in the wisdom and discretion of the commander of the bark.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the company had generally retired to their berths. The captain himself had gone to repose, and with the exception of the 'watch' on deck, all hands were in profound slumber. Awakening from disturbed and broken sleep, I fancied that I felt the bottom of the vessel scrape against something with a harsh, grating sound; and springing from my berth, I hastened to the captain, and expressed to him my apprehension that our position was precarious and full of danger. But he made light of it; and I returned to my place of slumber.

"I had scarcely reached my apartment and thrown myself into my hammock, when I distinctly heard a gurgling sound, as of water entering an aperture, and feeling satisfied that the ship was filling with water, I again sought the captain, and, with great earnestness, besought him to listen.

"He at once caught the strange gurgling sound of which I had spoken; springing from his bed he made a hearty call 'to the pumps,' and found the vessel too full to admit of the slightest hope. It was too late to awaken the passengers. The 'life-boats' were barely sufficient to take off those employed on board. The captain, myself, and a part of the crew, had barely time to secure our own safety by taking to the boats, when, in the clear moonlight, we saw that beautiful and noble ship, with her cargo of costly merchandise, and her freight of life, intelligence, and beauty, her canvas still spread to the breeze, sink gradually beneath the waters."

We will not follow the preacher in his strong and forcible application. Suffice it to say that his theme was the folly of making light of the Gospel. The application will be readily made by every intelligent reader. God have mercy upon thee, reader, if thou makest light of the Gospel of Christ!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No doubt the effect produced by the song of the nightingale upon any individual mind, will depend very much upon the general temperament of that individual, and more especially upon that particular state in which his mind may be at the time when it is brought under the influence of the "dulcet jargoning" of Philomela. Plato has denied that grief can be the exciting cause of song in any feathered creature, and we are disposed to agree with him; for however much of truth there may be in the saying, with regard to poets, that

"They learn in sorrow what they teach in song,"

yet do the feathered creation invariably give expression to their anguish and distress in piteous and discordant cries, and not in pleasing and harmonious strains like those of the nightingale, which, with its fellow-warblers of the woods and fields, is no doubt excited to sing by tender and rapturous emotions. Drummond, who speaks of

"The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,"

seemingly does not know that the bird has no "winter's woe" to remem-

ber, being migratory, and so passing its life amid perpetual summer. In England, it arrives generally in April, and departs in September. "If," says Bechstein, speaking of Germany, "by accident, a nightingale is met with by the end of September, or in October, it must have been delayed by some peculiar circumstance." It may be a young bird that was hatched late, or an invalid that had not strength for the journey, that in sadness and solitude pines for the chestnut groves of Italy, the rose-gardens of Persia, or the spice-isles of the Indian Ocean, where its erewhile companions are now disporting themselves; where

"The Indian fig, with its arching screen,
Welcomes them to its vista green;
And the breathing buds of the spicy trees
Thrill at the burst of their melodies."

Drayton, in his "Polyaibion," alludes to the sweet songster of the night, making it appear as though, from her finely-modulated notes, man had learned somewhat of his skill in musical numbers. In Browne's Pastorals, the bird is represented as the imitator and not the teacher: speaking of one who, like Wordsworth's Ruth, was a true child of nature, the old poet says:

"————— and 'twas her usual sport,
Sitting where most harmonious birds resort,
To imitate their warblings with a quill
Wrought by the hand of Pan, which she did fill
Half full with water; and with it had made
The nightingale, beneath a sullen shade,
To chant her utmost lay."

But although, as Yarrel observes, "The song of the nightingale has been the theme of writers of all ages, yet few have expressed their admiration in more fervent or more natural terms, than honest Izaak Walton, who loved birds almost as well as he loved fish. He says: 'The nightingale breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the weary laborer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say—Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

Conrad, of Wursburg, a minstrel of the thirteenth century, speaking of the apathy of the world toward poetry, said: "I care not for their gifts! my tongue shall not be silent, since the art itself will reward me. I will continue to sing my song, like the nightingale, who sings for her own sake; hidden in the woods, her notes assuage her cares, nor does she heed whether any stranger listens to her strains." She may well say:

"Mine is a hymn of gratitude and love;
An overflowing from my inmost heart;
And if men listen and are pleased, not less
My pleasure in administering to theirs;
But if none care to hear my melodies,
Not the less happy would I be to sing."

This is teaching of the right sort, and of such teaching Nature, both animate and inanimate, is full; we cannot go abroad,

"————— rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things—"

that is, if the mind be properly stored and instructed—without learning some lesson that shall be good and salutary; and if it be asked of us, what particular point of spiritual instruction is illustrated and enforced by the nightingale, we answer—It is humility of heart and of intellect; the richest

and sweetest of all the feathered songsters loves best to sing in the silence of night, and in the shadow of the leafy woodlands. But let James Montgomery speak for us here :

“The lark, that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest :
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility ;”

and again, to quote William Browne :

“Not from nobility doth virtue spring,
But virtue makes fit nobles for a king ;
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,
While sweetest nightingales sit on a thorn.”

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FRIEND presented to us, the other day, a book entitled *A Week's Delight; or, Games and Stories for the Parlor and Fireside*. The *Week's Delight* consists in the visit of some thirteen young cousins at the ancient mansion of Uncle John, where they spend the Christmas holidays ; and in this volume, we have the games that were played, and the stories that were told, during this happy week. Pleasantly the hours glided away ; how could it be otherwise, around that ample, cheerful hearth, while Aunt Lucy and Cousin Mary threw around them the light and warmth of their own happy spirits, and Uncle John felt like a child again among the shouting, romping boys ? The author of the book says, in the preface :

“The stories have all been told to children, in a simpler form, before they were written ; and the games have been played in mixed circles of all ages. The most serious purpose in this book has been to show how old and young may join together in their recreations, in the freedom of domestic life, and thus form a true society, to the duties and happiness of which all can contribute ; the mature bringing their knowledge, wisdom, and experience of life ; the youth, his ardor, freshness, and ready wit ; the child, his—or her—light-hearted mirth. To make home the brightest spot upon earth, the centre of joy to all its members, there must be many rallying points. Religion must sanctify, intelligence must direct, and kind affection must pervade the every-day life of its inmates. I presume that the domestic altar has been reared, and that love is the guiding star of the household ; and I merely ask permission to spend a few evenings with the happy family, to introduce to their notice some amusements which may be novel, and cannot prove injurious. One thing is certain—they can be participated in at home.”

Here we have, in a few touches of the pen, the interesting secret revealed, why some homes are happier and more attractive than others. Where intelligence, affection, and piety shed their influence, and the atmosphere is pervaded with the incense of daily prayer, and a sanctified love binds heart to heart—there—in such homes—there are restraining moral forces and purifying ele-

ments, which will do more than all things else, to reform and elevate society, and make the great human family what it ought to be. How much is contained in that last sentence—“*They can be participated in at home!*” Here is a mine of thought, which will yield more wealth to the explorer than he gains who washes the sands of California. *At home.* How many are there who seek their amusements away from home—for whom there is no charm in that circle which God himself has drawn, and in which he has planted the seed that will yield an abundant harvest of peace and joy to those who cultivate the domestic affections and virtues? Let any one spend a week at the homestead of John Wyndham, by means of an acquaintance with the contents of the volume which has given rise to the thoughts we are now uttering, and then say whether such evenings, filled up with profitable conversation and innocent entertainments, and closed with the reading of God’s holy word, and the offering of thanks to Heaven for health, peace, and happiness, and the interchange of the warm “good-night,” as each one retires seasonably to rest, are not more rationally spent, than those which are consumed in the unhealthy atmosphere of the crowded ball-room—into which the home feelings cannot enter—where strangers make the acquaintance of an hour, and the conversation turns upon nothings, or frivolities that are worse, and the brain reels in the whirl of unnatural excitement, and the hours of early morning steal upon the giddy scene; so that the weary head, when it presses its pillow, finds no rest, and nature, unrestored by “balmy sleep,” inflicts the punishment of her violated laws. We plead for home-influence, home-affection, home-enjoyment. We say to the young, seek such amusements as “can be participated in at home,” and which are not of a nature to require that you should leave the domestic circle night after night and week after week; but let home be to you the centre of attraction, the rallying point of your warmest social affections, the sweetest spot on earth; and let parents and brothers and sisters find in the society of each other their chief social enjoyment. And if larger circles are to be formed, let families meet and mingle together at each other’s homes, so that the young and old may be almost continually surrounded by the genuine home-influence. And if amusements are sought away from home, let them be rational and elevating, and consistent with nature’s laws and the laws of religion—and let them still be such as all the members of the family may participate in together.

And let fathers and mothers create such homes as shall keep their inmates spell-bound by the joy and peace which centre there. Relax thy care-worn brow, and trot that little prattler on thy knee! Was it Napoleon whom a foreign ambassador discovered on all-fours with his little son upon his back? No matter who it was—it will not hurt thee to do likewise. Or if that posture seems not sufficiently dignified, even for home-sports, let him at least make a saddle of thy foot, and take an imaginary journey to Banbury Cross to buy some of the plums that grow so luxuriantly in that celebrated neighborhood—

And when you come there,
And find the trees all bare,

compensate for the disappointment as far as you can, by giving him a good

trot home again. Home—home—Oh! with what sweet, tender, holy recollections may that word be blended, if its true meaning is graven on the heart by the right kind of home-influence and intercourse! How many wanderers from virtue never would have strayed into forbidden paths, if they had been reared in the home of intelligence and piety! Of this character was the home in which the thirteen cousins—nephews and nieces of John Wyndham—spent their Christmas holidays; and if the reader would become familiar with the innocent games and pleasant stories that enlivened the happy hours, it is only necessary to purchase and read the volume that has suggested these remarks.

If any of our young readers wish to know how to be happy, we commend to their attention and practice the following rules. We have sometimes seen children pout and look angry, and perhaps shed bitter tears, because they could not dress like other children, although their garments were neat and comfortable; or because they were denied some other needless gratification or indulgence. Here are the directions that will drive away discontent, and the sorrow that flows from it:

“The first rule is, ‘try your best to make others happy.’ ‘I never was happy,’ said a certain king, ‘till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart.’

“The second rule is, ‘Be content with little.’ There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and ‘better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith.’ Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

“The third rule is, ‘Look on the sunny side of things.’

‘Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn.’

“The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place; God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.”

THE subjoined extract is from a memoir in the minutes of the Synod of South Carolina, and contains interesting statements not embraced in the brief sketch which will appear next month in our original department:

“Ernest Lewis Hazelius was the son of Eric and Christiana Hazelius, and was born, September 6th, 1777, in Neusalz, in the Province of Silesia, Kingdom of Prussia, Germany. He was the son of pious parents, and, on his father's side, of a long and honored line of Lutheran ministers, running as far back as the days of Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, through whose pious zeal and energy the reformed (Lutheran) religion was established in Sweden, early in the history of

the reformation. To this pious and enlightened prince, one of his said ancestors served as chaplain. Hence, though a native of Germany himself, the family from which he descended belonged to Sweden.

The father of the deceased, Eric Hazelius, though designed and educated for the ministry, subsequently engaged in other pursuits in life. Leaving Sweden and travelling for some time, he finally settled in Neusalz, having connected himself in the mean time, with the Moravian Brethren, and married a pious lady of that Society, the mother of our deceased brother. Under the direction of these pious parents he was educated, and his mind and heart early imbued with the elements of that consistent and ardent Christian piety which adorned his after life. Of both his pious parents he was deprived before he was sixteen years of age, yet such was the force of early parental influence and instruction, that this melancholy event had no tendency, as in most cases, to weaken the strong impression for good then already made upon his mind. How true indeed the counsel of the wise man, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' His studies, began at Neusalz, his native place, were subsequently continued, first at Kleinwelke and then at Barby, at which institutions his academic education was completed. In the thorough classical and scientific training here received he laid the foundation of his future usefulness and success in teaching. His theological studies were pursued at Niesky, a Moravian Institution, under the supervision of Bishop Anders, then Senior Bishop of said Church, after which he received a candidate's license to preach the Gospel.

In the year 1800, being then but 23 years of age, the deceased was appointed Classical Teacher for the Institution established by the Moravian Brethren at Nazareth, Pa. Thus, in the providence of God, he was brought to America. Finding in his new field of duty, that his usefulness and success in teaching required an acquaintance with the English language, that being the language of the country generally, though the German in part was used in the institution, he determined to acquire it; and by rigid application, such as characterized him throughout life, he soon mastered it, at least so far as a knowledge of it was needed in his situation as Classical Teacher in the Institution at Nazareth. This situation he retained till the year 1809, during which period he discharged its duties, for which his early training and ripe scholarship so well fitted him, with eminent usefulness to the Institution, and to the satisfaction of all connected with it.

Differing, however, in his views of the government and discipline established in the Institution, and in some respects peculiar to the institutions of our Moravian brethren, and influenced, doubtless, also by other considerations, satisfactory at least to his own feelings and views, he now resolved to dissolve his connection with the Institution, and at the same time with the Society of the Moravian Brethren also, and unite himself with the Lutheran Church, in which his fathers, for so many generations, had lived and labored.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

THE minutes of the thirteenth meeting of the Synod of South Carolina is an unusually interesting document, and indicates the rapid growth of the Church within the bounds of the Synod. There have been large accessions to the membership of the Church. It is proposed to raise, during the present year, the sum of \$10,000 for the Lexington Classical and Theological Seminary, on the plan of scholarships. The proceedings of the Missionary Society exhibit an encouraging activity in the cause of missions. Several brethren, graduates of the seminary, were licensed, and a large amount of business was transacted of the highest importance.

NO LICENSE IN WHEELING.—Wheeling has voted by a large majority, against granting licenses to taverns.

FOSSIL TRACKS.—Mr. Roswell Field, of Gill, Mass., has found a new deposit of the specimens of the bird-tracks made on the clay slate of the Connecticut River valley. These tracks have excited the curiosity of the learned very much. Mr. F. has collected many interesting specimens which he is ready to dispose of.

WITHOUT A PARALLEL.—The amount invested in school-houses in Boston is \$1,500,000. The yearly appropriations for education are \$1,200,000, while the amount raised for all other city expenses is only \$870,000. The amount expended for instruction in the common-schools of Massachusetts last year, was \$4.50 for each child between five and fifteen years of age in this State. This is unquestionably the best commentary ever afforded upon Boston influence; if there be any city out of Massachusetts which touches the outer edge of the shadow of an approach to it, we know not where the place is.

CHRISTMAS ON A LARGE SCALE.—A general meeting of the children of Concord, Mass., under 16 years, was held in the Town Hall, on Christmas Day, where a Christmas tree was displayed to their admiring eyes, covered and surrounded with countless gifts, enough to allow one to every child in town. After singing a Christmas hymn, Santa Claus made his appearance, and by the aid of kind ladies began the pleasant work of gift-distributing. Older persons were not forgotten. A worthy mechanic, whose health is shattered by long sickness, received a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars, contributed by his townsmen. Many deserving people had substantial articles. Bonnets, caps, shoes, mittens, stockings, tippets, shawls, books, skates, knives, dolls, and every variety of useful and fancy article, were showered upon the eager and excited throng.

OLD TREE.—The editor of the *Litchfield Enquirer* has received apples from a tree that was brought from Hartford, by one of the first settlers of the town. The tree has borne apples about one hundred and thirty years. It now measures fourteen feet round the trunk. It bore twenty bushels the past season. The fruit is a sweet winter apple.

PENNSYLVANIA COAL.—The entire product of the Pennsylvania coal mines for 1853, was 5,490,146 tons, an increase of 173,136 tons over 1852.

GOOD.—The Watertown and Rome Railroad Company have prohibited the sale of intoxicating drinks in any eating-houses or other buildings under the control of the Company.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT is engaged in the preparation of a new production on the *Outline Form of Mountain Peaks*, working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured a late visitor that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed while others slept; as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the king. He added that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep.

THE booksellers of Berlin have, with the aid of some wealthy citizens, established public libraries in different parts of the town, for the use of the

working men. The libraries already possess 10,000 volumes, of which 2,389 are of natural history, 702 of science, 1,572 of geography and travels, and the rest principally biography and history.

A ROYAL decree interdicts the entry and circulation of the (London) *Times* throughout the whole extent of Spain, on account of its attacks on Spanish institutions, and its "scandalous calumnies" on the Queen, &c. Letters add that some enthusiastic partisans of the monarchy proposed making a grand *auto-da-fé* of the offending journal.

FALLMERAYER, a German professor of great learning, originality, and vigor, wrote several historical works to prove the paradox that there are no Greeks in Greece; that is to say, that the original Greek population has been driven out or exterminated by the foreign tribes, principally the Slavonians and Albanians, who, at different periods, settled in the country. In so far, Fallmerayer is in the right; that the foreign races who have settled there have brought about an entire revolution in the genius of the people.

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

LITTELL'S *LIVING AGE* is ever a welcome visitor, having a list of contents always attractive, and freighted weekly with articles that cannot fail to interest and instruct. The beautiful steel-plate engraving that accompanies each number is certainly a valuable improvement.

WE have received the first number of a work entitled the *MARTYRS OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH*, containing 32 octavo pages, edited by Rev. C. J. H. Fick, and published by M. Neidner, St. Louis, Mo., at 50 cents for five numbers; the five numbers being intended, we suppose, to form a volume.

HISTORY OF NEW-AMSTERDAM. Professor Davis has published an interesting book, giving a concise history of the Island of Manhattan, with many interesting particulars of its growth and changes. Appended is an account of the early settlement of Albany and other river towns. The second part refers to the discovery of America, the French war, and that of the Revolution. In both papers are introduced many of those reminiscences that are so interesting to those who are anxious to get a glimpse of those grand *landmarks* of our early history so fast "passing away."—*Evangelist*.

GEOLOGY OF THE GLOBE. The New-York *Evangelist* says: "Professor Hitchcock has published a sequel to his work on *Elementary Geology*, a concise and methodical sketch of the geological condition and aspect of the globe; consecutively describing the geology of each section, so far as known, and giving a bird's-eye view of the whole surface of our planet. It is a very convenient and useful view, involving a great deal of learning, and more compact than any we ever saw. The subject is also illustrated by two fine maps, which show at a glance the different geological formations of the different countries." (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.)

FREFFUL LILLIA; Or, the Girl who was Compared to a Sting-nettle. By Francis Forrester, Esq. This is another volume of Uncle Toby's Library. Published by G. C. Rand, Boston.

The Evangelical Magazine

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1854.

No. 12.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

RELIGIOUS education is indispensable to a well-adjusted and the most effective system of family government. We might illustrate this by referring to examples of family discipline and its influence, where the principles of Christianity are early inculcated, and where they are not. Take an extreme case: What is the reason of all that insubordination, that want of respect for the parental character and authority which we notice in pagan countries? It is because the teachings of the Bible are unknown. And why do we in this respect differ from them? Undeniably, because the religion of the Bible exhibits views of subordination which have been incorporated into the framework of society in all Christian lands. But even in Christian lands there is a vast difference in the amount and kind of respect and obedience which parents receive from their children. In some families there is better government than in others; a more ready obedience to parental injunctions; more deference to parental authority; every act of compliance seems to flow from the conviction that it is right. In other families again, rebellion and disobedience are without intermission; the whole machinery of government appears to be out of order, and all is anarchy and confusion. And why are these examples of filial impiety so frequent and multiplied? We are not speaking now particularly of those families in which the parents are de-

graded by vice; but of many, also, in which the outward decencies and proprieties of life are observed, who pride themselves upon the respectability of their descent, or the extent of their influence in the circle of fashion and opulence; and how common is it to see in such families reprobate sons, who, instead of being governed at home, make every thing bow to the tyranny of their own rebellious wills! These examples are not few. And the question arises here, Do not such consequences flow, in many instances, if not always, from some radical defects in the system of home education to which these children have been subjected? Do they not proceed from some fatal mistake in the mode of influencing the mind? Even Christian parents may neglect to apply to the judgment and heart of the child the only moral power that will secure its invariable respect and submission.

And what is that power? It is the same which the Gospel wields in bringing the sinner into a state of obedience to God. Children are born with rebellious passions; they do not love to obey; they do not love to be restrained; and just as far as they yield to nature, will they be disposed to assert their independence of parental control, and their intention of governing themselves. What they want is to feel their accountability, not only to their parents, whose limited and imperfect knowledge does not enable them to take notice of all their purposes, and whose defects, both in government and character, must be visible even to the child; but they want to feel their accountability to God. Every act of disobedience ought to be checked and reproofed, not merely as an infringement of parental authority, but as a direct sin against a most positive moral requirement of the supreme Lawgiver. Let the child realize that he is to answer for all his deficiencies before a higher than any earthly tribunal; that there is an eye upon him to which his most secret purposes and wishes are revealed the very moment they are formed; let the whole question of his moral guilt and moral accountability be brought up distinctly and feelingly to his view, until he recognizes the relation of parent and child as appointed by God himself, and until he sees that all the obligations growing out of it are set forth in his law, and solemnly sanctioned by that law. How often is this mode of approaching and controlling the mind and the heart overlooked! Com-

mands are issued and obedience is required, not on the ground of obligation to Him who has instituted the government of the family, and placed parents in the official position they occupy; but as if the parental authority were the highest and the only one that exists. And these commands, enforced by no higher consideration, and being sometimes perhaps unnecessarily rigid and severe, come to be disliked and disregarded, until the spirit of rebellion triumphs even over the chastisements that are administered to correct and subdue it. How different the influence upon the mind and conduct, where there is a prevailing and ever-present conviction of responsibility to a higher power and a higher law! We do not say that every injunction delivered to the child should be accompanied by the declaration that it is answerable to God for every act of resistance to the will of its parents. But the *system* of education should be such as to produce this impression upon the mind and fix it there. If such a system of religious training be commenced early, and judiciously persevered in, the parent who pursues it will find that in teaching his child his duty to God, he has taken the most effectual and the easiest method of securing respect for his own authority, and obedience to his own commands.

And here we take occasion to remark, that this education should not only be negative but positive. We will illustrate our meaning. There are some parents who never address moral truth to the minds of their children, unless they have been doing wrong; and then they state, perhaps, the wickedness of their conduct, and the punishment which God has denounced against it. This is what we mean by negative instruction. Now, although the moral deformity of his conduct should be exhibited to the young transgressor at the very moment of its betrayal, it frequently happens that the mind is then less disposed to receive moral impressions, and to become persuaded of the sin of disobedience so as to reform. Afterward, when the feelings become calm, and the evil passions that have risen up in rebellion are allayed, the conscience and the heart may be more easily and effectually reached. Nor should this religious instruction be deferred until the parent is painfully reminded of its importance and its necessity to the well-being of the child, by acts of open resistance to his authority. The object should be not only to root out the weeds and

thorns, but to sow the precious seed. It is by the cultivation of the soil, and the growth of what is useful, that every obnoxious plant is most easily and thoroughly eradicated. And so it is by the cultivation of the heart, and by implanting within it the principles of virtue and piety, that the rebellious passions are to be permanently subdued. Children are to be taught, not only the deformity of sin, but the beauty of holiness; not only what God has forbidden, but what he has required; not only the threatenings that are recorded to prevent transgression, but the promises that are held out as motives to obedience. The mind should be so reached, and impressed in such a manner as to make transgression not only feared but hated. This is the mode of teaching which God has adopted to regain the reverence and the affection of his earthly children. He not only holds out the rod of his wrath, but also the golden sceptre of mercy and peace; and he would deter men from pursuing the road of sin and death, by pointing out to them the path of godliness and life. This is the only method by which you can give stability to your government as a father or a mother: teach your children to love obedience and to love that law which enforces it, and that Being from whom this law has emanated: and this positive influence of moral principle, this conviction of duty, will secure your own authority over them.

And this leads to the remark, that such a course of education, in order to be effective, must be systematic; there must be one great aim continually kept in view, and that is the conversion of the child to God. Every word of instruction should have a near or remote reference to this end. Hence his obligations to God and to the divine law should be stated frequently, and enforced until the heart submits to their control. To these systematic efforts the Bible most solemnly refers. What can be plainer than this injunction: "These words which I command thee, thou shalt teach diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in the house, and when thou walkest by the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; thou shalt write them on the posts of thy doors, and on thy gates." They were to seize upon every incident and every circumstance as a channel of communicating religious instruction to the mind. The beauties of nature, the bounties of Providence, the judgments that were abroad upon the earth, all

the displays of the power, benevolence, integrity, and holiness of God, were to be made the medium of fixing the conviction of responsibility upon the heart.

But there must also be *government* as well as instruction; government founded upon the model which God himself has furnished. In this respect there is in many, perhaps we might truly say in most families, a great deficiency. There is often associated with religious education—I mean the bare inculcation of moral truth—too much laxness here. Children are frequently appealed to, and then left to themselves. Commands are given, but not enforced. The child is left altogether to the influence of the religious impressions he has received—if these are sufficient to control him it is well, but if not, he is allowed to pursue his own course with impunity. Now this mode of management is not consistent with the model which God has given us. He not only issues his commands, but at the same time he convinces the subjects of his government, by the judgments and chastisements which sin ever brings in its train, that these commands must be obeyed. And what are we taught here? Why, that every parent should insist upon obedience, and, in some way, secure it. Whilst family government, like that of God, should be conducted on the principles of forbearance and mercy, as far as these can be safely exercised, and whilst every injunction that is issued should be reasonable, and just, and consistent with the moral law of God, disobedience should not, by any means, be allowed. Moral motives, and appeals to the judgment and conscience may and ought to be plied here, as long as there is any reasonable hope of their accomplishing the end in view; but if these fail, even chastisement must be resorted to, in order that the unconquered self-will may be subdued. Many parents by a foolish, weak, and criminal indulgence, have allowed the early developments of selfishness and insubordination—whose growth might have been prevented,—to ripen into a strong and invincible contempt for their own authority and the authority of God. And this is one reason why the pious father is often cursed with wayward sons, and why the mother, who loves God, is often doomed to weep, in the anguish of disappointed hope, over filial disobedience and neglect.

Parents must insist, we say, upon obedience to their lawful

commands; and if motives of encouragement will not answer, the penalty of disobedience must be inflicted. This is necessary, if you would prove your own sincerity in representing the displeasure of God at the sin of disobedience, and your own concurrence in that displeasure as a friend of God. First see that your commands are proper, and then issue them with the determination that they shall be obeyed. A late writer has remarked, "If you would train up your child in the way he should go, *steady and efficacious government* is indispensable. Let the child be taught, as soon as he can understand a look, or a sign, that he *must obey*. Let the first lesson he learns be, that he is not to do what pleases himself, but what is right. Let this course be commenced early; let it be pursued, not according to your fluctuating feelings of good or bad humor, but with a steady and persevering hand; and although I do not say you will make your child a real Christian, I do say, that under such a course he is more likely to become one; that good government is just as necessary a part of the training a child for heaven as good instruction. Every bad passion you can batter down is opening the way for the Spirit's influence to his heart."

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH: HER CHARACTER, RELATIONS, AND SEQUENCES.

THIS divine institution, the Church of God, so rich in gracious privileges, so highly prized by the wise and good of all ages, and so truly important in its influences on the salvation of every individual, was gradually, though rapidly, extended over a large portion of the world. If we inquire, What is the comparative light in which we should view this primitive apostolic Church of the Redeemer, the very idea of the Saviour's divine infallibility and of the apostles' inspiration, by necessary sequence, requires us to regard it as the *infallible model* for all after-ages, so far as its principles of government, discipline, and worship are concerned—the best and most perfect, in its kind, for the circumstances of its incipient stage of existence. But whilst the apostolic Churches must have contained every thing *essential* to the validity of the organization of a Christian Church,

and to the efficacy of its ordinances, many minor regulations would obviously be dictated by progressive experience and the indications of Providence ; so that the Church would naturally experience a gradual development in the course of its history, adapted to the varying circumstances of its condition, and partly growing out of them. Her doctrines would also become the subjects of continued study to sanctified minds, and their intrinsic glory, their relations to each other and to the human mind, and their beautiful harmony with the grand principles of God's moral government of all worlds, as based on the unchangeable attributes of his nature, would be more fully apprehended and more lucidly set forth. Yet, in the progress of this circumstantial and relational development, nothing certainly can be accepted as genuine or correct, which is opposed either to the express precepts, or to the spirit of the New Testament ; for that book contains the truth, perfect truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as it unfolds the mind of Jehovah on any subject. Would it not be absurd to suppose those deductions from first principles to be legitimate, or that professed development of them correct, which presented results directly in conflict with those principles themselves?

In this primitive brotherhood of Christians, the privileges of church-membership, we may naturally suppose, were enjoyed in their greatest purity and blessedness, as the affairs of the Church were directed by inspired hands, and the disciples were fed with the pure milk of the Gospel. The poverty of the early churches, as well as the temporal dangers and sacrifices often connected with their religious profession, also deterred from union with the Church nearly all but such as felt a spiritual necessity for its privileges—nearly all except those who had felt their undone condition as sinners, and sincerely accepted the Gospel invitation. Hence, although it were folly to regard the primitive Christians as immaculate, it is undoubtedly true, that piety flourished amongst them in a very high degree. The infant Church, as a whole, was eminently distinguished for her spirituality, her brotherly love, her zeal for the common cause, and her unbounded liberality in supplying the wants of poorer brethren—distinguished in a degree at least unsurpassed in any subsequent age.

The *external ordinances*, divinely appointed for the Church,

were principally the preaching of the word and administration of the sacraments. The *word of truth* was to be the grand instrumentality for the conversion* of sinners and sanctification† of believers. "*Faith* was to come by *hearing*, and hearing by the word of God.‡ The Gospel or truth preached, was the *power of God unto salvation* to every one that *believed*,"§ and the issue was, that those who believed, and were baptized, were saved, and those who believed not (whether baptized or not) were damned.¶ At the close of his public ministry, after he and his disciples had long preached the Gospel and baptized many converts, Jesus also instituted the Holy Supper, in commemoration of the atoning death which he was soon to suffer, upon the cross, for the sins of the world. These two public rites, now termed sacraments, were designed as badges of the Christian profession, and as both means and seals of divine grace. But that these rites were not regarded in the superstitious light of Romanists and Puseyites, as necessarily involving the pardon of sin, or spiritual regeneration, is evident from the position assumed by the apostle Paul, who, on account of the perversions of some Corinthians, regarded it as matter of gratitude to God that he had administered baptism to none "but Crispus and Gaius, and the family of Stephanas; because Christ had sent him not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." On the contrary, they were then regarded, as by evangelical Christians at present, as important and wisely-adapted means of grace, the sincere and faithful use of which would ever be blessed by the Holy Spirit, to the spiritual benefit of their recipients.

With these appointed instrumentalities did the Saviour depute his disciples to "preach the Gospel to every creature," and "make disciples of all nations." Nor did he suffer his word to remain long without a witness in the hearts of men; but soon authenticated it "as a divine power and wisdom to the salvation of those that believed." The universal destination of Christianity, by the explicit injunction of its author, brought the offers of salvation to the door of every heart; the excellence and moral sublimity of its doctrines, together with the holy lives of its professors, demonstrated it to be a "divine power

* Psalms xix. 7. † John xvii. 17. ‡ Rom. x. 17. § Rom. i. 16. ¶ Mark xvi. 16

unto salvation;" and the miracles or supernatural influences exerted by them on physical nature, confirmed the faith of all honest inquirers in the divinity of its origin and obligation. Under these influences, confirmed by the direct auxiliary operations of the Holy Spirit, the Church of the Redeemer developed itself, and the triumphs of the cross were rapidly extended from nation to nation, and from country to country, so that in the short space of three centuries, the banners of Christianity, which were first unfurled in the valleys of Judea, were waving in triumph over the palace of the Caesars, and Rome herself, at whose feet the nations of the earth had done homage, bowed in submission to the crucified Nazarene. In the year A.D. 68, churches had been established throughout Palestine and adjoining Syria, in the different provinces of Greece; and, before the close of the century, in other countries of Europe, and even in Egypt. Not that Christianity had become the prevailing religion in these countries at so early a period, as has sometimes been erroneously asserted; but churches were established, in greater or less number, in them all.

The most distinguished ministers of this century, whose writings have reached us, are termed *apostolic fathers*, because contemporaries of the apostles, or at least, belonging to the apostolic age. They were men distinguished for piety; but not for either talent, theological acquirements, or other learning. Their writings have reached us in a greatly mutilated form, and are chiefly valuable in a historical, rather than a doctrinal, point of view. The government of the Church was characterized by *republican purity*, bishops and elders being in this century, as they are in the New Testament, synonymous terms, and each congregation of believers having the entire control of its own affairs, whilst all the different local churches together constituted the *one visible Church of Christ*. In A.D. 70, Jerusalem and its temple were destroyed by the Romans; and from that period Christians entirely abandoned the ceremonial customs of the Jews—some of which, so far as could innocently be done, they had observed, along with those prescribed by the Saviour and his apostles, either from early habits or a spirit of conciliation. Christians were also often called upon to endure grievous persecutions; but whilst the faith of some was found

too weak to endure the fiery trial of affliction, multitudes were enabled to be faithful unto the end, and amid the flames that consumed their earthly tenement, bore testimony, with their dying breath, to the goodness of that Saviour, whom living they had professed.

By the close of the *second* century, the glorious light of the Gospel had already more or less illuminated the following countries: Palestine, the cradle of this new and heaven-born religion, Syria, Arabia, Parthia, Babylonia, and Armenia, a large part of Egypt, Ethiopia, and Northern Africa, and Europe. Yea, it had extended even to Spain, and perhaps some of its benign rays had reached the shores of England at that early period. The word of God, the inspired record of divine truth, was highly valued, and not only frequently transcribed, (the art of printing being of course then unknown,) but it was also rendered into other languages, so that foreign nations might, in like manner, imbibe the streams of salvation at the fountain-head. Among these principal translations were the Syriac, termed *Peshito*, still extant; the *Itala*, which served as the basis of the present Latin Vulgate, by Jerome; and the versions of Aquila, Theodosion, and Symmachus, which have not survived the ravages of time.

In order to preserve the doctrinal purity of the Church, candidates for baptism were required to make a brief statement of their belief or creed, which usually embraced the fundamentals of the Gospel. This excellent custom probably originated that formula termed the *Apostles' Creed*, not because the apostles were supposed to have composed it, an opinion belonging to a later age of ignorance and superstition; but because all admitted the doctrines which it contained to be those inculcated by the apostles. This creed, to the doctrines of which all evangelical denominations assent, is not found in the extant literature of Christian antiquity till the fourth century, although the substance of it was doubtless employed at baptisms in the second and third centuries. In this century, also, we find the practice of infant baptism, which is implied in the family baptisms recorded in the New Testament,* expressly referred to as an existing

* Three family baptisms are named in the New Testament, *a.* The family of *Lydia*. Acts xvi. 15. "And when she (Lydia) was baptized, and her household." *b.* That of *the Saylor*. Acts xvi. 33. "And he took them the same hour of the

custom of the Church, by *Justin Martyr*, who was born about the time of St. John's death, and *Irenæus*, a pupil of Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John. The former says, in his "Apology for Christians," that among the members of the Church in his day, "there were many, of both sexes, some sixty, some seventy years old, who were *made disciples* to Christ *in their infancy*." The word which he employs is the very one (*ἐμαθεντευσαν*) used by the Saviour in his commission, "Go ye" and "*make disciples*" of all nations, (by) *baptizing*, &c. It is evident, then, that he represents children as being "*discipled*" by Christians in his day, and this was done "by *baptizing* them," &c. *Irenæus*, who was born about the close of the first century, says, "Christ came to save all those persons, who, by him, are *born again* unto God, (*renascuntur*,) infants and little ones, boys, youths, and elder persons."* And it is certain, that the word *renasci*, to be *born again*, in the writings of Irenæus, and also Justin Martyr, signifies baptism. He, therefore, testifies "that infants and little ones *were baptized*" in his day.

In celebrating the dying love of their crucified Redeemer, ordinary fermented bread was employed; and the wine, especially in the oriental churches, was diluted with water. The purity of the Church was carefully guarded, by the rigid enforcement of its discipline. Those guilty of any immorality were suspended from church privileges, were required to make humble confession, and exhibit evidence of reformation before their restoration to good standing among their brethren. Often, indeed, the lapsed had to stand at the door of the room in which worship was held, (churches they were not yet permitted to have,) and ask the pardon of their fellow Christians for having brought reproach upon their holy religion.

In the first century there was one *council*, or *synodical meeting*, held by the apostles at Jerusalem. This was what is termed a *pro re nata* meeting, convened for a special purpose; for the churches in the first century were not united into synodical relations, but each congregation was independent and had final jurisdiction over its own affairs. But in the second century,

night, and washed their stripes, and was baptized, *he and all his* straightway." c. The family of *Stephanas*. 1 Cor. i. 16. "I (says Paul) baptized also the *house* (family) of *Stephanas*."

* Contra Hereses, L. II. Ch. 22. Sec. 4.

congregations formed themselves into regular synods, to meet statedly and transact the necessary business which the churches might submit to them. Nor can we doubt the propriety of this feature of the Church's development. The apostolic example of a council, or synod, at Jerusalem, sanctioned the principle of synodical meetings, as often as necessity calls for them. And as experience taught that amid the progressive changes in the condition of the churches, the united counsel of many brethren was desirable from time to time, these synodical meetings were held regularly once a year, as they are amongst us in the United States, and for the same reason. Let it only be remembered that stated synods are not of divine institution, and therefore not essential to the validity of a church of Christ; although such a stated combination of the wisdom and piety of different local churches, for concert in the government and discipline, adds greatly to the moral influence of the regulations adopted, especially in this free country, and enables the Church to make her salutary influence more extensively felt in behalf of the cause of morality and religion throughout the world.

SPENER.

VIRTUES AND MORAL LAWS.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM "LE GENIE DU CHRISTIANISME" OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE larger number of the ancient philosophers have made a *division* of the vices and the virtues; but religion, in her wisdom, goes beyond that of men. Let us consider, at first, *pride*, which the Church pronounces to be the first and the deadliest of all vices. It is the sin of Satan—it is the primeval sin of the *world*. Pride is so insidiously the principle of evil, that it *mingles* itself among the different infirmities of the soul; it burns in the smile of envy, it shines in the elegant wit of the voluptuary, it counts the gold of avarice, it sparkles in the eyes of passion, and in its train follow the elegancies of effeminacy.

It was pride which caused Adam's apostasy; it was pride which armed Cain with the fratricidal club; it was pride which *built* Babel, and *overturned* Babylon. Through pride, Athens perished with Græcia; pride broke the throne of Cyrus,

divided the empire of Alexander, and finally crushed Rome under the weight of the world.

In the private circumstances of life the effects of pride have been still more fatal. It makes its attempts even upon God. In looking into the causes of atheism, we are led to this sad conclusion, that the principal motive of those who rebel against heaven, have complained of something in *society*, or in *nature*, (always excepting young people seduced by the world, or by *authors*, or writers, who *only make a noise*,) is pride. But, wherefore do not those who are so easily fascinated by the caprices of mere chance and its frivolous advantages—why do they not know, or seek to find the *remedy* of slight misfortunes, or evils, by themselves drawing nearer to the Divinity? This is the true foundation of goodness. God is so essentially the supreme good, and the beauty of excellence, that his name alone, pronounced with love, is sufficient to impart something divine to a man the least favored by nature, as has been remarked concerning Socrates. Let us leave atheism to those who have not enough nobleness to raise themselves above the misfortunes of life, but evince in their blasphemies that man's first vice has still but too perceptible a lodgment within him. If the Church has given to pride the first rank in the scale of human degradations, she has not less skillfully classed the other six capital vices. It must not be acknowledged that the order in which we see them classed is arbitrary; it is sufficient to examine them, to perceive that religion passes naturally from crimes which attack society in general to those delinquencies, or offenses, which rest but upon the guilty. Thus, for example, envy, luxury, avarice, and anger, follow immediately from pride; because these are vices which exercise themselves upon a foreign subject, and which only exist among men; whilst gluttony, and indolence, which comes from the latter, are selfish and shameful inclinations, forced to derive from themselves their chief pleasures or delights. The virtues preferred by Christianity, and the rank which she assigns to them, are equally true to nature. Before Jesus Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; the Word spake, and immediately all was illumined in the intellectual sphere, as the *same word* had of old arranged the physical world; this was the moral creation of the universe. The virtues arose up as pure fire in the heavens; some of them,

as sparkling suns, attracted all eyes by their brilliant light; while others, as modest stars, sought the security of the shade, where, nevertheless, they could not conceal themselves. From that time we see an admirable balance established between strength and weakness; religion directs her thunders against pride, a vice, which sustains itself as a virtue; she discovers it in the folds of our hearts, she follows it in its metamorphoses; the sacraments are arrayed against it in a holy antagonism, and humility, clothed with sackcloth, the eyes cast down and streaming with tears, becomes one of the first virtues of the faithful.

E. B. S.

THE NECROMANCER.

MANY years ago, being in the Southern States, circumstances made me acquainted with a native African, who had some pretensions to the power of enchantment. I give this sketch of him here, believing that the philosophy of human character is as frequently developed among the lowly and ignorant, as among the refined and educated. When I saw him, he was the inmate of a prison, awaiting the result of criminal proceedings which had been commenced against him, retaining a great deal of calmness and self-possession. His complexion very dark, countenance repulsive, his form misshapen; the whole aspect of the man was, to me, revolting. Still there were traces of shrewdness and cunning, though his mind was altogether uncultivated. He claimed the power of telling fortunes, of revealing hidden mysteries, of exercising a charm over others, and of rendering his own life invincible. His ghostly weapons were as peculiar as the man. Shells, beads, crabs-claws, &c., constituted his entire armory. And yet, his influence was great. His countrymen, many of them familiar with the truths of Christianity, paid to him a kind of superstitious reverence; and in any desperate enterprise, he could probably have commanded the support of hundreds. I think, whatever might have been the case at first, that when I saw him he was a believer in his own powers. Sentence of death was passed upon him for the criminal act he had committed; but he declared, that the execution of the sentence would be impossible; and so often and so boldly was this reiterated, that it awakened

a kind of fear, even with the intelligent, that it might be so. There was a tremulousness in the public mind, I have never seen on any other occasion. But the law took its course notwithstanding, and the poor African proved to be but an ordinary man. The narrative may be interesting in itself. I have related it, as exhibiting a little of the philosophy of supernatural pretensions.

There seems to be in the common, uncultivated mind a predisposition for the supernatural. In all nature it sees the evidences of a wonder-working power, and education has not yet taught it to look through nature's laws to the Hand which directs them. In a great many cases, even the pure teachings of the Gospel cannot divert the mind from this leaning to the superstitious. A person, shrewd and cunning, anxious to obtain influence, reckless of the means, may seize hold of this natural bias, and combining it with a few happy guesses, and a knowledge of his victims, soon becomes installed in their confidence. This again may exercise a reflex influence upon the perpetrator of the fraud himself. The looking at a falsehood from time to time, from the same point of view, may often give a kind of credence to it, even in the mind of the fabricator; and this, with the reverence paid to him by the gaping crowd, may in the end beget the conviction that his pretensions are well founded. I think that many illustrations might be furnished of these suggestions in events that have recently taken place. And to what lengths may not sympathy and imagination lead even the more reflecting? Who is proof against their influence? In 1844, I was living in a community of Millerites. Every neighbor seemed persuaded that the second advent was drawing near. There were prayer-meetings and watch-nights, and many of the avocations of life were abandoned. The excitement was intense and fervid. My judgment revolted at every position which was assumed; but at the arrival of the appointed day, I felt an unusual degree of nervousness, a sacred awe, all the result of sympathy, which I could hardly have believed possible. And is not this another of the elements which give currency to many of the humbugs of the present age? Let Christians, then, beware, whether learned or uneducated; let them as their great safeguard, accustom their minds to bring every question to the simple test of the *Law and the Testimony*.

R. D.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE REV.
DR. ERNEST LEWIS HAZELIUS.

BY G. B. MILLER, D.D.

THE subject of this sketch was a native of Germany, where he received his education. He came to this country somewhere about the year 1800, when he was rather more than twenty-one years of age. His first situation after his arrival in America was that of teacher in the seminary at Nazareth, where he was afterward appointed head-teacher and professor of theology in the theological department. About the year 1809, he went to Philadelphia, where he taught for a short period, and from there received a call as pastor of the united churches of New-Germantown, German Valley, and Spruce Run, in the State of New-Jersey, each of which is now supplied with a minister of its own. Here he labored faithfully and with the blessing of the Lord, till he received a call as principal and professor of theology of Hartwick Seminary. At New-Germantown he also conducted a classical academy, from which we may judge somewhat of the amount of labor he performed. He was never wanting in the discharge of pastoral duties. The labors of the Sabbath required him to go from seven to fifteen miles to his distant congregations, in one of which he preached every fortnight, and in the other once in four weeks. When he accepted the call to Hartwick, he left these three congregations in a flourishing condition.

Of his labors in the last-named place, and the fidelity with which he discharged his various and arduous duties, many can bear testimony. I think it was in 1815 that he entered upon his office as principal of Hartwick Seminary. Under the divine blessing, it was to his intense exertions that this seminary was established on a solid footing, and obtained a celebrity as deserved as it was extended, as being one of the first classical schools in the country. Of its subsequent history, after he left, I have of course nothing to say here. But any one acquainted with the facts knows what difficulties had to be encountered, and what efforts were necessary to get the institution under a fair way, and the amount of labor devolving upon the teachers;

there being in fact two distinct institutions connected, the one classical and the other theological, each furnishing work enough for at least two professors. I can bear witness, from my own experience, that the teachers in the seminary have never enjoyed a sinecure. In addition to his duties as instructor, he had also to perform those of a preacher, a pastor of a congregation; and it was through his efforts that the church still existing was founded.

In the year 1830, he accepted a call as adjunct professor of divinity in the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., where he remained about two years, when he was invited to take charge of the then newly-established theological seminary in Lexington, S. C., where he passed the remainder of his useful and active life.

On the 15th of February last, he was taking some exercise on the piazza, but the weather being too unfriendly for his feeble frame, he took cold, which soon turned to a severe and painful disorder. He suffered intense pain for a couple of days, which would yield to no remedies; but he bore it with the patience of a lamb, without uttering a single murmur. He had a sort of presentiment before he was taken sick, that he would shortly die, and for a year or more had endeavored to prepare his wife and niece for his departure, by daily and almost hourly allusions to it. On Friday, the 18th, he obtained relief by means of a strong anodyne, and lay in a sweet, quiet repose, pretty much all the time, till on Sunday, the 20th, he fell asleep, says my informant, as gently as an infant. On Saturday he awoke for a short period, and asked for a cup of coffee, which he drank, and kissed his afflicted niece who had brought it; but seeing her distress and that of his wife, he made no allusion to his approaching end. Such is the sum of the information that has reached us. He is entered into rest, and his works do follow him. His age was about seventy-four, fifteen of which were passed at Hartwick, two at Gettysburg, and twenty at Lexington, being just half of his life.

In his private character he was devout, humble, simple-minded, upright; faithful in the discharge of his onerous duties, even to scrupulousness. In his family, kind, affectionate, and attached. In company, he was sociable and fond of conversation on useful subjects.

He had some prejudices, and was somewhat hasty at times, which might make an unfavorable impression on such as did not know him intimately. But to his friends it was a mere foil to his noble qualities of heart and mind.

As a public teacher, either in the pulpit or in the theological chair, or in the classical school, his gifts were rather solid than showy. He was well acquainted with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as several modern languages, and was familiar with church history and general history. As a theologian, he was learned, sound, and a good interpreter of Scripture. A respectable preacher, his sermons were sound, sensible, well-digested discourses. And what claimed my admiration was, that after having been in the ministry and preached for probably fifteen or more years without notes—though always after a careful preparation and with a skeleton—he submitted, in addition to all his other labors, to the drudgery of writing his sermons, which he did on many occasions.

He was an excellent instructor, as many of his pupils, who are still living, and some of them occupying important stations, either as ministers of the Gospel or of a political or civil character, can testify. He always took the warmest interest in the welfare of his former pupils, and did all that lay in his power to assist them.

In dwelling thus briefly upon the effects of his labors of various kinds, I ought to advert to some work of an extra-official character that he engaged in. He prepared several books, partly translations from the German, partly original, some of which have been published, while others are still in manuscript. Of those that have been published, I mention only his Church History, two volumes of which only have seen the light, the first containing an account of the early Christian Church, the other, which should have been the fourth, giving a history of the American Lutheran Church; by both of which, so far as I know, he was considerably the loser in a pecuniary respect. His active mind was never at rest, always devising and engaging in some useful employment. He was at the same time so little attached to money, that, with all his labors and a comfortable salary, and but a small family, I believe he never laid up any thing of any consequence. As a further proof of his active turn when he was yet in Hartwick, he employed the

summer vacations in congregations in different parts of the State, acting as a sort of volunteer home missionary, and I have no doubt, was the means of preserving some of our congregations from extinction, by his faithful labors. By this means, too, he knew the condition of our churches, and could direct young men, when they were licensed, to the situations which needed their services.

He also carried on an extensive correspondence, till the decay of his strength made it impossible, or at least very difficult.

If now we ask, what has been the fruit of his more than fifty years of active and laborious exertion, we shall see it in various respects. He has prepared quite a number of young men, and among them some of our most active and useful ministers, for the work of the ministry. His faithful services have added a large number to our ministry, and have thus conduced to the increase and extension of our Church. And as during the thirty-seven years that he has occupied the place of a theological professor, our Church, by the blessing of the Most High, has increased tenfold, he has been honored by our heavenly Master to contribute a very material share to this increase, and I suppose there are few in our connection, whose praise is in all the churches, especially in the northern and southern extremities of our land, as his is. We bless God for having given us such a man, and spared him so long, though we should have rejoiced to retain him among us yet longer. But our loss is his great gain, and he is gone to dwell with that Saviour whom he loved, served, and honored while here, to enjoy his smiles and share his love.

We may learn from this brief sketch, that early piety, and a steady, untiring devotion to the duties of our station, are the only and the sure road to a useful life and a venerable old age. "They that are planted in the house of the Lord," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him."

A REMINISCENCE.

"Two trees I pass not by, which o'er our house
Their morning shadows threw; tall trees they were,
And old"

ON seeing the announcement of the death of the venerated Dr. Hazelius, an incident simple in itself, yet touching to my own feelings, was forcibly brought to mind. It was during a meeting of the New-York Ministerium, in New-Germantown, in 184—, that early one beautiful morning, I stepped on the front portico of the house (now the parsonage of the Lutheran Church there) to breath the air, which, at that hour was filled with the perfume of the sweet-briar, whose blossoms clustered over its latticed ends.

To my surprise, I found a young gentleman slowly pacing to and fro, apparently absorbed in pensive musings over the scene before him. As soon as he became aware of my presence, as if by way of apology for a seeming intrusion, he remarked, with a melancholy smile: "It is a great pleasure to me to linger here, where there is so much to remind me of my dear old uncle, Dr. Hazelius. This house, built by him, was his home, and these trees (pointing to two catalpas on either side of the terraced yard) were planted by him, more than thirty years ago." The facts I was acquainted with before, but had not felt the soul's deepest emotions stirred with them, as now, when seeing this young heart evidently gathering "sweet memories from each bough." I of course welcomed him, and soon left him to his sad yet pleasant reflections.

That young man was Hazelius Miller, then engaged in a course of preparation for the ministry, and about to receive a license to enter upon its active duties; but the silence and forgetfulness of death soon after sealed the fate of that beloved one, leaving stricken friends to treasure up the mementos of his presence, as he had loved to cherish those of others.

And now the good old man has followed him, doubtless to find many plants of righteousness flourishing in the garden of the Lord, as the reward of his protracted labors in the vineyard below.

During a few years' residence in New-Germantown, one of

those trees died, with the exception of a single shoot, which sprang up in beauty from the otherwise bare trunk. The dead branches we had cut off just above the juncture of the living one, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the old relic growing up with new life; and it may be, that its rich blossoms are still yearly shedding their fragrance, while cherished recollections are clustering over the one who planted them. If so, how emblematic; all but the germ of life, the immortal spirit, has, in a good old age, been cut down by the hand of death; *that* lives to renew its youth and vigor in a more congenial clime. Doubtless many tablets of memory will be reared in the scenes where the departed has lived and labored, leaving the ineffaceable inscriptions of the heart's esteem and veneration.

E. M. K.

SELF-CULTURE.

ANOTHER traveller on the worn road of life, a little lisping child, begins the toilsome journey. With none of his beloved beyond his call, and a golden mist, like the haze of an autumnal day, shrouding in mercy the stern outlines, and softening in the distance the realities to which the path must lead him, he goes rejoicing on his way. How does that feeble and unformed mind unfold itself? Like the petals of many a gorgeous blossom, from the *heart* outward. The faith and trust which so confidently turns to wisdom, strength, and love he never doubts, are germs which may mature into saving faith and holy trust, as the All-Powerful and All-Merciful stands revealed in his onward journey. For the "heat and burden" of the day, in its noontide, is reserved the full development of those powers which will only serve the traveller in the clay-paths of earth, while those which will make firm his feeble steps, and fit him at last for the golden streets of the heavenly city, are growing even in the faint early dawn of the life-journey.

Steadily, year by year, creeps on the forest growth, until at length it towers up a woodland temple, worthy its mighty Architect. By many a dashing summer shower, and many a gentle dew, falling in quiet summer moonlight, does the dancing brook at last attain its full chorus, and goes singing on its way.

through the rejoicing fields. As in this world of nature, so in the world of mind, slowly but steadily the work goes on. The inevitable law of mind is development—in the right way or the wrong, still development. It well becomes the responsible possessor of this mind-treasure to bethink himself that as the tree, either all leaves or branches, could not represent a perfect tree with branches, leaves, and fruit, so a mind with some powers cultivated to the neglect of others, is a sadly imperfect type of that which was created in the image of the Eternal. The miserable Hindoo devotee who, in the zeal of a blind superstition, utters a vow that his hand and arm shall never move from one position, violates no more the law of his physical nature than he who, by neglect, is enfeebling one power of mind while bestowing his labor upon another. Just and honorable, and strictly observant in his conduct toward his fellows of the fixed principles of right may that man be who is but partially cultivating his moral nature. He may still be neglectful of the higher duties which he owes to his Creator. A fair and smiling garden spot is that mind, in the sight of his brother-man, every unsightly weed removed, while to the pure vision of observant angels, there are dark and tangled thickets, "a waste and howling wilderness," in which no rose of Sharon blooms, and no sun of righteousness arises on the night full of terrors. But the moral can not be cultivated to the exclusion of the intellectual nature, and our whole duty be performed. A partial improvement of intellect must, indeed, go hand in hand with every moral advance; but in the neglect of progressive improvement many exalted pleasures are lost. In the deep mines of many a profound science are found gems which reflect the pure light of revealed truth on the pale brow of that earnest worker. See the gleam! hear the joyful shout over the discovered treasure, thrilling the hearts of eager listeners, and filling the soul with the calm of firmer love and more profound trust. Who can justly estimate, in all its bearings on time and eternity, the mighty influence of sanctified intellect? In the dread secrets of the prison-house of lost spirits are concealed the unutterable and exquisite agonies of intellect unsanctified.

Thousands of graves around us are filled with those whose highly cultivated sensibilities and imagination unfitted them for the sad and stern "march of life." "Not of proof was their

armor; through the joints of their harness was the arrow sped, and their sweet sighing voices died away in the clashing strife and harsher sounds of conflict."

Beautiful indeed, even as "the garden of the Lord," is that mind in which due attention is paid to every barren spot, where all is alike fertile. Trailing vines and graceful foliage of imagination and fancy are indeed found there; but the strong branches of the firm oak and evergreen sustain and give strength to the delicate tendrils. The stream of "living waters" flows through the favored spot, while far away, in the purple horizon, traced clear in the distance, rise the hills of light. M.

Albany, Feb. 15, 1854.

ECLECTIC.

OBEDIENCE; OR, HARRY AND HIS DOG.

WHEN little Harry Turner was seven years old, a friend presented him with a fine, handsome dog. Harry, like most boys, was fond of authority, and finding his little pet quite teachable, took great pleasure in being obeyed and followed. Soon, Harry and his dog became almost inseparable; sharing the same bed, and sometimes the same meal, much to the annoyance of the family. For his master's sake, Ponto was tolerated in pantry and parlor; but too much indulgence made him very bold, and even Harry's apologies did not always suffice. Changes must come, and soon poor Ponto's excursions to the pantry and his muddy tracks on the parlor carpets, could no longer be allowed. Each member of the family found some cause of complaint, till at length Harry's father determined that the dog should be removed.

Accordingly, he said to Harry one morning, before leaving home for his business, "My son, I hope you will carry your dog away before I return, for I can not allow him any longer in the house." Harry did not raise his eyes to his father, but looked at Ponto's clear friendly eyes as they gazed so knowingly at him; then patting his smooth, soft hair, he stooped down to hide his fast-flowing tears. However, the word was spoken, and Harry felt assured that his kind father expected to be obeyed.

Dearly as Harry loved his dog, the wishes of his father were his law, and he made no reply, for fear of appearing unwilling to acquiesce. For a while, in his eagerness for play, he seemed to forget his father's injunctions. He frolicked with Ponto from garret to cellar, playing at hide and seek, or raced about the yard, now climbing fences, now hiding behind the trees or rolling about on the grass, till he began to be tired, and called Ponto into the house with him. The dog rested both paws on Harry's knee as the latter read aloud, and gazed with great earnestness in his face, apparently understanding as much as Harry supposed. Suddenly, the child threw aside his book, and taking his dear pet

in his lap, caressed him with much affection. After some time he exclaimed, "O, my dear, dear doggy, you must go away and never be my Ponto any more. O my dear Ponto, you will forget me, when you belong to some body else, and I can not have you any more. O doggy, I love you dearly, but you must go. What shall I do?" Here, he burst into a loud cry, and wept a long time putting both arms around Ponto, and resting the dog's head against his own neck. Ponto nestled closer than ever to his young master, as if he were aware of the separation so soon to take place, and whined at every fresh burst of his grief.

However, Harry was a resolute boy, as all truly obedient boys are apt to become; and drawing a deep sigh, he went out and washed his swollen eyes, then taking Ponto in his arms, went to the room where his aunt sat at her work. He soon obtained her permission to go down to James Connor's, as his aunt had observed the scene in the adjoining room, and rejoiced to see her dear nephew overcome his feelings in obedience to his dear father. Not long after, Harry returned home quite cheerful, saying as he entered, "Aunt, James Connor is my dog's master now, and he is the best boy I know, for he will be kind to Ponto, and says I may come to see him whenever I choose."

"*The boy is father of the man.*" What gap will this boy fill in our fast-coming struggles for truth, if his character strengthens with increasing stature? Oh! that all our sons may learn *self-government*; then shall we become a nation of freemen indeed.

APPLES OF SODOM.

EVERY reader has heard of the apples of Sodom, a species of fruit which, extremely beautiful to the eye, is bitter to the taste and full of dust. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his history, alludes to this singular fact; but as usual in language so brief and ambiguous, that no light can be derived from his description, *atra et inania velut in cinerem vaneunt*. Some travellers, unable to discover this singular production, have considered it merely as a figure of speech, depicting the deceitful nature of all vicious enjoyments. Hasselquist regards it as the production of a small plant called *Solanum melongena*, a species of nightshade, which is to be found abundantly in the neighborhood of Jericho. He admits that the apples are sometimes full of dust; but this, he maintains, appears only when the fruit is attacked by a certain insect, which converts the whole of the inside into a kind of powder, leaving the rind wholly entire, and in possession of its beautiful color. Mr. Seetzen, again, holds the novel opinion that this mysterious apple contains a sort of cotton resembling silk; and having no pulp or flesh in the inside, might naturally enough, when sought for as food, be denounced by the hungry Bedouin as pleasing to the eye and deceitful to the palate. Chateaubriand has fixed on a shrub different from any of the others. It grows two or three leagues from the mouth of Jordan, and is of a thorny appearance with small tapering leaves. Its fruit is exactly like that of the Egyptian lemon, both in size and color. Before it is ripe, it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried, it yields a blackish seed, and may be compared with ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. There can be little doubt that this is the true apple of Sodom, which flatters the sight while it mocks the appetite.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE present number closes the first volume of the *Evangelical Magazine*, and the present is therefore the proper time to make known to our patrons, definitely, our intentions in regard to the coming year. The general character of our publication will be unchanged. We have resolved, however, to introduce the improvement referred to in our prospectus for the second volume; that is to say, we shall enlarge the page and reduce the size of the type, so that, according to this arrangement, while the number of pages will remain the same as now, each monthly issue will furnish an amount of reading equal to about fifty pages of the present capacity. The advantages of this improvement will be manifest. It will make room for a greater variety of topic, will furnish a larger number of articles, and impart to our pages a corresponding augmentation of interest and value. In venturing upon this liberal arrangement, we are governed by the conviction that it will be fully appreciated, and that there will be a corresponding movement on the part of our friends to extend the circulation of a periodical that has for its aim the inculcation of evangelical truth, and is intended to be—and, we trust, has proved itself to be—a pleasant, safe, and profitable companion in the family circle. This confident expectation of a prompt and adequate support, is based upon written promises and written assurances of interest and approval, which can not fail to lead to action. And even beyond the range of these promises and assurances do we look for sympathy and coöperation. Many pastors and members of churches there must be, who, though they have not written to us a line on the subject, still feel the importance of sustaining a periodical like this, and will lend their aid in extending its circulation. We occupy ground claimed by no other periodical in the Church, and therefore, can interfere with no other. Monthlies, almost innumerable, are circulated throughout the land, greatly varied in their character and influence; some good, some questionable, and others positively bad, because decidedly and glaringly light and trivial—leaving out of view altogether life's great duties, giving no solid food to the mind, no right impulse to the heart's affections, no elevation, or discernment, or tenderness to the conscience: our desire is, to occupy the place in the home-circle claimed by these, and our ambition and endeavor will be, to occupy it well and wisely.

We look, now, to those who desire the prosperity and permanency of this publication, for their active efforts on its behalf. Let not these efforts be delayed. Let no one postpone his agency in the matter, under the impression that others are doing the work. Let each one rather feel and act as if his individual exertions were indispensably necessary to our success: as a part of the aggregate, they *are* indispensable.

WE have read, with more than ordinary pleasure, the accounts of the work of grace that has been in progress in Pennsylvania College. Especially interesting are such occurrences at this time, when the great harvest-field of the world appears to be ripe for the gathering, and the increase of laborers falls so far short of the growing demand. All the circumstances of the age call loudly for large accessions to the ranks of the evangelical ministry. There is a crisis in the affairs of men, which can only be adequately met by an unparalleled appliance of evangelical agencies. Never were the elements of evil more active than they are now. Infidelity, protean-shaped, is assuming some new form every day; now in the garb of open hostility, and now in the robes of an angel of light, attacking, with undiminished determination, those great, changeless, and heaven-born principles on which the prosperity of nations and the salvation of the individual must rest. Many think that the day of the world's deliverance from the dominion of ignorance, and oppression, and falsehood, is rapidly drawing nigh. They profess to see the clear fulfillment of prophecy in passing and impending events. But God works by means. And causes may intervene that will throw the world back from its present lofty and encouraging vantage-ground, and retard the finished work of its intellectual, social, and moral emancipation; or, causes may spring up that will accelerate that work, and bring it to a speedy accomplishment. In this view, it is a question of thrilling importance, how are our educated young men to be influenced? In what scale will their eloquence, and earnestness, and strength of purpose be thrown? How many of them will enter the ministry, and make the study and advocacy of the doctrines of salvation the business of their lives, and labor, with untiring assiduity, and in humble reliance upon the aid of the divine Spirit, for human salvation? How many who enter other professions, and engage in other pursuits, will be governed by a high-minded, unselfish adherence to principle? Will they be mere demagogues, or true patriots? Will they rise on the strong wings of a noble resolve to do right, so far above the devices of party men and party leaders, as to sacrifice popularity and place, if need be, to the promptings of an enlightened and tender conscience? Will they be identified with that school of thinkers who are so puffed up with the pride of intellect as to worship no Divinity who has greater knowledge than themselves, so that, in reality, they worship no one but themselves? or will they be humble learners at the feet of Him who "spake as never man spake," and as man, uninspired, never can speak. These are grave questions. And, while trembling between fear and hope, it is a relief of no ordinary kind to hear of the movings of God's spirit in our schools of learning. We shall not be surprised to hear similar tidings from other parts of our land. For, we remember at this moment, the concert of prayer for colleges. We remember the more than ten thousand petitions which, at the same hour, went up to the everlasting Throne. And we remember the promise of Him who sits upon it: *Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.* We remember, also, the many answers which prayer for this special object has received at different times. It is for this reason—because prayer is made for Christ

continually—that we venture to hope for the right and useful guidance of the rising intellect of our country.

It was our privilege, the other day, to examine some beautiful specimens of art, shown us by Mr. Fredricks, head proprietor of the *Galerie Americaine*, in Paris, who has lately returned to his native city, and may be found at Gurney's, 349 Broadway, New-York. These pictures, styled Mezzographs, are in appearance very much like a finely-finished mezzotint engraving. They are taken on paper, and their superiority to the daguerreotype consists in their durability, and in the fact, that when touched and finished with the pencil or crayon of the artist, they are equal, perhaps we ought to say superior, to a miniature on ivory, or a portrait on canvas: and are invested with a life-like expression which it is impossible to communicate to a picture produced by the well-known daguerreotype process. Daguerreotypes can be copied to perfection, and enlarged, and finished in full-sized portraits. We advise our friends, when they visit New-York, to examine these specimens for themselves. We have no doubt they will agree with us in our estimate of their beauty and value.

THE following testimony, contained in a letter received from Miss Miller, of Lexington, S. C., will be gratifying to those who encouraged the publication of the engraved likeness of Dr. Hazelius:

“*Lexington, Feb. 16, 1854.*”

“DEAR SIR: Aunt not feeling herself able to write concerning uncle's likeness, has commissioned me to do it in her stead. Dr. Eichelberger has received the package you sent, and we are all unanimous in thinking that the likeness is perfect; indeed, we do not think it could possibly be better.”

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

THE First Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, after accepting the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Cox as their pastor, resolved, upon the spot, to raise the sum of \$6500, which was understood to be the amount contracted to be paid for the residence purchased by Dr. Cox, last summer, at Owego. Most of the amount was subscribed by those present, and the remainder was soon after added by other members of the session.

At the first meeting of the committee appointed by the World's Temperance Convention, it was resolved that as soon as means can be obtained to defray the expense of the measure, the Committee will proceed to appoint an agent to visit the several States of the Union and the British Provinces. It was also resolved, that it be recommended to the friends of temperance in every part of the world, to hold simultaneous meetings on the second Thursday in June next, to be conducted as may seem to them best fitted to advance the cause they have at heart. Another recommendation adopted, was one to temperance men throughout the country, to procure petitions to

Congress to abolish the spirit ration in the navy, for a prohibitory law in the District of Columbia, and for a law forbidding a post-office to be kept, in any part of the United States, in a grocery, shop, or store, in which intoxicating liquors are sold as a beverage.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

INTEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The progress of the temperance reform in Great Britain is very slow. Some interesting statistics have recently transpired, which make no very creditable show in respect to the drinking habits of the principal cities of the kingdom, during the ten years from 1841 to 1851. In the former year, in London, there were 5245 convictions for drunkenness; in 1851 there were but 3544; but in Edinburgh, in 1841, the convictions were 1352; in 1851, they were 1880; a much larger proportion than the increase of population. In Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, and Newcastle, on the contrary, there has been marked improvement. The following summary states the progress in the several parts of the United Kingdom: in England, in 1841, there were 48,908 convictions; in 1851, 37,637. In Scotland, in 1841, 5289; in 1851, 27,643. In Ireland, in 1841, 17,669; in 1851, 37,637: total in 1841, 61,858; in 1851, 135,379. At this rate, something more stringent than moral suasion will be needful, to bring that nation out of its idolatry to drink.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on the History of the Turks, in its Relation to Christianity. By the Author of "Loss and Gain."

Forest Life in Ceylon. By W. Knighton, M.A., formerly Secretary of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

Historical Development of Speculative Philosophy, from Kant to Hegel. From the German of Dr. H. M. Chalybaeus, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel. By the Rev. Alfred Edersheim. Sir Wm. Hamilton says of this work, that "in Germany these lectures are considered as popular, but not as superficial; they are viewed as even supplying a desideratum; and, in particular, are accounted an excellent introduction to a more extended and detailed study of the recent philosophical systems."

Among the new works announced as in course of preparation, is a new "Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, by Sir David Brewster. This will be a production of more than common interest.

Another announcement of interest is the forthcoming publication of Calvin's unpublished letters. It includes each phase of his eventful life, from the obscure scholar at Bourges and of Paris, to the triumphant reformer.

The Life and Labors of St. Augustine, by Dr. Philip Schaff; translated from the German by the Rev. T. C. Porter. This is a neatly-printed duodecimo of 150 pages, giving an account of the early life, conversion, and subsequent labors of one whose name and deeds occupy a prominent place in the history of the Christian Church. Both the author and translator have performed their work well. Published by J. C. Riker, 129 Fulton-street, New-York.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

MAY, 1854.

MARY STUART.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF HER LIFE, WITH MORAL
REFLECTIONS.

BY EMMA B. STORK.

OUR earliest sympathies and partialities, were all enlisted in behalf of the beauteous and fascinating, yet unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. And it is exceedingly difficult to divest our feelings of the charm which irresistibly binds our maturer judgment, as the blank, cold facts of history, tear away from our mental vision, the lovely fabric of our youthful fancy. We are no longer satisfied with visionary dreams and romantic ramblings; we seek truth and wisdom from the lessons of human life. Truth, what a mighty awakener! How break away from their gentle slumberings, the dreams and delusions of bygone ages, under thy magic wand! How terrible art thou, oh! hallowed Truth! Thou dost disentomb the phantoms of past ages, and behold, they are living realities before us, and we sit disenchanted in thy fearful palace, upon the seat of judgment. And as we would interpret actions and not persons, we design, as our only hope of success, in arriving at a reasonable and wholesome conclusion, to carry with us, in this search, the "candle of the Lord," which is the Spirit and word of the Omniscient. He is alone the discernor and interpreter of all hearts. For "He giveth understanding to the simple."

VOL. II.

1

Historical accuracy is difficult. In past history, as in present, every-day life, the reviewers of character and actions are so numerous, and so chameleonized from their different points of vision, that a complete separation of error from truth is an impossibility, and not to be hoped for under our present circumstances. It is among the promised blessings of our final estate.

"High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows;
So truth prevails o'er falsehood."

Thus we desire, in our brief review of Queen Mary's ill-fated career, to divest ourselves of all prepossessions and prejudices, and to place her under the Divine lamp, there to test her actions as a queen, no less than as a woman, by the only infallible standard.

"How loved, how valued once avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot."

"To the law and to the testimony," if they speak not according to these, it is because there is no truth in them.

Mary Stuart came into life under sorrowful auspices. Her father, Scotland's king, died ere she saw the light, and she knew not a father's watchful love, nor received his faithful counsels. Mary's mother, the Queen-dowager of Scotland, was of a celebrated

French family, of the name of Guise. She is often herself called in history Mary of Guise. When the infant Mary was six months old, her coronation took place at Stirling Castle, superintended by the Queen-dowager (her mother), and the Earl of Arran, Regent, who governed in place of the infant Queen, until she should arrive at a suitable age, to take upon herself her heavy responsibilities. The Earl was chosen by the Scottish nobles to be regent, because he was a Protestant. The Queen-mother ardently desired this honor, and she seemed to consider it to be her just prerogative. But she was a Catholic, and the majority of the people preferred and acknowledged the Reformed faith, and modes of worship observed in the Protestant churches. The Scots were a noble, hardy race, and the Reformation had done much for them, in drawing them out from their border life, and ruder manners, into more industry, thrift, and contentment. Thought was awakening among them, and they were not so well satisfied as formerly under an absolute monarchy. Therefore, as a Protestant people, they very wisely decided to select a Protestant regent. Well would it have been for their country, and happier, far happier, for their beautiful and misled queen, had the nobles interfered to prevent Mary's visit and abode at the French court. Herein, alas, was the fatal error, in withdrawing Mary from her native land, at so early an age, and thus alienating her heart and interest from her own subjects. It was a fatal transplanting of a delicate flower, and henceforth she became an exotic among her own people, and she pined and withered in her birth-land.

It was a most unnatural and suicidal movement, thus to separate a sovereign from her own beloved people and native land. The result proved to be misery to all parties. The French court, profligate and pleasure-seeking, was not a fit school for a daughter of honest, independent, and reformed Scotland. The influence of the Guise family was fatal to good morals;—ambitious, intriguing, and haughty, their family-union and interest became a curse to Europe. Catharine de Medici, whose cognomen, the "She Wolf," so hatefully associated her with the fearful

events of St. Bartholomew's Eve, was of this odious clique.

It was when about five years of age, that Queen Mary bid adieu, for a long time, to her fatherland. She, with her retinue, was received with great rejoicings at the French court; and the King of France, in honor of her arrival, bid the prison doors to be opened, and the prisoners to be set free, in all the places through which his distinguished guest passed. And at the Palace of St. Germain, whither Mary was escorted by her princely friends, the French king had arranged a continued succession of amusements and enjoyments, for the entertainment of the Queen and her four Marys, who were the daughters of Scottish noblemen, and who had been selected by the Queen-dowager as Mary's playmates and juvenile companions, and had accompanied her to France. Their names were, Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seaton.

After enjoying for a short season these palace amusements, it was decided that Mary should go into a convent to receive her education. And we have reason to believe that this was the happiest and most serene period of the unfortunate Queen's lifetime. The Sisters were amiable and kind to Mary, and she was engaging in her disposition and deportment, as well as of an active and studious mind. She paid attention to music, poetry, and painting, and often amused herself with writing French and Latin mottoes, suitable for seals, and for remembrances among her young friends. But she was speedily withdrawn from her too pleasant retreat, to take her place in the King's household, and to enter into all the gaieties of court life. Her four Marys, and the two princesses of France, were her daily companions. They passed much of their time with Queen Catharine, engaged with their embroidery. This queen was not of noble extraction, and although she had arrived at the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness, her elevation was recent. She is represented as a jealous, imperious, and haughty character; and although the young Queen Mary enjoyed her amusing and vivacious conversation, they did not seem to be quite congenial in spirit. The Queen of France was not a little chagrined at an in-

nocent remark of Mary's, that "she was the descendant from a hundred kings." Her son Francis, or the Dauphin, as he was called, was betrothed to Mary, and she liked his gentle, amiable character; but his health was feeble, and he did not live long to enjoy the society of his beautiful betrothed.

About this time it was that Sir James Melville received his appointment as page of honor to Queen Mary. He was a young man of nineteen years of age, and of fine talents and accomplishments, and he merited the high honor to which he was appointed, as throughout Mary's eventful career he was ever her faithful friend and prudent adviser. He afterwards occupied the office of secretary to the Queen, and acted as her ambassador at foreign courts, and in diplomatic emergencies.

Of all the characters connected with this unhappy reign, Sir James Melville's is the one for whom we entertain the highest esteem and approbation. And Queen Mary would not so much have demeaned herself in our estimation, had she more wisely adopted, and more gratefully received, the prudent counsel of this brave and true man. Saith the Scriptures, "In a multitude of counselors, there is safety." "And faithful are the wounds of a friend." "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend forsake" or reject not. But a wilful woman must e'en have her own way, and thus too often rushes blindfold upon destruction: as was the consequence in the sad fate of the self-willed Mary, who thus madly ingulfed herself in opprobrium and ruin. Herein we fail to discover the loveliness and gentleness with which Mary's admirers have invested her character. Our deepest indignation is excited against her conduct, upon her rejection of Melville's faithful expostulation, in the favor extended to David Rizzio. She was contemptuously indifferent to his prudent counsel. But thus it ever was with Mary; she lacked wisdom and discretion, and turned a deaf ear to the Scottish nobles who advised her, and would have saved her from the insidious influence of her foreign favorites and courtly sycophants. But she was, alas! a frail, thoughtless woman. A beauty, and accustomed to adulation from her earliest years, how could

she assimilate herself with her hardy Scotchmen, or sympathize with their just grievances and complaints? No! Mary came too late upon the stage of life. She was fitted to be the worshipped goddess in the chivalric age, when the idolized beauty could, with a wave of her fair hand, command and bow down the steel-clad and helmed warrior; and with her wondrous fascination sway the mighty heroes of antiquity. But ere then, times had changed, and no glowing enthusiast then lingered over the shrine of his lady-love, and extinct were the knight-errants, who, on bended knee, served their fickle fair ones. But a sterner race had appeared. Woman was to elevate herself by self-sacrifice and patriotism and noble ardor, for her country and mankind. A spirit of self-forgetfulness could alone give her the supremacy over men's hearts. Mary was ambitious and selfish; there was nothing of patriotism in her soul. She was ever styled the beautiful, but she never took the palm for the pure nobleness of self-sacrifice in her country's cause. She suffered for her own faults, not for her country's weal. But we may be excused for moralizing, as we promised we should do, and we hasten onwards with our history.

Ere Mary again returned to her Scottish kingdom, she had been a wife, and now had become a widow. At fifteen years of age she consummated her marriage with the son of the King of France. They were both then under sixteen years of age, and a brief period after, upon the unexpected demise of the King, his father, Francis, the Dauphin, was crowned King of France. But he, with his youthful bride, did not long enjoy the honors of royalty. Francis, ever weak and delicate in constitution, died, and left Mary widowed, at the early age of seventeen years.

In the summer of 1560, Mary lost her mother, and in 1561, she returned to Scotland. Many of her friends, and the four Marys, were her companions in her homeward journey. She was sad, and her farewell to her beloved France was heart-touching. Mary, upon reaching Scotland, immediately appointed and received into her service her half brother, the Lord James, or the Earl of Murray, as one of her highest ministers of state. He was a man of thirty years

of age, prudent and cautious and wise, but somewhat stern in manners, yet of high rank and influence.

The Queen's Catholic education and principles, were a constant source of disturbance to her Protestant people, and the reformer John Knox, felt it his duty to expostulate with her upon her foreign and cherished prepossessing influences. 'Tis said the stern, but good man, on one occasion, was reproached with having caused Mary to shed tears. It was replied—"Better that a woman mourn, than that bearded men should weep."

The palace at Holyrood was Mary's residence, and the four Marys abode there with her for a time, and afterwards, two of them married nobles of distinguished rank. Mary had some foolish people about her, among others, a young French poet, named Chate-lard, who returned in her retinue from France. He was a love-sick swain, and suffered on the block for his folly, in aspiring to the Queen's hand and heart.

The reigning Queens of England and Scotland, although they were apparently on friendly terms together, were yet secretly disquieted, and jealous of each other's power and beauty; especially so, as Mary Stuart had some claims upon the English crown. Margaret Stuart, or Lady Lennox, was also nearly related to the royal line of England. Henry Stuart, or Lord Darnley, was her son, and he was also cousin to Queen Mary. There was a design formed to unite them in marriage, and thus establish their joint-title to the throne, as successors to Queen Elizabeth. We waive the account of the after-event, of Mary's union with Darnley; it seems such a girlish, silly affair to prefer a handsome, tall, beardless youth, though doubtless, ambition had no small share in the result, yet, it is too puerile a proceeding, on such small pretences, to select a partner for life, and in a woman of her years too—pshaw! we are quite displeased with her on account of this ill-starred affair. How could she expect to fulfil the Scripture injunction of reverence towards such a husband! It indeed proved to be anything but a happy union. If Mary erred in her choice, as a queen and a woman,—she had no apology

to offend in her deportment as a wife. And she transgressed the gospel rule—"Wives be obedient to your own husbands in *everything*"—by trifling with Darnley's jealous feeling towards her Italian favorite, David Rizzio. Herein she grievously offended, and her consequent unhappiness resulted from her imprudent pertinacity, in still retaining this foreigner in her service, against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends and nobles, who were also jealous and suspicious of this stranger. It was in this matter that the gentlemanly Melville had advised her to exercise more discretion; but she resisted his entreaties, and took counsel solely from her own heart. Rizzio was, it is true, an accomplished secretary, and an agreeable companion to amuse the Queen's leisure hours; but was this evanescent enjoyment worth the sacrifice of her husband's and her subjects' confidence, and her unsullied reputation, than which to a true heart nothing can be dearer?

At last, Darnley is revenged, and Rizzio by his connivance is murdered, while enjoying a social entertainment in the very presence of the Queen.

Mary became completely alienated from her husband, although she was unwilling to be divorced from him, lest this act should affect the interests of her son, who was born in the month of July, 1566. The infant was baptized in December, at Stirling Castle. Great pomp and parade accompanied this ceremony. Darnley would not be present on the occasion, but went off, and kept himself out of the way until it was concluded. Mary's husband was not beloved by her subjects. Do what she would, the Queen could not please him. He is represented as of a sullen, vicious disposition, addicted to table-pleasures. The royal infant's titles were, James Sixth of Scotland and First of England. The disastrous events of the Kirk of Field, where Darnley was murdered, were the next events in which the unhappy Queen was involved. The Earl of Bothwell, a man of great energy and decision of character, bold and dauntless in all his measures, was the chief instigator of this crime of blood. Mary was accused as being accessary to the death of her husband. Her marriage with

Bothwell, three months after this startling event, gives apparent credence to this suspicion. Historians assert, that Mary and Bothwell loved each other before they ought to have cherished or permitted such an attachment. Mary's ruling passion was *ambition*. Love with her was only an indirect and occasional, yet irresistible influence, but kept in check by the mightier power. Yet, although she triumphed at last, in her life's great aim, in having *her son*, King over England and Scotland, her ill-regulated affections caused her intense suffering and disappointment. Mary's course in regard to Bothwell, is a singular instance of the madness of her love-infatuation. As the husband of the Queen, he was the object of suspicion and hatred to her subjects, and finally, he was so harassed and persecuted for his crimes, that he was compelled to exile himself from his native land, and he afterwards became insane, through remorse and disappointment, and died a neglected outcast, from home and friends.

The unfortunate Queen of Scots was obliged to resign her kingdom, in favor of her son, and she was separated from him, and chased about from place to place, like a wearied dove; but there was no rest for her this side the grave. She sought refuge in the realm and under the wing of her cousin Elizabeth, but she was treacherously received, and detained as a prisoner during a long captivity of eighteen years.

Elizabeth sought to excuse her own conduct, by considering the course she pursued a *necessity* for the peace and tranquillity of her own kingdom. She said Mary was constantly concerned in treasonable plots with her English subjects, and even of assailing her own life. So that after much *apparent* reluctance, Elizabeth was induced to sign the death-warrant of her cousin Mary, upon the *conviction* of treasonable plots against the government, and also against *her life*. Queen Mary was faithful until the last to her Catholic principles, and she, in her last hour, pressed her ivory crucifix to her lips, and heart, and praying for her enemies, she laid her aching head upon the fatal block, surrounded by her devoted and weeping attendants, and in the presence of about

two hundred spectators. What a spectacle for human eyes to gaze upon, and how perverted must be the taste which could endure and brave such an awful tragedy. Queen Elizabeth survived twenty years after the beheading of Queen Mary, and Mary's ambition was triumphant in her son, who reigned over the two rival kingdoms of England and Scotland when about forty years old.

In closing this historical scene, we would draw this useful lesson: Ever to regulate and form our principles, and to discipline our passions from the "Word of God;"—(if God shall give peace, who then can make trouble?)—and ever to bend our private and selfish interest to universal *public good*. This is true patriotism. "For men to search their own glory is not glory." Prov. xxv. 27.

"I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that
hate thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear
not,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD ETIQUETTE.

WHAT is the original meaning of the word *etiquette*? and how did it acquire that secondary meaning which it bears in English?

Etiquette, from the French *étiquette*, Spanish *etiquita*, a ticket; delivered not only, as Cotgrave says, for the benefit and advantage of him who receives it, but also entitling to place, to rank; and thus applied to the ceremonious observance of rank or place—to ceremony. Webster adds, From the original sense of the word, it may be inferred that it was formerly the custom to deliver cards containing orders for regulating ceremonies on public occasions.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.—*Proverbs*.



SPRING.

LO, THE WINTER IS PAST.

BY REV. J. K. PLATT. *Song No. 2:11*

THE beautiful season of Spring has again returned, to regale us with its joys. The dreary spell of winter has been broken, and the new life of Nature is being ushered in by myriads of sweet voices. The note of rejoicing is sounding on every side. The vernal jubilee has commenced. Reanimated

Nature is paying her eloquent spring tribute of praise to her great Creator; and she is teaching us sober lessons of wisdom, as she smiles up thanks to God.

It is well to pause and catch the instruction, which the revolving seasons impart. The God of heaven speaks to us in Nature, which is the work of his own hands. Here, we may run and read; the voice of the great Creator salutes us, on every hand. The

earth, in its beauty, declares his glory—it everywhere showeth his handiwork.

It ought not to be, that the incense which inanimate Nature sends up to God, from a thousand altars, should excel the thanksgiving of us, who are animate and rational creatures. Her rejoicing should remind us of solemn duties which we owe to our Maker. Her song should find a welcome response in our breasts—should attune our hearts to praise. We, for whom the earth is clad with beauty and glory,—for whom the waters flow, and the green fields yield their increase,—for whom the bounties of a munificent Providence are plentifully given; we should not remain insensate now, while the voices of Nature bid us lift up our souls in praise to Him, who hath fearfully and wonderfully made us.

From the many lessons of Spring, let us endeavor to gather a few:—

1. It should remind us of the duty of gratitude to God. To our heavenly Father, we are all great debtors. He has laid us under obligation to him, which we can never discharge. He has multiplied unto us affecting tokens of his love. He has compassed us about with songs of deliverance. His compassions have not failed. All that we have and are, he hath made and given us. And yet, how ungrateful we are all prone to be,—how coldly we reciprocate the divine goodness,—how reluctantly we yield to him the best affections of our hearts! The works of his hands around us, all praise him. Shall we be less thankful than they? Shall no incense of acceptable worship, now ascend from our hearts to him? Shall we be silent amid the grateful music of reviving Nature? No! let it not be thus. In the midst of this lovely Spring season, let us joyfully mingle in the chorus of nature, which floats up from the beauties of the newly-decked earth, and hymn our notes of thanksgiving to God.

Lo, the winter is past,—and with it, many a fellow-creature has gone to the grave. But life and health have been spared to us. The death of nature, from which she is just now rising up to new life, has not been emblematic of our last sleep. Why others have been taken, and we left, we know not. But this we do know, that we have good reason here

to thank God for prolonged opportunities of making our peace with him, and of preparing to meet him.

The many delightful attendants of this gay season, lay upon us new obligations to be thankful. We have just been borne from the deadness and sterility of winter, to the life and animation of Spring. The air which we breathe, but a little while ago, cold and silent, is now genial, and vocal with the music of birds. The trees of the wood put forth their leaves, and the hollow moaning of the wind amid their desolate branches, is changing into the sweet strains which the gentle zephyr breathes through their rich foliage. The brooks and rills and rivers long bound by the icy chains of winter, flow again in gladsome streams, bearing on their bosoms the products of earth and of man's industry, or fertilizing the soil, and slaking the thirst of the tired cattle, as God hath appointed their mission. The fields have laid aside their sombre dress, and they come forth now like a bride decked with her richest attire. From sunny climes, and from their homes in the holes of the earth, and in the clefts of the rocks, the birds come forth, to sport gaily on the bosom of the air, and enliven the ceremonies of earth's resurrection. The pent up cattle wander forth from their winter enclosures, to pluck the growing grass; "the innocent lamb bleats upon the peaceful plain;" the little children go out, and gather the fragrant flowers—"Spring's first offering." The fields, the streams, the birds, the cattle, and man, all appear joyful,—glad that the winter is past, and that vernal beauty and life have again returned.

And who hath wrought all this wondrous change? Who hath raised up Nature from her grave, and breathed into her this new life? Who hath preserved the vitality of the seed and the trees, which now puts forth with so much promise? Who hath waked up, and brought back the birds of the air, to refresh us with their delicious music? Who hath so filled our hearts with gladness? Let the answer lift up our souls to God; and as we trace his goodness in the varied charms with which he has robed the earth, let our hearts and voices break forth in a song of praise to his unbounded love.

2. Spring reminds us of our dependence upon God. "In Him we live and move and have our being." The laws of nature, by which good is brought forth for us, are the methods of his agency. 'Tis He that giveth life and beauty to the earth. There is not a gorgeous tint, adorning the flower that lifts its head by the mountain-side, that the hand of God did not paint. There is not a sweet strain of music, warbled out by the little songsters that float above us, that God did not attune. There is not a spring, gushing from the hill-side, or a rivulet "complainingly flowing o'er the gentle mead," that God hath not ushered into being. There is not a blade of grass growing in the fields, or a stalk of grain shooting upwards, to perfect, in due time, for man's sustenance, that is not the gift of God. Without his interposition the whole earth would be a barren waste, and man its cheerless inhabitant. All things are dependent upon him,—the Independent; without him, nothing could be that now is. The husbandman's labor furnishes a fitting illustration of human dependence upon God. Say not thou, O man, as you look forth upon your smiling fields, "Behold! what my hands have wrought!" Give not all the praise to your tilling. Your instrumentality, without the divine blessing, could have produced no scene such as now greets you in nature's domain. It is God, owning and blessing the means, that has opened out before you the gorgeous panorama that now meets your gaze. It is he that maketh the ground to be fruitful,—that smileth with his sunshine, and sendeth his refreshing rain, upon your fields—that causeth thus the spring of hope to gush up within your heart. You plant and water, but God gives the increase. Be not, then, high and lifted up. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord. A Father's goodness shall ever compass him about; a Father's watchful eye shall ever be upon him; a Father's liberal hand shall ever be opened to provide for his necessities.

3. The season should inspire us with confidence in God. "If he so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" If he feeds the fowls of the air, and hears the young

ravens when they cry, shall he not also provide for his nobler creature, man? Does he not know what things we have need of, and will he not furnish them for us, if we obey his command, and "seek first his kingdom and righteousness?"

And what God hath done, in all past ages, he is still able to do. He has power to send his early and latter rain, to impart his heat, to give life and fruitfulness, to the bosom of the earth. His goodness too, is equal to his power; and he has given us assurance, that he will "withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly." Why, then, should we be faithless and unbelieving? Is not man the greatest and best of God's creatures? Hath he not given him dominion over all others of earth, and made them to subserve his interests and to promote his happiness? And there is not one of them,—not even the smallest insect that flutters in the breeze, or the tiniest worm that crawls upon the ground, that is too small for his superintending providence. He watches over them all; he feeds them all; he appoints them all their habitations; he blesses and prospers them all, according to their necessities; not one of them escapes his notice, or his care. Much more then, shall he care for us, who are so much better than these irrational creatures; for us, whom he hath already so loved as to send his Son for our deliverance from the thralldom of sin and death. It is better to put confidence in God, than in wealth or in princes. Let the present rejoicing of nature inspire us with this, and we shall never be put to shame.

4. The season reminds us too, of human frailty. Though there is much in the glad-some spring-time that is emblematic of new life and vigor, there is also much that teaches us the vanity of all things pertaining to earth. The beauty of Spring is short-lived. The fields will only flourish for a little time, in their present garniture. The millions of little insects that now float upon the air, are only ephemera. The flowers that now bud and blossom will soon droop and die. The voice of the birds will soon be hushed. So quickly changes the scene here below. Death and decay work in nature; so work they in us, who are but of a few days.

The spring-time of life,—ah, how dream-like! Where are those happy hours of youth, in which, free from all care, we sallied forth and drank in pleasure from an overflowing cup? “Where is now that gaiety of heart that was wont to sparkle in the countenance, and cheer the admiring beholders?” “And where are those roses, which once bloomed upon the cheek,” now furrowed with care; now saddened with life’s busy and pressing employments? Ah, they have all passed away! They are now among “the pleasures of memory”—oases in the pilgrimage of our life; and the thoughtful brow, and weary heart stand in their place. Let the young be mindful that their joyous spring-time is fading; and let them dedicate to their Creator their youthful energies and warm affections. So shall they afterwards lie down in peace, and rise in beauty to the joy of a perennial Spring beyond the grave.

5. Once more, the season is a beautiful emblem of the resurrection of the body. What was all this attractive scene in nature, upon which we now gaze with rapture, a while ago when stern winter reigned? What saw we then of the life, and vigor, and charms upon which we linger so fondly, as we look abroad upon the face of the regenerated earth? What reason had we then to expect, from the outward appearance, that the rough and untrodden field should now smile so bewitchingly in its rich flowers and luxuriant grain? But there was life in the bosom of the apparently dead earth. The germ of new being was there. That life has now sprung out before us; we see it and we rejoice in it. Thus, though our bodies when consigned to the dark tomb, may moulder and decay, they shall again rise up to beauty and glory; “the corruptible shall put on incorruption, the mortal immortality.” Triumphantly shall the believer mount from the unsightly grave; and joined in soul with a new body, forever beyond the reach of decay, he shall flourish in immortal youth.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested, in the conversation of any one who could tell me any

thing about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth’s formal adjuration of the Protestant faith in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that “the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither feared nor loved them.” The extermination of the Huguenots was a favorite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken—known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured.

After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the *Hôpitaux des Forçats* at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered “obstinate,” and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother’s escape. This lady’s father was a Norman farmer, or rather a small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct; but he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and

glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with the corn-fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and, though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family of Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need for much communication with their nearest neighbors, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar; and for the pottage, the *bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm, and orchard of the Lefebvres were all-sufficient. The woollen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winter's evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying and beating the bad-smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau*; for as soon as a woman-child was born, the mother lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread, of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of sixteen hundred and eighty five, Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheepskin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre,

slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse-block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, there was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons could sacrifice anything—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent to the Huguenots' excited apprehensions, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home, and take measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun,

playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said:—

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in her strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her

feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hiding-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau*; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved," saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughters descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revolution were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who as a people had distinguished themselves in manufactures and commerce), when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend:—A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she

anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavor to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron-floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in "Sandford and Merton;" but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and bye, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. She only knew that after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for "Gilbert, Gilbert." Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hid himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried

on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, etc. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterwards in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns, they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates after dusk. The gendarme came out to open the gates to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said: they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time; and locking the great town gates behind them, he re-entered his little guard-room. "Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!" It was not too strong; father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There

were Huguenot slaves in Algiers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession.

A colony settled in America, at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, where a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres, was granted to thirty Huguenots. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and America, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves a temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement, by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoons, the inhabitants of New Rochelle harnessed their horses to their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad:—

"It's hame, and its hame, hame fain would I be!

O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree,"

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea-shore, to look and gaze his fill towards the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east—his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far distant France—he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clément Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David, put into French rhyme (*"Pseaumes de David mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodore de Bèze"*), published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting-places in Virginia and South Carolina.

OVER SEA RECOLLECTIONS.

BY J. G. M.

It was a glorious morning in June, when I ascended the high hill which is surmounted by Wartburg Castle. The fresh-blown flowers were exhaling their sweetest fragrance, and the forest was clad in its richest drapery of green. The harvests in the valley were fast ripening for the sickle, and the fruit trees were bending to the earth with the weight of their luscious burden. The dews of the morning still glittered on the grass, and the fog had not yet disappeared from the summit of the hill. It was a season favorable for reflection to the lover of nature, when one might pour out his heart in adoration, and kindle into enthusiasm in contemplating the enchanting scenery around him, but I was in no romantic mood, and only stopped occasionally, not so much for the purpose of admiring the beautiful panorama, but for the more practical and sensuous pur-

pose of recovering my exhausted breath, and resting my wearied limbs. I was on a different expedition from that which subsequently led me to clamber the high Alps, and risk my neck in traversing treacherous glaciers. Then, it was the grand, the awfully sublime in nature, that impelled me to the toilsome and adventurous tour; now, it was the historical, the actual, the true.

I had visited ancient baronial halls and magnificent palaces, on which untold sums of wealth had been lavishly expended,—I had stood in rapt admiration before the finest productions of the pencil and chisel the world has to boast,—I had rambled through the mazy walks and flowery paths of the most celebrated gardens of Europe,—I had gone with the multitude to see the ruins of mediæval castles and abbeys,—I had wandered over battle-fields on which two hundred thousand men had met in deadly strife, and fertilized the soil with torrents of their blood,—I had sought the birth-place and the burying-place of many of the mighty of earth,—I had seen illustrious monarchs, heroes, statesmen, divines, poets, artists, and celebrities of every grade and character,—I had gone the rounds of most of the attractive sights which occupy the time, take the money, and try the patience of all ordinary travellers, but no sight, no place, no gallery, no person, no ruins, no palace, awakened such exalted emotions as Wartburg Castle. I could sometimes scream with delight on the high Alps when inhaling that pure atmosphere, which acted on me like nitrous oxide gas, and I could stand in mute amazement before a world-renowned picture or statue. I was filled with a sort of poetic sentimentalism, of which few persons will suspect me, when I visited Melrose Abbey, and had a most glorious view of it “by the pale moonlight,” and guided, too, let me tell you, by the veritable wife of Johnny Bowers, celebrated by Irving in his *Abbotsford*; but all this and many other excited or subdued feelings, poetical or sentimental, were nothing in comparison with those awakened at Wartburg. A sort of religious awe came over me. I felt as if I were entering into the presence of Luther’s spirit, and that it would speak to me. I made it incarnate, and clothed it with sacer-

dotal garments, and when I entered the room which the mighty man had occupied, I sat down for a while and gave full play to my overcharged heart. It was not in tears, though it required an effort to suppress them;—it was not in words, for the power of utterance failed me. It was in tumultuous thoughts, that came welling up unbidden, and flowed over in continuous streams. I made myself a visitor of Luther, and wished to enter into conversation with him. There he sat in the self-same chair occupied by him over three hundred years ago; with pen in hand, he leaned on that old oaken table, now despoiled of its original proportions by the ruthless hands of visitors, who deem it an honor to possess even a splinter of it; his eye glistens with celestial fire, his brow is serene, his visage calm, and deep thoughts seem to be struggling within that capacious head. One while he looks intently on the ponderous volume open before him, which, on closer inspection, I discovered to be a copy of the Vulgate, and then again, he would turn his head and gaze out of the window on the beautiful landscape stretching far up the valley. I dared not interrupt the man of God in his literary labors, for I knew that he was engaged in that herculean work, which, of itself, would have immortalized him: the translation of the Bible into the language of his countrymen. I sat still and narrowly watched him. He did not seem to be aware of my presence, or at least he did not permit it to disconcert him. He would occasionally look at the Hebrew Bible lying beside him, and then open a ponderous dictionary; and then a long series of folios, arranged in regular order, would be consecutively consulted. He would stop and think, sometimes laying down his pen and leaning with his head on the table; he would thus continue absorbed for many minutes, and very frequently, too, he would cast his eye heavenward, but always out of the window, where he could see the clear blue sky, and then his countenance would be lit up with a smile expressive of faith and hope. And after he had thus for a long time examined the original Hebrew and Latin, and the various other translations, he would write down the result of his researches. Sometimes he seemed delighted;

again, a doubt seemed to pervade his expressive face. I may be mistaken, but it appeared to me as though, amid his doubts about verbal difficulties and conflicting translations, he inwardly sighed for the presence of Melancthon, or Bugenhagen, or Cruciger, to aid him by their counsels. Thus I sat gazing on the venerable man, and dared not utter a word. I had stealthily parted from my company that I might be alone with Luther. I had dismissed the guide, and told him not to interrupt me, nor to introduce other visitors into the room for an hour if he could possibly avoid it. I desired unbroken and solitary communion with the hero of the Reformation.

Neither his personal appearance nor his dress was that which my fancy had pictured. I expected to see him arrayed in the long black gown of the Professor of Wittenberg, and his head surmounted with the small square cap so commonly worn by all literary men of his age, but his head was uncovered, and long brown bushy curls of hair fell down on his shoulders. He wore a short loose coat, slashed in the arms, and heavy military boots that reached above his knees. His upper lip was profusely covered with a moustache, that hung down over his lips, and a beard of appalling length covered his chin and neck and cheeks. He looked very like a modern Russian hussar. A ponderous sword stood leaning against the table, and on the chair there hung a broad flat cap, decked out with a beautiful plume, that gracefully fell over the top and side. I then remembered that he had assumed an *incognito*, and played the character of Juncker George, to avoid the suspicion of his enemies.

The room was furnished in very ordinary style. It would be considered rude, even at the present day; such as many a poor country clergyman of my acquaintance would scarcely use. But it was Luther's, and that is sufficient to consecrate it. It has been held in pious reverence ever since, but the Duke of Saxe Weimar, to whom the castle belongs, has forbidden any further mutilations.

I felt it good to be alone in Luther's study. When the illusion of his presence had vanished, and I had somewhat calmed down after the unutterable emotions which the

place had awakened, I took my seat in that old arm-chair, rested my feet on that same stool, leaned my arm and head on that same table, looked out of that same window, and breathed, I trust, a fervent prayer for the holy cause in that same room in which Luther himself had so often more fervently and acceptably prayed. It was a glorious privilege. But whilst I was thus absorbed in deep, and, I may say, overpowering reflection, I heard footsteps on the stairs, and merry voices, which broke the enchantment of the place, and brought me back to the common-place realities of life. My company entered rather boisterously, and expressed their surprise at finding me there alone; and the first salutation I heard was from a gay young German lady, who, *um Gottes willen*, begged me to go with them down stairs into the *Gast Zimmer*, for the lunch was already on the table! To think of being invited out of Luther's study to eat! to engage in such a sensual, unsentimental performance after such a feast of soul-food as I had just enjoyed. It was inharmonious,—decidedly discrepant. But finally we went; and just imagine us sitting down to a lunch of Schweizer cheese, Bavarian beer and pumpernickel bread in Wartburg Castle, consecrated by so many glorious associations. It was too "earthly" for such a place.

My company consisted of a German family I had met at Frankfort a few days before, and as they had a second cousin somewhere in Ohio (which most German families have), we soon became intimate. As we were toiling up the hill in the morning, one of the ladies, much more sedate than her younger sister, said to me in a very serious tone, "I am making my first pilgrimage to Wartburg Castle. I go now full of veneration for the godlike Luther! I know the time, and it is not long ago, that I cursed his name, as I was taught to do, and regarded his doctrine as worse than pestilence, but now, *Gott sei dank*, I think differently of the man and of his teaching. I go to Wartburg, not to gratify a vain curiosity, but *um seinen erhabenen und frommen Geist einzuhauchen*" (to inhale his noble and pious spirit). This naturally awakened a peculiar interest in me. I encouraged the outpouring of her

feelings, and being excitable and a little romantic withal, she gave full vent to her emotions, and spoke most rapturously of Luther and the Reformation. I of course inquired into the cause of the change of her mind. She then entered into a detailed narrative of her recent conversion from Popery to Protestantism, the particulars of which I will not here recite. It was interesting to hear the recent convert speak of the Gospel, and knowing my clerical character, she was candid and unreserved. "Sir," said she, "there are hundreds of my Catholic friends in Frankfort who are like-minded with myself; they detest Popery, but they are afraid to come out; they fear persecution or the loss of friends, or patronage, but I know they are Protestants at heart." For hours afterwards did I converse with this lady on this subject. I sought to establish her in the true faith which she had adopted, for she was yet weak, and one of the most pleasing reminiscences of my visit to Wartburg, aside from the historical interest of the place, is the Protestant convert of Frankfort.

carried on their operations; and though the manufacturers have disappeared, the dealers in leather still continue in the neighborhood in large numbers. Not a vestige of the swamp itself is any longer visible, but the surrounding streets all slope so as to point unmistakably to the hollow, of which the tan-yard and the vat were once the prominent features. The Old Swamp Church was lately one of the very few interesting relics of former years, of which the great and growing metropolis could boast; but it has passed away among the things that were. We give this brief sketch of its history, and record some of the recollections that cluster around it, so as to rescue from utter forgetfulness this departed memorial of the Christian zeal and liberality of other days.

The first Lutheran congregation established in the city of New York, was the old Holland congregation, which was organized about the year 1702; and the first church, called Trinity Church, was built by this congregation on the corner of Broadway and Rector Street.* Collections for this object were made in New York, Albany,

Hackensack, Ramapo, and other places. The first minister of this church was the Rev. Justus Falckner, who was called to preach in the Dutch language, and served the congregation until 1725. After him, the Rev. Wilhelm Christoph Berckemeyer was chosen. He remained till 1732, and was followed by the Rev. Michael Knoll, from Holstein. Germany, who preached in the Dutch and German languages until 1751. His successor was the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, who preached in both languages till 1753. Then fol-

lowed the Rev. Johann Albert Weigand, who preached in both languages, and served the congregation till 1767.

In the year 1749, the *German* Lutherans resolved to establish divine worship in the language of their fathers. They were few

* For the historical facts contained in this article, we are indebted to a pamphlet published a few years ago.



THE OLD SWAMP CHURCH.

SOME three or four years ago, was yet to be seen, at the corner of Frankfort and William Street, New York, an ancient stone edifice, generally known by the appellation which stands at the head of this article. It derived its name from the locality, formerly a swamp, where the manufacturers of leather

in number, and their means were extremely limited, but notwithstanding, they secured the pastoral services of the Rev. John Frederick Reiss, who had just arrived from Germany, and in February of the following year bought materials for erecting a church in the swamp, and purchased the ground, with a stone building upon it, of Robert Benson, for £250. Mr. Reiss, who was an unmarried man, received a salary of £50, New York currency. He left in 1751. After him came the Rev. Philip Heinrich Rapp, from Pennsylvania, who labored till 1756. The Rev. George Wiesner officiated from this time till 1758. From 1758 to 1761, the congregation was served by the Rev. John Martin Schaeffer. We have not been able to discover the cause of these frequent pastoral changes, though in all probability they arose partly from the fact that the people were poor, and found it difficult to sustain the enterprise which their zeal had prompted them to commence. When afterwards the union took place between this and the Holland congregation, the pastoral relation became more permanent. An attempt was made to effect this union about the year 1761; but the project was not consummated until 1784. Christ Church, otherwise called the Old Swamp Church, was finished about 1773. In this year the congregation worshipping in Christ Church called the Rev. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, whose labors were eminently successful; but when the revolutionary war broke out in 1776, he returned with his family to Pennsylvania. During the war the Hessian camp preachers officiated from time to time, and the congregation was not only kept together, but large donations were made by the Hessian officers and soldiers, so that the greater part of the church debt was liquidated. On the 6th of January, 1784, the congregations of Trinity and Christ Church were united, and worshipped after that in Christ Church—Trinity Church having been burnt during the war. Dr. Kunze commenced his labors as pastor of the united congregations, in August, 1784, and remained until his death in 1807, making a period of twenty-three years. The Rev. F. W. Geissenhainer, D.D., was chosen as his

successor, and labored from 1808 till 1815. He was followed by the Rev. F. C. Schaeffer, D.D., in 1815, who preached in the German and English languages until 1823, when St. Matthew's Church, in Walker Street, was built, as an English Lutheran church; and Dr. Schaeffer having taken charge of St. Matthew's, Dr. Geissenhainer was recalled to the Swamp Church, and preached exclusively in German.

It will be interesting to many of our readers to know that the Rev. Dr. Pohlman, of Albany, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Miller, of Hartwick Seminary, were ordained in the Old Swamp Church, at the synod held there in May, 1821, the last synod that assembled within the walls of that time-honored edifice.

Our personal recollections of the Old Swamp Church date back to the latter part of the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Schaeffer. It was the period of our early boyhood. The building had been modernized, and was then a very comfortable and pleasant house of worship. The door on the west side, which is represented in the engraving, and which was originally a main entrance, had been closed, and the only entrance was then on Frankfort Street, in the front, or gable-end. The gallery occupied three sides of the building, and in that part of the gallery, which was directly over the entrance, stood the lofty organ, just far enough from the window to allow room for the performances of that important and indispensable personage the bellows-blower. Well do we remember how we used to mingle with the many who gathered there from Sabbath to Sabbath, and how we used to pass through that wooden gate, and that antique-looking doorway, into the house of God! Well do we remember our accustomed seat in the east gallery, and our first attempts to unite in the singing of the German hymns, and our place in one of the pews below, just in front of the altar, where our faithful pastor catechized us regularly every Sabbath! How lasting are early impressions! I recollect on one occasion two of the youngsters in an adjoining pew were whispering during prayer, and in the gentle, affectionate reproof which followed,

the pastor, without mentioning their names, gave them to understand that he had seen them, and, therefore, knew who had committed the offence against the sacredness of the Lord's house, and that they must not suppose he could not see because his eyes appeared to be closed; and then he reminded them that the eye of God was ever upon them, and that when they did wrong it was all visible to him.

The congregations were always large, notwithstanding the manifest disadvantage of alternate preaching in two languages in a large city. At our English service, Joseph Hoxie was the leader of the choir. He was a young man then, but we believe time has not impaired the rich full tones of his voice. We remember his consecration vows. They were made within those venerated walls. We doubt whether his religious experience has ever been happier—it may have been as happy—since the holy Sabbath days that were spent there. We remember well how the candidates for confirmation on that occasion all assembled at the dwelling of the pastor. We remember that the young women—they were all young—were dressed in spotless white—all but one, and she bowed at the altar in deep mourning,—a solemn and impressive contrast!—a speaking token of recent grief! The stricken spirit of that young disciple had found a resting-place—had come to drink of the heavenly waters.

Along William Street, adjoining the Church, was a row of three or four houses, which are still standing, and one of which, with its two chimneys, may be seen in the engraving. In one of these lived Mr. Fay, the father of Theodore S., who has since become distinguished among American authors. In the last of the row was "Philom Academy," one of the best schools in the city, numbering some two hundred scholars, male and female, and having a corps of most able teachers. Joseph Hoxie was the Principal, and a most excellent one he was; a capital disciplinarian, his very presence bringing order out of confusion. We remember our first school-day experience. The school was in, all the teachers were present, and the

scholars were told to go on with their tasks; but the controlling spirit was not there; and there was a whispering, buzzing sound among the boys, very much like the humming of bees, or the low music of the wind as it plays upon the leaves of the forest trees; when the door opened suddenly, and there ran a quick telegraphic intimation through the school-room—a whisper sharp and short, conveying to each keen ear the intelligence, "*Hoxie is coming!*" and then followed a lull as instantaneous as thought, and as deep as the silence of a winter's night. We remember some items of discipline. When a boy was so unfortunate as to be idle, or rather to be *caught* idle, he was sent to a corner of the room, with a wooden ruler in his hand, which he was to hold up high in the air, until he caught some other poor fellow neglecting his tasks, or talking with his neighbor, who in his turn was set as a spy upon the rest. Many were the furtive glances at the vigilant sentinel who had been so unpleasantly cornered. Many were the stolen whispers that passed from one to the other when his eyes were turned in a direction that did not allow him to detect the culprits; many optics were fixed with a dogged unwillingness upon hated books; but it was, nevertheless, a most cunning invention, and, as a weapon of discipline, answered a most admirable purpose. Sometimes, if a dozen delinquents, more or less, happened to be caught at once in some violation of the rules of the school, they were drawn up in single file, and marched into the girl's department, and then, after one or two evolutions and counter-evolutions, were marched back again. However pleasant it might have been under other circumstances, and as a voluntary matter, to be in the presence of the young ladies, as a matter of rigid necessity and stern discipline it was far otherwise. We also had in our school what was called the *Class of Honor*, which acted as a stimulant to good behavior. The members were elected by the class from among the most diligent and manly of the scholars, and possessed privileges not enjoyed by the rest. They had

the freedom of the school-room; were allowed to leave their seats whenever they thought proper, without asking permission; could visit the seats of the other boys, and speak to them, without being held accountable for the violation of any rule, because it was taken for granted that they would pursue none other than an honorable, manly course. But alas! the bad leaven got in; many abused the confidence reposed in them; the privileged class took undue license, and went beyond the limits of a strict and honorable propriety; the seats of the other scholars were visited too often, the whispering increased, but no one could be held accountable for the interruptions of good order. It was not long, however, before the quick eye of our Principal detected the source of the evil, and he announced his intention of changing the name of the class by the prefix of that expressive particle "*dis*," unless there was immediate and thorough reform. No sooner did the eye of suspicion rest upon it, than the privileged fraternity was resolved back into its original elements, and every member became once more an ordinary school-fellow, subject to laws, and held accountable for their infringement. Thus is honor apt to pass away, when it is no longer deserved.

But what has all this to do with the Old Swamp Church? Much, in our mind. The school-room and the church are linked together there by a chain of associations which cannot be broken. Many who attended school together during the week, went to church together on the Sabbath. In this building also, where these week-day scenes occurred, was our Sabbath-School. Here we received many of our early religious impressions, and studied the first elements of the science of salvation. From the school-room where we learned and recited our week-day lessons, did we march on the Sabbath to the house of prayer.

That whole neighborhood has changed very much since then. Many families of respectability and wealth occupied the dwellings in William and Frankfort Streets; but there is nothing in the appearance of things at present to recall the past. The neighbor-

hood has lost its neat, cleanly, genteel air; business of various kinds, and a mixture of almost everything has crowded in, and a hotel may now be seen where the old Church once stood.

That sacred edifice underwent more than one change before it was pulled down. For awhile after it was sold by the Lutherans, it was occupied by another religious society. Then it was converted into an auction-room. The yard which used to be filled with worshippers, entering or leaving the sanctuary, was crowded with old furniture and other articles that were to be sold under the hammer; the pews were all taken away, and the lower floor was changed into a ware-room; but the gallery and pulpit remained, and from the latter the auctioneer made his sales, and cracked his stale jokes, whilst the buyers were all unconscious of any incongruity. But there was one who sometimes visited that scene with sad and painful emotions. He met there the spirit of the past. Memory peopled the place with those who had once within these walls offered prayer and praise, and listened to God's holy word. There was the old gallery and the familiar seat; and there was the spot where the minister of Christ had once delivered his message, now desecrated to a low secular use. The act looked almost sacrilegious. What right had that trafficker to occupy that sacred desk! Why was he not awed by a feeling of respect for the holy associations that, to our eye, crowded around it! Ah! he had never worshipped under that roof. Never in his boyhood-years had he there heard of the love of Jesus, or the voices of the past would have compelled him to refrain. Never had a mother's hand led him to these courts, or a mother's counsel enforced, or a mother's prayers sealed the lessons of heavenly wisdom inculcated there.

Some may be inclined to smile at what they deem a foolish reverence for wood and mortar. So might we have felt indifferent, perhaps, if we had never known that old edifice in its better days. But that pulpit and those stone walls were more than wood and mortar to us. They were related to scenes and beings whom we loved. They were the prompters of memory. They recalled the

visions of the past with peculiar power. Have you never noticed how the smallest memento of friendship, one having no intrinsic value, it may be only a pebble taken from the brook, becomes invested with a most extraordinary interest and attraction? A stranger to your feelings and to the history of the pebble, and to the circumstances and associations by which your heart is bound to it, would pass it by unheeded, or tread upon it as a worthless thing, if it were to lie in his path; and yet if you were to lose it, you would offer a reward for its recovery, simply because it reminds you of the brook from which it was taken, of the pleasant ramble along its banks, or of the friend from whom you received it. Why have the hills and streams and valleys of Judea such power to awaken the deep emotions of the soul? There are other hills that describe a bolder outline upon the bright, clear sky, and that rise in more majestic and overpowering grandeur; there are other valleys that nestle as quietly and securely—green, fruitful emblems of peace and plenty—watered by streams as transparent and cooling and beautiful as ever sparkled in the sunlight; and yet every tread upon the soil of the Holy Land, every view of its rocks and its eminences, and its waters, whether lake or river, makes the heart leap, and the pulse beat with a quicker motion. We need not say why. The step of the Son of God has been upon that soil. His boat rested quietly on those waters when he taught the multitude as they stood along the shore; and his voice pacified and silenced their angry, tumultuous waves. From those quiet hill-tops his prayers ascended to the Father, and upon Tabor or some other mountain-height, three favored and loved disciples witnessed the glory of his Transfiguration. Who can look upon Sinai without thinking of the Jewish lawgiver, and of the people for whom he was appointed to legislate? Again the hosts of Israel seem to gather round its base; again the cloud rests upon its summit. There are lakes as beautiful and secluded as Genesareth, there are mountains as rugged and grand as that from which God's law was promulgated; but none so rich in holy associations, none linked in with recollections so impressive. And why should not affection cling to the time-worn

edifice in which the stately steppings of the Saviour have been witnessed—in which his voice has been heard stilling the tumult of human passions, and bringing joy to the troubled soul?

But the Old Swamp Church soon underwent another change; from an auction-room it was converted into a stable. In external appearance it remained the same. And within, the marks of its original purpose were not entirely obliterated. Under the galleries, which stood unmolested, the horses were tied, whilst the columns which supported the galleries, separated the stalls. The pulpit, however, had been taken away. The latter use of the building appeared to us less offensive than the other. For we remembered that Jesus was born in a stable at Bethlehem, and we remembered, too, that he drove the money-changers and traffickers out of the temple at Jerusalem.

Now that it has passed away, we rejoice in our ability to furnish the readers of this Magazine with a true likeness of the ancient structure, and to record a few of the reminiscences that cluster around it.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

MANY of us remember when it was the custom for watchmen in our large cities to tell the hours of the night. Lying in your bed, you would hear a shrill voice in the street, after every other voice was hushed, "Twelve o'clock and all's well;" so again, "one o'clock, two o'clock, and all's well." By this you knew that the watchmen were awake, and you felt safe. You knew that it was their duty to sound the alarm, if there was any danger; you confidently expected they would, and you would have thought them worthy of blame and punishment, if they had kept silence at such an hour. Now let us shift the scenes.

There are watchmen upon the walls of Zion, as well as in the streets of slumbering cities. The nights are sometimes very dark in Jerusalem, as well as in Babylon; and the darker, the greater the danger from "foe without and foes within." In Jerusalem, in

the church, this is one of the dark nights. It is very dark, and it seems to be growing darker. The watchmen are still upon the walls, but when we ask them what of the night, they may be looking and hoping for the morning, but can they answer *all is well*?

How can they cry "All's well," as they look out upon the darkness, and have no heavenly chronometer to tell them when the morning will come? How can they, when the sleep of the churches is so profound, that it seems as if they would never awake? Can all be well, when "iniquity abounds and the love of many waxes cold?" Is all well, when the distinction between the church and the world is fading out, and the love of gold is becoming the ruling passion in the church, as well as out of it? Was all well in the church of Laodicea, when she said, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing?" Was she not at that very moment, "wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked?" Is all well, because the churches in general are at peace among themselves, and religion is popular, and great men speak well of it, while at the same time, the Spirit of God is withdrawn, and professors are at ease in Zion, and for that very reason the world applauds and favors? Would all be well in a city, if more than half the people were dead, and the survivors were so near dead as scarcely to notice it? Would all be well with the crew and passengers of a stranded ship, if the cabin were filled with corpses, and the survivors were at the point of death, and for that reason none came upon deck to cry for help?

Now the impenitent members of our congregations are "dead in trespasses and sins," while there is so little spiritual life in most of our churches, that there are few to cry to Him who alone can raise the dead. And what, in such a state of things, can the watchmen say? Shall they betray their high trust, by speaking soft and encouraging words? Can they do less than lift up their voices like a trumpet, crying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life?" Can they say to the worldly-minded, prayerless professor, that all is well with him? No! nothing is well, so long as he remains in his present

state. Can they say to a backsliding church, that all is well, however prosperous it may be in other respects? O no! far, infinitely far from it. "The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint." Can the watchman say to his congregation, that all is well, because they are rich, and fill the church, and pay an outward respect to all the institutions of religion, while they remain stupid and impenitent? O no, no! nothing is well with the sinner, till he makes his peace with God; till he "flees for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before him" in the gospel.

Watchman, watchman, what of the night? Ah, he cannot tell. One thing he knows, it is dark, very dark. And when our backslidings are so many, and the night has been so long, is it strange if our spiritual watchmen are discouraged, and instead of saying All is well, they should cry out in the bitterness of their souls, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Is all well with you, my brother, my sister; is your soul in health and prospering? Are you giving all diligence to make your calling and election sure? Is all well in the church to which you belong, or are many "weak and sickly among you?" Is all well in your family? Has the Great Physician visited your house, and cured the spiritual maladies of your children, or are they yet lying at the point of death? While but a single one of the beloved circle is in this condition, can all be well? While your husband, or your wife, is without an interest in Christ, can all be well? As long as the enemy is gaining ground, and awful stupidity reigns over so many churches, and so many congregations and wide districts, how can the watchmen say, that all is well? It would be untrue; it would be unfaithful; it would be cruel to all the slumberers. Rather let them sound the alarm as loudly and as widely as possible. Let them make the night terrific with their warnings, as the faithful watchmen in a great city would do, were enemies and dangers swarming in every street. O watchman, watchman, tell us, if you can, what of the night.

FRUIT FROM THE GOODLY LAND.

"There generous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow!"

IN respect of things, which do not directly affect the senses, men are instinctively faithless, being obedient rather to the voice of sense, than to that of reason. To counterpoise this proclivity, the Scriptures consist, not merely of doctrines and duties; of promises and prophecies; but, superadded to these is a full record of human experience, individual as well as national, which, however mankind may have advanced since the time when that experience was realized, is a faithful exhibit of the workings of the human heart.

It is foreign to our present purpose, to summarize the incomparable narratives of Moses and the prophets, to prove the position just assumed. A single incident from the marvellous Exodus will suffice—the conduct of Israel when their tents already whitened the rich banks of the Jordan, and when they were upon the eve of passing through almost the last and most considerable barrier, which separated them from the "Land of Promise." What is their conduct? Do they plunge fearlessly into Jordan's waves, and seize upon the heritage promised through many generations, from Abraham down? Have they the faith which Moses exhibited when Egypt's vengeful hosts glittered in his rear, and the billowy waters of the Red Sea roared in his front? Not so. They must send spies into the land, to have ocular proof of its fertility; or, in other words, to have a tangible evidence of the truth of the Divine promise. Nor does it alter the case, that this was done at the command of the Almighty; because their unjustifiable want of faith made such an espionage necessary. The verdant plains laved by Eschol's purling waters; the ripe figs and pomegranates, and the grape cluster—a burden for two men, were a more convincing proof of the truth of God's word, than the remembrance of the sublime scene at the Red Sea and the water-gushing rock at Meribah. These fruits from the "Goodly Land" borne into

the encampment of Israel, excited emotions within them, to which their lack-faith hearts were and would probably have remained strangers, but for the goodly fare from Eschol.

The question here intuitively arises, would we, who now glory in the designation of "The Israel of God," have, under like circumstances, acted differently from the Jews? Or, more pertinently, *do* we act as though we had profited by the recorded experience of the Jews? Of course, the reader will be able to respond to this interrogatory better than the writer. Mine it is to show that Eschol's tempting clusters are insipid compared to the richer, fairer, immortal fruits which grow beyond the Jordan of death in perfection, and foretastes of which are vouchsafed to us here, on this hither-brink of that sombre, solemn stream.

Of course these fruits are not grapes; they are not figs, nor pomegranates; figs, pomegranates, and grapes fade,—they "perish in the using." Not so, the fruit from the celestial Canaan; *that* is fadeless, pure.

It was considered a marvellous thing to find a cluster of grapes of such enormous dimensions, as to require the strength of several men to bear it; but we present you herewith a specimen of fruit from the "Goodly Land;" which in a state of perfection, Deity, and perhaps angels and saints glorified only can bear. It is LOVE. This is fruit from *the* "Goodly Land." And when the divine John teaches me that "God is love," I feel and know that he means inconceivably more than could be expressed had he said simply, "God loves." If God is love, then every act of omnipotence is characterized by love which covers every possible contingency of that act. It is, indeed, easy for us to comprehend and believe this, when the ear is charmed with the voice of the birds and the melodious whisperings of the breezes; when the eye is entranced with the gorgeous livery of the earth, and every sense is rapt with the delights of nature. But when love is hid beneath a frown, our instinctive unbelief discredits what our sense before confirmed. When heaven's artillery rolls its fearful

thunders through the sky, and the forked streak blazes through the air, and makes me feel how impotent I am, is it not a cogent evidence of John's declaration, that the poor, creeping, shivering flesh, which shook and trembled as peal after peal broke through the clouds, remains unscathed, that the air it breathes is purer, and the sun brighter, and the birds merrier, and all nature fresher and gladder? Thus love, perfect love exhibits itself.

“An evidence of our Divine origin is, that we can love. It is refreshing even to human nature to behold unselfish and disinterested love exhibited in the conduct of men. And it is pleasing to know that the world has not been barren of bright examples of such love. History, the tomb of crime and love, of vice and virtue, has recorded upon her tablet many a proof, that

“Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 may grow.”

We have nothing, now, to say of love maternal, conjugal, fraternal, filial, or patrilial; for these, however sacred and cherished they may be, admit of elements not purely disinterested. There is, however, a love which not only makes its possessor happy—blissful is the word, but which goes forth from its heart-temple, like the morning dew and evening shower, to quicken and refresh the sorrowful and the distressed, the homeless and the lost. Such love recognizes no distinction between Greek and Jew; between bond and free. Who has not read the noble reproof an Arab chief is said to have administered to a knavish sharper, who, on the plea of distress, had beguiled him of his magnificent horse; and who, after having read it, has not felt a thrilling warmth creep through every avenue of the heart, in silent acknowledgment, that there is yet something green—something heavenly twined around the marred temple of the human soul? “You have taken my horse,” said this noble chief to the unprincipled beggar, “and since Heaven has willed it, I give you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one *how* you obtained it.” “And why not?” asked the deceiver. “Be-

cause,” answered the philanthropic Arab, “*another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped, as I have been.*”

O Eshcol! are not thy rich clusters tame, compared to this fruit, though nourished upon the burning sands of Arabia?

A GREEK FEAST.

I AM in Mytilene; on storied ground, for Mytilene is the ancient Lesbos, and one of the largest and most beautiful islands of the Ægean Sea. It is situated on the coast of Asia, between Tenedos on the north, and Chios on the south. Its first inhabitants were the Pelasgii. It then became an Eolian colony, and attained great prosperity, numbering as many as nine considerable towns. It was subjugated by the Athenians; but revolted during the Peloponnesian war, and again during the Social war. The ancient Lesbos was celebrated for its wines; and its inhabitants were renowned for their beauty and musical talents; but they were very corrupt. Mytilene was the birthplace of Arion, Terpander, Sappho, Erinne, Alcæus, Pittacus, and the philosopher Theophrastus, whom I cannot help considering as one of the most remarkable men of antiquity. St. Paul also “sailed thither from Assos.” Among its more modern celebrities it numbers the famous brothers Barbarossa, who, together with Doria, shared the reputation of being the greatest navigators of their age; and who seized upon Algiers, and braved the power of the Emperor Charles the Fifth for a long time with impunity. The younger of them, surnamed Hariadim, finally acknowledged the suzerainty of the Sultan, and added the rich possessions of Algiers, Tunis, and Biserte to the dominions of the Porte.

So much for the antecedents of Mytilene, which I have given that the reader may have some interest in it, and contrast the past with the present, as he will have an opportunity of doing from the following sketch of the Feast of St. Demetrius.

It is the seventh of November, the feast of St. Demetrius. It is, therefore, with a feeling

of very considerable satisfaction that I open my eyes in the morning upon a cloudless sky and a most coquettish streak of sunshine just rising above the sea, which lies glittering so beautifully beneath my open windows. I propose to pass an idle day, and the weather is of consequence to me. I am going for a ramble, and I do not like wet boots, or wind, or clouds, or anything but sunshine. I love to see the shadows lie still upon the valleys; and the tops of the hills stand out clear against the sky of blue and gold to which I am growing accustomed.

The difference between a fine day and a dull one is often that between light spirits and a heavy heart. If we are busily employed we can overcome the influence of the weather; but when we are idle we feel it.

There is a breakfast of new bread, and of goat's milk, of fragrant honey from Mount Hymettus, and of kid chops, fresh mullet, and anchovies, awaiting me in the next room. I hear the cheerful clatter of the plates as I am shaving, and the stealthy step of the Greek—who is to be my companion—as he comes creeping up the stairs. I hear, too, the loud neighing of our horses as they come down our mysterious street, with its lattices all closed and barred by jealous trellis-work. In five minutes I shall be doing my duty as a trencherman; and then up and away for the pretty village of Moria, which lies yonder on the brow of the hill. In that village—and there only—is the festival of St. Demetrius to be celebrated; for the festivals of the Greek Church are so numerous that the countries where it is supreme would be constantly in a ferment were it not for this arrangement, and that one feast is seldom celebrated in more than one place at a time. To be sure these feasts put a complete stop to business everywhere; but with this question we have nothing to do just now.

Breakfast is over, and while we are lighting our cigars the girths are tightening and the servants shouting below. It is impossible to start in the East without a large allowance of shouting; and the Greeks have the strongest lungs I ever heard exercised. Then there is one horse short, a dogged mule sup-

plies his place; we shall have a discussion on this subject which will last an hour. I do not love discussions. I will cut it short, and take the dogged mule myself; perchance I may have learned from Dr. Keith, in my youth, that there is a remedy for doggedness. So, Abdallah, reach me a stout stick—and away.

The road is narrow, and I give place to my companion. He is a small, thin, angular man, with undecided eyes and an anxious, unpleasant smile always upon his face. He is stealthy and catlike in his movements. He seems to walk with muffled feet. In dress he is something like a farce idea of an elderly Frenchman of the old school; except that he wears the red cap, or fez, which is worn by all Turkish subjects as a mark of their nationality. He has a long straight frock coat of an undecided color, trowsers, and delicate gray jean boots with varnished tips. He has also a superfluity of watch chain. Upon the whole he is a very frequent specimen of the modern Greek.

On I ride with my uncongenial companion. On, over the unequal paving of ancient roads, which may have been trodden by St. Paul; on through shady lanes where the wild flowers cluster, and where the brier tree and the olive grow entwined together in dark luxuriance; on, through whole forests of olive trees, some in all the vigor of their foliage, others withered to dry stumps by the terrible winter of eighteen hundred and fifty, which destroyed half the wealth of the island. We pass merry parties of pleasure-hunters, bound to the same place as ourselves. The peasantry are dressed in their own national costume, and sing gaily on the way; but those who aspire to a higher rank, of course deform themselves with Smyrna coats which do not fit them; and all who are under the protection of any foreign consulate assert their superiority to the law by a European hat, and make themselves ridiculous accordingly.

At length a sound of fiddling comes briskly through the pleasant noonday air; and the frequent appearance of little white houses tells us we are near the village. After scrambling up one ravine and down another

and crossing a dangerous gutter, which had once been part of an ancient theatre, we find ourselves among a group of men seated on the ground and smoking nargillys. We are at Moria.

Leaving our horses to the care of our guides, who speedily left them to their own, I put myself under the protection of my acquaintance and began to partake of the pleasures of the day.

Now a Greek feast is a feast indeed. A Yorkshire Christmas or New Year in Norway is nothing to it. A Greek feast is one continual round of eating and drinking delicacies, from the beginning to the end of it. From eight o'clock in the morning, when the holiday makers are ready dressed for business, till twelve o'clock at night, when their palates must be fairly wearied out, they never rest for five minutes.

The first house we entered was that of mine host of the solitary locanda at Mytilene. He and his family, comprising a good stout serviceable set of children, were passing a few days at Moria during the gathering of the olives on their estate, and they received us very kindly. We found a large party of men seated in a circle round the room, and three musicians very busy in one corner of it. All rose as we entered; for there is no nation in the world so naturally polite as the Greeks. We took our places, after some ceremony, among the rest; the paper cigarettes of the smokers were restored again to the mouths from which they had been withdrawn; a chibouque was handed to each of us, and the musicians again struck up the air which our coming had interrupted. Their instruments were a lute of very antique shape, a fiddle, and a flageolet. Every now and then the players stopped to sing a few bars of an air; and then went on with their playing. Sometimes they played and sang together.

I am bound, however, to acknowledge that the music was very bad. There was nothing even interesting or original in it to a musical student. The best of the airs were filched from second-rate Italian operas, and spoilt by the most abominable variations. In one, I plainly detected the "Last Rose of Summer," faded and gone indeed.

It is due to the company assembled at mine host's, to say that they seemed to have a poor opinion of the musical part of the entertainment themselves; and on a loud clock in the next room striking twelve, the whole circle gravely marched off to dinner, without a word; leaving their musicians in the midst of as unmusical a yowl, as ever was called by courtesy a song.

We were going to follow, when we were stopped by the hostess bearing in the glyco, or preserved fruit, jelly, and water, which it is customary always to present to guests in a Greek house. We knew it would be considered discourteous to refuse it, and so stayed.

The Greek is naturally clean in his dress, his person, and his house. We never went anywhere, but that it was plain, good healthy soap and water had preceded us. The straw-matting of the floors was quite dazzling from its cleanliness, and not a spot marred the snowy whiteness of the walls. Everywhere, too, we were received with the same graceful and innate courtesy. Our pipes were lit by the master of the house in the Oriental fashion, carrying first the amber mouth-piece to his own lips; and were always replaced, before they were half-smoked, by fresh ones. Everywhere the mistress of the house herself presented the glyco, and the pure bright water, which glittered like dissolved diamonds. I never tasted water so sweet and delicious.

The houses, in general, here and throughout the East, are small and confined—mere little wooden boxes whitewashed; but those we entered did not lack some rude attempt at internal ornament. In most of them, there were poor, but gaudy prints on national subjects, and the ceilings were generally adorned with gaily painted flowers. In one house, I noticed a picture of Anastathius, the hero of Thessaly, who was cooked over a slow fire by the Turks, during the Greek war of independence. He was represented as struggling with three gigantic Turks, and as I marked the strained and glowing eyes which even children fixed upon this picture, I thought how well calculated it was to perpetuate animosity between the two races. The tables and window-sills were

usually strewed with fragrant herbs and sometimes a room looked like a fairy bower from the tasteful adornment of the mirrors on the walls.

But the evening is drawing on; already the sun sheds a mellow light over the sea and woodland, and the distant horizon grows golden. We have had enough of the feast, and so we go gossiping homewards.

I do not know whether such little sketches of far-away life and manners as I paint so poorly may please you; but at any rate they are fresh from nature, and I hope no word ever creeps into them to make any man the worse. If, therefore, in passing an idle half hour with the roving Englishman, you should now and then acquire a better knowledge of other nations than you had before, it will not be time misspent; for I honestly believe that most of the wars and ill-feeling between nations, arise from not knowing each other better.

MUSIC.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MY PASTOR,
REV. J. A. B., OF READING.

There's music in the morn.

The birds break forth in lays
At the first peep of dawn,

To greet the sun's bright rays;
Which over hills and dales are glancing,
As to the merry music dancing.

There's music in the day.

The tread of busy men,
And laugh of children gay,
Is pleasant music then,
And ploughboy's whistle, loud and shrill,
Which echo bears from hill to hill.

There's music in the eve,

When all is hushed and still,
At nature's sweet reprieve;
The sound of rippling rill,
Commingled with the vesper breeze,
That's singing through the leafy trees.

There's music in the night.

God giveth songs to those,
Who in his word delight,
Who kneel at evening's close;
Then, hears the soul those ether strains,
That ever float o'er heavenly plains.

There's music in the air.

What strange, harmonious sounds,
The breezes often bear,
As from enchanted grounds,
Minding you of the chords that swept
O'er Babel's streams, where Israel wept.

There's music in the deep.

The waves, that lash the shore,
Though 'neath them loved ones sleep,
Have music in their roar;
And beauteous shells, where corals grow,
Are ever murmuring, sweet and low.

There's music in the sky.

The glorious arch of heaven
Is ringing, loud and high,
With praise from morn to even.
How rapturous, on Creation's morn,
When first those stars-together sung!

There's music in the tomb.

There Faith triumphant sings
The Resurrection morn,
And pants for angels' wings;
Yea, longs to hear the trumpet's sound,
That wakes the nations under ground.

There's music in the voice;

What power it hath to move!
It makes the heart rejoice,
A paradise of love.
Nought brings to me more melody,
Than tones of those most dear to me.

There's music in the heart,—

It hath a thousand strings;
When love fills every part,
It speaks melodious things.
Alas! that there too oft should be
More discord there than harmony.

HADASSAH.

READING, PA.

HAGERSTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.—This institution, located at Hagerstown, Md., occupies an elevation on a ten-acre lot east of the town, and commands a delightful view of the fertile valley in which it is situated. It is twenty-six miles west of Frederick City, twenty north of Martinsburg, Va., and the same distance south of Chambersburg, Pa., and in daily communication with the great thoroughfares of travel north and south, east and west. It is, therefore, easy of access. The first session opened on the 10th of April, and will continue fifteen weeks. Rev. C. C. Baughman, A. M., Principal.

The Evangelical Magazine.

MAY, 1854.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE present number will give our readers an idea of the improved arrangement and value of our second volume. It will be noticed that the eclectic department is no longer distinct; but the articles belonging to that department will be indicated in the table of contents of each number, and also in the general table of contents prefixed to the volume. Though the type is considerably reduced in size, it will be found, we think, quite as legible as that formerly used, whilst the quantity of matter is thus greatly increased. The improvement we have made is so manifest, that to allude to it more definitely, would be to call in question the discrimination of our readers.

WE have concluded to leave the edges of the Magazine untrimmed, for the very obvious reason, that whatever is taken off by the binder now, will injure the appearance of the volume when it comes to be bound, by reducing the size of the margin.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF THE CASE.—The following extract from the remarks of the Hon. P. S. Danforth, in the New York Senate, on the bill for the suppression of intemperance, contains sentiments so truthful, and conceptions so enlarged, that we wish all our senators could look out from the same high point of observation:—

“By suppressing intemperance, we vote bread to the hungry, peace to the fireside, clothing for the destitute, education to the ignorant, a home to the wanderer—we shall kindle the fire on many a hearthstone where it has long since gone out—we will put light in the dwelling that has been long in darkness—we will put meal in the barrel that has stood for years empty and useless, and oil in the cruse that has long been exhausted—we will revive those dying embers of home affection, that were once of the same kind and equally cherished, with those, Mr. President, that have made your own home, and the homes of thousands, privileged sanctuaries of light and love. Upon this chamber, I know, have descended, and do still descend, like dews upon the mount of God, the prayers of almost every Christian heart in this state and other states, mingled with those of parents,

brothers, sisters, wives, and children, by thousands. Then, too, there is the supplication from the reeking breath of the drunkard himself. The prayer of a mighty host for help, who are just sinking beneath the fiery billow.”

What has called for legislation on this subject? We are told by another honorable senator, that it is demanded by a public sentiment so powerful and determined, that it is quite useless to oppose it, or defer any longer the action for which it calls. “I find,” says he, “in the state, a prevailing moral sentiment, which will not be satisfied without a prohibitory law.” And we are given to understand how resolute and importunate this sentiment is, and how widely it controls the popular will, when it is added, “No other question of public policy will have its due consideration, until that principle of prohibition is enacted, for it overshadows all other questions. To pass this bill will take away the intervening obstacles to the progress of regular legislation.” As a matter of history, it is true, that in more than a single state a prohibitory law has been passed, designed to suppress or mitigate the evils of intemperance. As a matter of history it is true, that this legislation has been the result of a feeling and conviction in the public mind, which has been growing for years, until at length it has become in some of the states absolutely resistless.

The senator, whose language we quoted last, and who does not approve of some of the features of the bill before the Senate of New York, because he thinks they will “prejudice and embarrass its operations,” says, among other things,

“But, sir, defective as I regard it, I shall vote for this bill. Do I vote for it because I believe it will have all the magic influence which its friends insist? No, sir. Neither my philosophy nor my observation lead me to any such conviction. My philosophy may be antiquated, but it teaches me that lasting moral reforms must begin *within* the man, and not *without*. You attack human appetites. They are perverted but strong as life, and gather strength from their very perversion. You say they are kindled with infernal fires. You propose to eradicate the one and extinguish the other by legislation. My theory is otherwise. I believe you can educate down the grosser passions. I believe there is a power which can enable man to become, in a sense, the subjugator of himself. Without

this, all compulsory reform is the reform of the strait-jacket and the prison discipline. It has been wisely said,

'Unless above himself, he can erect himself,
How poor a thing is man.'

"I know, sir, legislation can do much to hedge in great evils. It can remove some temptations, but it does not, it cannot close the fountains. When men refrain, on *principle* and from self-denial, from that which beggars and degrades, your reform is real."

True, very true. But has not this reform, and the very feature of it we are now considering, commenced *within*? Who would have ventured to propose such legislation twenty-five years ago, when the opinions and habits of society were very different from what they are now? The free use of intoxicating beverage was almost universal. But a reform began in the convictions and practices of individual men; and the great aggregate of influence which has made itself heard and felt in our legislative halls, is made up of the opinions of those who are the practical advocates of temperance—the thousands and tens of thousands in whom the work of reform is complete. It is not proposed by any one, we believe, to *create* a public sentiment by legislation—it is conceded that this sentiment already exists. To legislate in advance of public sentiment, in a country like ours, is in most, perhaps in all cases, unwise; for such legislation will become inoperative, will be set at nought, and will thus breed insubordination instead of promoting good morals. But when the public mind becomes enlightened in regard to prevailing moral evils, and when the sentiment that demands their suppression becomes sufficiently powerful to render certain the operation of salutary laws, it cannot be said that the enactment of such laws is premature, nor can it be demonstrated that they will be powerless in the work of reform. Suppose they do nothing more than "hedge in great evils," suppose they only "remove some temptations," they certainly *prepare the way* then for the eradication of those appetites which too many find it impossible to restrain, as long as temptations are stalking in their path. How many fathers and sons are there throughout the land who will never be brought back to sobriety and virtue—how many beggared families that will never rise to affluence or competence, as long as the means of sinful

gratification are within their reach! It is a fact which came under our own observation, that out of thirteen prisoners, twelve signed a petition for a law to prevent intemperance, because such a law, they said, was the only security for them against that suspension of reason which had led them into crime.

No one will contend that we must not legislate for the suppression of gigantic evils until the grosser passions of every individual have all been educated down, for then every man would be a law unto himself, and the necessity for legislation would be at an end. We have laws to prohibit the grosser outward violations of the Sabbath, but although these laws do not eradicate the depravity within, we are quite certain that they help those agencies of radical reform which operate on the conscience and the will.

It would be a great mistake, indeed, to depend upon legislation entirely for the future progress of any reform. Moral means must be employed with as much fidelity as ever. The effort must be to *persuade* those who may be constrained by law against their will, and win them over to the views and principles on which salutary legislation is founded. You must not be content with compelling the Sabbath-breaker to abstain from buying and selling; you must make him, if possible, love the day, and the service for which it is set apart. So we say in regard to temperance. Let the physiological and moral argument in its favor be employed with all the force which truth and eloquence can give it, so that the necessity for legislation may become less every day, and so that human passions and appetites may be brought more and more under the government of reason and religion.

ANNIVERSARIES.—The leading evangelical benevolent associations, the Bible, Tract, Sunday-School, Home and Foreign Missionary, Seaman's Friend, and other societies that have for their end the promulgation of evangelical truth, hold their annual meetings in the city of New York the early part of the present month. The influence of these yearly gatherings upon the progress of Christ's kingdom, and the prevalence of a pure Christianity, must be immense. Here we see exemplified the true unity of the Church. Shoulder to shoulder the friends of the Redeemer here stand upon the platform of fundamental doctrine, and with a

resolute purpose, forgetting minor differences, mingle their sympathies, their prayers, and their efforts.

How much has been done by these combinations we need not, indeed we *cannot* say. The results are too varied and multiplied, too nearly allied to mind and thought and the revolution of opinion that is going on everywhere throughout the world, to be brought within the limits of arithmetical calculation. We can know, indeed, how many Bibles have been distributed,—how many tracts have been scattered among the nations,—how many missionaries have preached and prayed for the overthrow of Satan's power,—how many scholars have been gathered into the Sabbath-school,—how many ships have become houses of prayer; but there is a deep under-current of feeling and conviction which the eye cannot reach; there are processes of germination beneath the surface,—the mighty struggles of truth to throw out its roots and take firm hold of the heart of the individual and the heart of society. These we cannot see. And these processes may be far more active, and far more extended, than we suppose. How often are we startled by sudden and unexpected developments; just as the young germ all at once pushes aside the superincumbent soil, and peeps out into the sunlight, when, after long waiting, we thought the seed void of the principle of life; so have moral results of an extraordinary character surprised us. Missionaries have not labored in vain,—Bibles have not been distributed in vain,—an evangelical literature has not been furnished and disseminated in vain,—nor has earnest and ceaseless prayer sent up its pleadings in vain, as the moral movements now going on among the nations abundantly prove. Whilst the enemies of the Bible and the Church have been doing their utmost to produce the impression that there is ruinous dissension in the ranks of evangelical believers, in a solid phalanx has the host of God been moving on, uniting in the great agencies of attack and defence, and gaining victories for truth which are too manifest to be doubted or denied. These annual assemblages of the friends of Bible truth, and their voluntary combination for the overthrow of error and the erection of the empire of righteousness, are a beautiful illustration of the motto, *in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas*.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

THIS department of the Magazine, will be devoted to the topics indicated above. This promise could hardly be expected to embrace elaborate discussions, or extended disquisitions upon any of these subjects; the limited space appropriated to this department, is sufficient to preclude such an expectation. Our object will be simply, to glance at the most striking facts, in the progress of scientific discovery—the peculiar phases of modern literature, and the most recent achievements and novelties in the world of art. And assuming the natural affinity of all truth, and the essential identity of all arts, we shall endeavor to make the progressive developments in science confirmative of the Divine authority of the Bible, whilst the varied expressions of literature and art shall be made subservient to mental culture and spiritual advancement. And as far as practicable, this department shall be illustrative of that beautiful and significant scene at Bethlehem, where the “wise men,” bowed before the manger and worshipped the infant Saviour. “It was the subordination of wisdom to the service of God. It was science doing reverence to revelation. It was philosophy kneeling before Christianity.” Thus shall all science be made to honor the Bible, and lay her laurels at the feet of Christ. Thus, shall Art, in her noblest expressions of sentiment and beauty, weave a “garland for the bleeding brow of Immanuel, the flowers of which have been culled from the gardens of a universe.”

Regarding this number as introductory, it may not be inappropriate to give some choice sentiments upon these several topics, in their moral relation, which may indicate to the reader, the general scope of this department.

SCIENCE.

“The revelation of truth is the poetry of Science.”

“Man,” says Hunt, “a creation endued with mighty faculties, but a mystery to himself, stands in the midst of a wonderful world, and an infinite variety of phenomena arise around him in strange form and magical disposition, like the phantasma of a restless night.”

MAN.—What wonders are revealed by psychological science in the study of man! These will not be overlooked in this department. What wonders are unfolded in his physical constitution and sensuous nature; and espe-

cially in their adaptations and relations to the material world around him, for example: "As man stands amidst the fair creation, with what a wonderful apparatus is he provided for communication with it! With a perception for every element, for the sweets of every bounty in nature, for the fragrance of every field, for the soft, embracing air, for the sounds that come from every hill and mountain and murmuring stream and ocean wave; for the light that beams from the far-distant stars. We look upon the lately invented electro-magnetic telegraph, as a wonder; and it is so. But man's whole sensitive frame is a more wonderful telegraph. He wakes from sleep; and all nature around becomes a living presence; life streams in through every pore of the quick-feeling vesture with which he is clothed. He listens; and into the polished and waxen chambers of the ear, comes the hum of cities, the bleating of flocks upon the hills—comes above all, the music of human speech. He opens his eye, and stars that rise upon the infinite seas of space, are telegraphed to his vision."

THE WORLD AROUND US.—It is said that the mine of Potosi was unveiled, simply by tearing a bush from the mountain-side. Thus near us lie mines of wisdom. "There is a secret in the simplest things, a wonder in the plainest, a charm in the dullest. The veil that hides all this, requires but a hand stretched out to draw it aside." Yes, everywhere we tread upon a land of wonder—we lay our hand on the hiding bosom of mystery—we are surrounded with scenes of enchantment, filled with startling tokens. "The world-wonder is all around us; the wonder of setting suns and evening stars; the wonder of the magic spring-time, of tufted bank and blossoming tree; the wonder of the Infinite Divinity, and of his boundless revelation." Science interprets this revelation of nature.

THE ROSE is beautiful to the eye; but when we begin to analyze the phenomena that combine to produce that beauty—its physiological structure, its chemical actions, the hidden laws by which it throws back the white sunbeam from its surface in colored rays—we experience a feeling of admiration at the mysterious processes of its production, and of a holy reverence for their great Designer—who has wrought in mystic characters his awful name in every

flower; and we *instinctively* catch the sentiment of Cowper:—

"Not a flower, but shows some touch, in freckle,
streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil."

TAKE A THUNDERSTORM.—"The poet seizes on the terrors of the storm to add to the interest of his verse. Fancy paints a storm-king, and the genius of romance clothes his demons in lightnings, and they are heralded by thunder. These wild imaginings have been the delight of mankind; there is subject for wonder in them; but is there anything less wonderful in the well-authenticated fact, that the dew-drop which glistens on the flower, that the tear which trembles on the eyelid, holds locked in its transparent cells, an amount of electric fire, equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thundercloud?" Verily the reality of things is far more startling than the phantoms of the ideal, and transcends the mere pictures of fancy. Truth is stranger and more beautiful than fiction. And it is science that interprets the mysterious whispers of Nature, and enables us to

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

How wonderful are the facts disclosed by science in the economy of nature, showing "that no drop of water runs over the dam of the universe: the atom which now sparkles in the rainbow, the next minute shall feed a fainting rose."

It is easy to see what a field of wonders and beauty lies open before us, from which to enrich this department of the Magazine. And, as already intimated, everything shall be made, as far as practicable, illustrative of Divine revelation, and conducive to spiritual culture; leading the mind to recognize God in everything, and demonstrating the absurdity of those who would exclude God from any concern in the world-machine, because "they do not see the Great Hand on the crank now and then, or feel the jar of miraculous interposition in some comet, sweeping along the sky."

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.—These are, in their proper nature and in their highest character, religious and good. Between their functions and religion there is a natural affinity. Whilst there may exist much in these depart-

ments of life which has been sadly perverted, there is comparatively little, in what deserves to be classed the literature and arts of a country, that has a bad design, or an immoral tendency. There is not one noble production of literature or art in a hundred that is demoralizing. They mostly inculcate virtue, sanctity, the grandeur of the spiritual part of man.

"What do we see in these works? It is, in sculpture, the fearful beauty of the God of light, or the severe majesty of the Hebrew lawgiver, or the solemn dignity of the Christ."

PAINTING.—The pleasing writers of Greece relate that a young female, perceiving the shadow of her lover upon the wall, chalked the outline of the figure. Thus, according to antiquity, a transient passion produced the art of the most perfect illusions.

"The Christian school has sought another master. It has discovered him in that Great Artist, who, moulding a morsel of earth in his plastic hands, pronounced these words: 'Let us make man in our own image!' For us, then, the first stroke of design existed in the eternal idea of God; and the first statue which the world beheld was that noble figure of clay, animated by the breath of God."—*Génie du Christianisme*. Take the most admired paintings, and they touch our hearts by some form of moral beauty:—some saint in the rapture of devotion, or a Christian, serene and triumphant in the hour of martyrdom. And the same is true of literature. It has a noble and beneficent mission. *Whatever* inspires pure sentiment,—whatever touches the heart with the beauty of virtue,—whatever quickens our humane sensibilities, and commands the blessedness of piety,—is in beautiful sympathy with religion: and this is the gospel of literature. "There are religious books, indeed, which may be compared to the solid gold of Christianity; but many of its fairest gems have their setting in literature and art."

We have occupied the space assigned us. Enough has been said to indicate the scope of this department. And we conclude with the repeated intimation that, in all our efforts at mental improvement, we should keep distinctly and abidingly in view the great destiny to which all things tend; "assured that the march of mind which leaves the Bible in the rear is an advance, like that of our first parents in Paradise,—towards knowledge, but, at the same time, towards death;" assured that this

world must be dark without the light of revelation, even as our globe would be dark without the light of heaven to shine upon it; as if

"The bright sun were extinguished, and the stars Did wander darkling in the eternal space, Rayless and pathless; and the icy earth Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air."

T. S.

GENERAL ITEMS.

TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—A very striking statement has been made public by Lieut. Maury, well known for his scientific researches in marine matters, respecting the practicability of laying a telegraph-wire from Newfoundland to the coast of Ireland. The achievement of such an instantaneous connection of this country with Europe as would be made by an actual telegraph has been regarded as one of those Utopian dreams which are very pleasant to speculate about, but which, like the problem of perpetual motion, or the navigation of the air, is not to be expected. But it appears that Lieut. Maury, in connection with another member of the Navy, Lieut. Berryman, has been engaged in making an extensive series of deep-sea soundings between the two points in question. According to his report, these soundings unquestionably prove the practicability of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean; in that region, the distance between the nearest points of the two countries being one thousand six hundred miles. The bottom of the sea is ascertained to be a plateau the whole distance, singularly adapted to the purpose of holding a line of magnetic telegraph wire. The depth of the plateau is quite regular, gradually increasing from the shores of Newfoundland, where it is fifteen hundred fathoms, until it reaches two thousand fathoms when approaching the other side. This is just suited to the purpose, the depth being such as to secure the wires against all the perils of icebergs, anchors, etc., and yet not too deep to be useful. More remarkable than this is the fact that, upon this admirable plateau, "the waters of the sea appear as quiet and as completely at rest as they are at the bottom of a mill-pond;" that "there are no perceptible currents and abrading agents at work at the bottom of the sea upon this telegraphic plateau;" "consequently, a telegraphic wire once lodged there, there it would

remain, as completely beyond the reach of the accidents of drift as it would be if buried in air-tight cases." Lieut. Maury suggests that a national prize be offered to the telegraphic company through whose telegraphic wire the first telegraphic message shall be passed across the Atlantic.

AMERICUS FEMALE INSTITUTE, located in Americus, Sumter Co., Geo., offers the advantages of a liberal education to young ladies. Rev. P. A. Strobel, Principal.

THE BIBLE FOR ITALY.—Very important and urgent letters have just been received at the Bible House from Geneva, signed by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné, Dr. Malan, Col. Tronchin, and sixteen others, urging the American Bible Society to furnish means for publishing immediately 12,000 or 15,000 copies of the Italian New Testament, in Italy, which can now be circulated, and the people are eager to possess it. "Will the Christians of America," say they, "through your Society, 'consecrate two or three thousand dollars to bring out the first edition?' It is understood that there is a possibility of circulating the Scriptures in Italy, such as has not before existed; and the political agitations of Europe are likely to increase rather than diminish it. We hope there will be no delay in responding to this extraordinary call. It seems to be one of those junctures at which the voice of Providence becomes too clear to be mistaken, and too authoritative to be disregarded.

OUR readers will be pleased with the truthful analysis of the character and motives of Mary Stuart, from the pen of a valued contributor. All the articles in the present number will well repay perusal.

WE have the pleasure of announcing that the Rev. Dr. Stork will hereafter contribute to one of the departments of this Magazine. His contributions may be recognized under the head of Science, Literature, and Art.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE SUNSHINE OF GRAYSTONE—is the title of a well-told story of domestic life, designed for girls. It touchingly depicts the beauty and rewards of disinterestedness and piety, and inculcates high religious sentiments and noble

aims of life. D. APPLETON & Co., New York.

THE BRITISH POETS.—An invaluable literary enterprise has been undertaken in the publication of a uniform edition of the Standard British Poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth; Prof. Child, of Harvard, is to superintend the work; and the form of it is like that of Pickering's celebrated Aldine edition. Beautiful type and duodecimo form, convenient for reading and not extravagant in price. Boston: LITTELL, BROWN, & Co. New York: EVANS & DICKERSON.

THE ETERNAL DAY.—Another of the eloquent and impressive treatises of Rev. H. Bonar, of Kelso, Scotland, has been reprinted, and will find a welcome with the readers of his previous works. CARTER & BROTHERS, New York.

KITTO'S BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.—The second or evening series of this admirable work, has been completed by the issue of a volume devoted to the Apostles and Early Church. The entire series comprises eight volumes. CARTER & BROTHERS.

Among the issues of the British press, we notice the following:—

THE BHILSO TOPES, or Buddhist Monuments of Central India, by Major Alexander Cunningham. The Buddhist monuments in India consist of caves, temples, monastic retreats, structural and excavated, inscriptions on rocks and columns, and Topes or religious edifices. The record of these discoveries is intrinsically of uncommon interest.

THE ANTIQUITIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Being a description of the remains of Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Etruscan art preserved there.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF SAMSON.—Illustrated and applied. By the Rev. John Bruce, D.D.

TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA, and a residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, by the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. This is one of the best books of modern travel. A third edition has been published. In a new introduction, Mr. Murray gives an account of his impressions during a visit to the United States last year, and expresses his admiration at the progress of the country during the fifteen years since his book was first written.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, may be commended, without hesitation, to those who desire a sound, vigorous, and entertaining magazine, of a high and varied literary character; made up as it is of judicious selections from the wide field of periodical literature at home and abroad. Published weekly, at \$6 a year, by LITTELL, SON, & Co., Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

THE
EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

JUNE, 1854.

THE RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF
WOMAN.

WE desire, in this article, to do something towards presenting a fair exhibition of woman's opportunities of doing good to the souls of men, of her power and promise in the great work of evangelizing the world. The subject being vast, we will attempt only to present a partial aspect of it, selecting those points, which seem to us, either as the most important, or as the most generally neglected by those who write or reflect upon this topic.

Let us then begin at home. Let us see what good influence woman can *here* exert.

In her influence upon the *family* seems to lie woman's greatest power. The world is composed of families. Each one is a stone in the great edifice of society, and any imperfection in the material will of course exist in the building. The condition of society must certainly depend upon the condition of the families of which it is composed. Were piety to reign in every family, the conversion of the whole world would be effected. That power, then, which controls the condition of the family, must be of immense importance, for it thus rules the condition and the destiny of the world. Now it can be shown that *woman* exerts this control in the family;—that on *her*

depends, to a very large extent, its religious state; and that thus in *her* hands under God rests the eternal salvation or damnation of millions. This influence is seen in her control over the *infant mind*. Let us examine this with some minuteness.

The very *position of the mother* proves the power with which she is invested. The first being that the child learns to know and to love is its mother. The first word its lips learn to utter is "Mamma." As the child advances in age, the most of its time is, or should be, spent with its mother. To her, rather than to the father, it opes its little heart, and tells its childhood's cares; and in her lap it sheds its early tears. To her it runs with its tale of joy, and to her imparts its plans of childish amusement. From her *position*, then, we should judge that the mother can exert a stronger influence on the child than any other individual.

This influence is still more clearly seen, when we consider the extreme *pliability of the infant mind*. We all know the ease with which impressions are made upon the young mind; how great an effect example produces upon it; how strong its propensity to imitation is; how soon it adopts the opinions and habits of those by whom it is surrounded; how soon the seeds of vice or virtue are implanted by mere con-

tact with the vicious or the virtuous. And we know too that at this stage it is most willing to receive instruction, and can be most easily persuaded. Then, before prejudice and error have corrupted it, it readily listens to and believes all that its mother says, and then can the tender emotions be most easily excited. More than one child has heard with intense interest its mother's simple recital of the story of the Saviour's love, and shed flowing tears when the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary were pictured to its lively imagination, that has in after years sat unmoved under the vivid description and earnest appeals of the pulpit orator.

What adds greatly to the importance of these early impressions is their *permanency*. This is, perhaps, the strongest proof of the power that lies in the hand of woman. The character for life is formed in childhood. A sensible and pious mother once said, "If I may have but ten years of the life of a man of seventy to form his character, give me the first ten." The vanities and vices of after years may, in many cases, apparently deface the impressions of former days; but the seed still remains, though the growth of the plant be impeded. The bread has been cast upon the waters, and after many days it shall be found again. The truth, though crushed and hidden now, will rise some day in all its strength and beauty. Inspiration has declared (and who will dare deny its truth), that if a child is trained up in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. Who ever heard of a youth growing up in the ways of religion, exhibiting unmistakable evidences of a pious spirit and a regenerate heart, and then in manhood apostatizing to the world? The fact that the children of pious parents frequently become openly vicious and profane, weakens not the argument, for these have never been truly impressed. They have never been trained in righteousness, and, as we cannot suppose that their hearts are naturally more depraved than others, we must conclude that the fault lies in some deficiency in their education. A distinguished professor in one of our colleges states, that in thirty-one years in which he

has watched the character and history of young men, and seen many give themselves over irreclaimably to dissipation and ruin, he has never known such a failure of one, who had a faithful and a pious mother.

Even when for a time all recollection of spiritual instruction seems to have vanished from the mind of a dissipated young man or a thoughtless young woman, how often have the pleadings and mournings of a mother suddenly startled the slumberer from his deathlike sleep, stopped the madman in the career of folly, and turned the wanderer back to the fold of the blessed Jesus.

Remember that the characters formed now will play an active part in the world's future history. In that wilful disposition is burning the flame which may in future spread terror and desolation in its path. That proud boy, uncurbed now, may one day "walk up to a throne on skulls of men," amid the death-groans of the murdered victims of his insatiable ambition, and the shrieks of their widows and orphans, whilst a whole continent trembles at his step, and the lists of the damned record the names of thousands sent to hell by his unhallowed hand, all the result of one mother's negligence. That lively imagination and powerful intellect, uncontrolled and undirected now, may one day send forth into the world the corrupting fiction or the infidel tract; and that manly youth, instead of becoming the messenger of Jesus and the herald of salvation, may be employed as "the devil's amanuensis and secretary to the prince of darkness," and be the occasion to many of eternal perdition. But, again, in that reflective disposition, that pure and generous spirit, and that already tender conscience, lie the germs of future usefulness in the kingdom of the Lord. Who will pretend to calculate the immense amount of good which one mother can accomplish, whose son becomes, by the blessing of God upon her efforts, a successful minister of the gospel? By his instrumentality many are converted. Some of these converts themselves engage actively in the Redeemer's cause, and thus the work goes on, the circles continue expanding and ever expanding until they reach the shores of eternity, and in the other world

only will the pious mother realize the vast result of her labors.

And then remember, too, that those daughters will also one day sustain the motherly relation, and that their influence upon their children will be in accordance with the manner in which they have been educated, and the impressions made upon them in their youth. If their education has been bad, its effects will be visible in the deficient training of the next generation; if good, corresponding results will be seen. So much for the *mother's* power of doing good.

Still confining ourselves to the family, let us turn now to the influence which a pious sister possesses over her loving but erring brother. We may suppose that he has sunk into the lowest depths of pollution; that the fondest charity has given him up as lost. But amid all his corruption and recklessness, amid all his defiance of all law, human and divine, there is still one that clings to him with a sister's enduring affection; and though he may hate all men beside, he still loves and respects her. He still remembers, with no ordinary emotions, the days when together they studied their Bible lessons, when together they went to the Sabbath-school, when together their guileless hearts breathed prayer to heaven. She has persevered; he has fallen. She is now fit for the bright regions of glory; and he, for the dreary desert of despair. How great the contrast! He reflects. Once more his pious sister resolves, trusting in the strength of the Almighty, to make an effort to save him. She comes from the throne of grace with her bosom full of humility and love, yearning with compassion towards him. With subdued voice and gentlest manner, she pictures to him the Saviour's love, and urges him with eloquent affection to accept the plan of salvation. The Holy Spirit accompanies her words with power. The young man listens, is subdued, repents, longs for salvation, and prays. On bended knee they pour out their petitions to their Father in heaven, the one for himself, so helpless, so hopeless, and the other for him, so closely knit to her by nature and affection. The Great Hearer above answers

the humble suppliants, and the degraded brother rises a new man in Christ Jesus. Say, is there not power in a sister's Christian influence?

Many other points might be considered. We might dwell upon the opportunities which woman possesses of doing good in the church, by visiting the sick and afflicted, by teaching in the Sabbath-school, by being active in the female prayer-meeting, and by conversing with the unconverted, especially those of her own sex, in regard to their salvation. We might picture the position of the minister's wife, and show the great help which she can be to her husband in cheering him in his despondency, in assisting him in his pastoral visits, in conferring with him in regard to the interests of their flock, in speaking freely to him concerning their mutual trials and temptations, and in mingling her voice with his in ardent supplication for divine grace and wisdom.

But we cannot say more on these subjects.

In conclusion, we would enforce upon woman *the great power of a holy example*. This is a mighty agent in making the religion of Jesus Christ to be loved and adopted by men. Here is something tangible; something which irresistibly captivates by its beauty and simplicity. And it is woman's special province thus to bring honor to Christianity by the purity and sincerity, the humility, devotion, and loveliness of her piety. For the predominance of the affections in woman, and her comparatively retired position, present a more genial soil and a more healthy climate for the growth of this delicate exotic than belong to the character and pursuits of men. What more beautiful sight on earth than that of humble, earnest, devoted piety in woman? Oh, how interesting and delightful to watch this progress of a gentle, refined, and lovely being from sin and enmity to God, to pardon and reconciliation. To witness her sad sorrowing for sin; to see the tears that drop down her cheeks as she expresses her earnest desire to learn her duty; to see that sweet, calm look of peace obtained, and to follow her to the mercy-seat as she bows down in her lonely chamber, and there, full of humility and gratitude, pours out her soul to her

precious Saviour and dedicates her life to the service of her heavenly Father; to behold her daily struggling with temptation and daily overcoming in the strength of Jesus, going about doing good, and growing more humble, more devoted, more confiding every day;—oh, such a sight might angels long to see.

In this manner can woman let her light shine to the glory of God. Thus can she exert a gentle influence that will tell effectually on the world. Such piety may leave a deep impression upon the heart, where the clinching reasonings of logic, the beautiful pencillings of sanctified imagination, and the urgent appeals of excited passion, have all utterly failed. Its influence is quiet, but none the less effective. It comes not like the summer rain with the rapid patterings of the large drops, the dazzling lightning, and the storming thunder; but like the dew, that gathers silently in shades of evening, unseen and unnoticed, around the delicate petals of the flowers, and after infusing refreshing moisture, quietly vanishes as the morning sun exposes it to view.

Yes, let woman fulfil this part of her mission, and there will be no need, as there will be no time, for her to seek to extend her usefulness after the fashion of the members of the Woman's Rights Society. Her proper sphere is in the family, in the social circle, and in the church; and if she would only do her duty there, what a change would come over the spirit of the world. Then, what a generation of holy men and women would rise up. How soon would the ministry be overflowing with men well-disciplined in early life. How quickly, with the Holy Spirit's blessing, would the gospel of Jesus spread o'er land and sea, until, to use a borrowed figure, from every hill-top shall float harmoniously upon the air the morning hymn of the redeemed, which, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, shall encircle the earth daily with one continuous unbroken strain of heavenly adorations.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Proverbs.*

SONGS OF BIRDS.

FOR MAN THEY ARE CREATED.

(A free translation from "Le Génie du Christianisme" of Chateaubriand.)

NATURE has her festival seasons at which she summons musicians from various regions of the globe. We may observe travelling thither (on wings of the wind), some astonishing performers and accomplished artists, trilling their unrivalled sonatas, and also wandering bards, whose skill consists alone in simple ballad singing, while far beyond in the blue ether come the pilgrims, rehearsing a thousand times the tedious verses of their holy songs. List! The Yellow-hammer whistles—the Swallow purls—the Wood-pigeon coos; the first warbler, perched upon the highest branches of a young elm tree, challenges our Black-bird, who will not be surpassed by this stranger; now sounds the *secondo*, from beneath a friendly thatch, warbling his commingled strains, even until the season of evanishing; while a third songster, by his prolonged quavers, and amid embowered oak-leaves, resembles the undulating notes of a horn in the woods; and this concerto is completed by the Robin red-breast, who encores his little song over the barn-door, where he has hidden his grand mossy nest. But the Nightingale, disdaining to drown her voice in this symphonious chorus, awaits the hallowed hour of contemplation and repose, and then takes upon herself, amid the shadows of evening, her part in this musical entertainment. As the twilight deepens, and when the faint murmurings of busy day echo over the little hillocks and on the riverside, through the woods and over the valleys; and as silence increases, and hovers over the forest, so that not a leaf or moss trembles, and as the moon awakens in the heavens, then it is that the ear of man is attuned, and listening to the finest and rarest choristers in the universe, chanting their hymns to the Eternal. At first echo around brilliant peals of joy. The warbling is confused; it changes,—now grave, then gay; now soft, then loud. There is a pause. It is slow—it is lively; it gushes from a heart exuberant with joy, palpi-

tating with love. But suddenly it ceases: the bird is silent. It begins again! How changed are its accents! What tender melody! Sometimes they are languishing but varied modulations; sometimes the strain is rather monotonous, resembling the old French romances, master-pieces of simplicity and melancholy. Then again, the song is as often expressive of sadness, as well as of joy. The bird that has lost its little ones still sings; but it is the well-remembered strain of bygone happiness, for he knows no other; but he has changed the key-note, by a rapid stroke of his art, and the canticle of pleasure has become the complaint of grief. Those who seek to disinherit man, and to take away the empire of nature from him, take great pains to prove that nothing is made for us. Now, for example, the ear is so nicely or finely accommodated to the warbling of birds, that a skilful persecutor of these hosts of the woods, can ravish their nests, and remorselessly pursue them with snares or weapons, can torture and wound them, yet cannot impose silence upon them. Inevitably, despite our callousness, they are formed to charm us;—they thus fulfil and accomplish the design of the Creator. Even as captives in our dwellings, they increase their harmonies. There is no doubt some compensation hidden under this misfortune, for all the unhappy love to give vent to their grief in song; even as the bird-catchers, by a barbarous refinement of cruelty, in crushing out the eyes of a Nightingale, rendered her voice yet more melodious. This Homer among birds obtained his living by singing, and composed his noblest airs after the loss of sight. Demodocus, saith the poet of Chios, in describing himself and the Phæcian achievements in their songs, made him the favorite of the muse; but good and evil had been strangely blended for him, for she had given increased sweetness to his songs (or verses), by imposing blindness upon him. Birds appear to us to be true emblems of the Christian here below:—they prefer, like the faithful, solitude to the world, heaven to earth, and their voices extol unceasingly the wonders of the Creator.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

LAWS APPERTAINING THERETO.

THERE are some laws concerning the *cries* of animals, which, as it seems to us, have not been sufficiently observed, and which well deserve our attention. The varied language of the animals of the desert, appear to us formed, either from their grandeur or from the time of day in which they appear, to be the charm of the places which are frequented by them. The strong, thirsty, and voracious roar of the Lion is in keeping with the gloominess of the embasuries where he is heard, whilst the lowing of our Kine and Oxen charms the rural echoes of our valleys; the Goat has something trembling and savage in his voice, adapted to rocks and ruins, where he loves to suspend himself; and the warlike Horse imitates the slender sounds of the trumpet, and, as if he knew almost by intuition that he is not designed for rustic labors alone, he is passive under the husbandman's goad, but becomes inspired and elated under the bridle of the warrior. Philomel and the Owl take in succession the dominion of night, and *mark* it either as charming or gloomy; the one sings to the zephyrs, groves, the moon, and lovers; the other, to the winds, ancient forests, darkness, and death. Indeed, almost all animals that live on blood have a peculiar cry, resembling that of their prey. The Sparrow-hawk squeaks like the Rabbit, and mews like the young Kitten; Grimalkin himself has a kind of purr or murmur, similar to that of the small birds which frequent our gardens; the Wolf bleats, bellows, or growls; the Fox shouts, or imitates the cluck of a hen; the Tiger roars like a wild Cow; and the Sea-Bear makes a sort of wheezing or rattling sound, like the restless beating of the waves, where he seeks his prey. This law is very striking, and therein is perhaps concealed a frightful mystery. Let us observe that men-monsters follow the instinct of these carnivorous quadrupeds; tyrants even have often masked themselves under a tender sensibility of voice and manner, and outwardly they affect the language of the unfortunate ones whom they yet secretly intend to destroy;

nevertheless a watchful Providence has not designed that their deceptions should *entirely* escape detection; and therefore it has been ineffaceably imprinted in their countenance and expression, and as we shall discover, on a closer examination of these ferocious characters, we shall find under their assumed mildness a false and cruel temper, a thousand times more hideous than their undisguised malice.

E. B. S.

TIBERIUS AND ITS LAKE.

THE Tiberius of the present day is a miserable village; it probably dates back to the period of the first Crusade. Its walls and once imposing castle present a scene of utter ruin, having been shaken to their very foundations, and in many places entirely prostrated, by the earthquake of January 1st, 1837, by which it was computed that 700 persons lost their lives.

With but two or three exceptions, the houses are low stone hovels, about ten feet high, with flat roofs, which, as usual, are covered with mud mixed with straw, and rolled hard with a stone roller to shed the rain. The streets, or more properly alleys, are very narrow, winding round among the houses, and, as a matter of course, are full of filth and mud.

The small bazaar is in keeping with other parts of the city, with the exception that the shops are in part supported by rows of old broken granite columns, about ten inches in diameter, some of them with their capitals—they were doubtless gathered from the ruins of the ancient city. The Mohammedan population have a mosque with minaret, the Christian the small church of St. Peter. The castle is on the northern side of the town, on ground which rises abruptly from the Lake; this abrupt and still more elevated ridge extends along the shore northward for two miles, when you reach a narrow plain, on which, probably, once stood Magdala.

The Lake of Tiberius lies between 40 and 50 miles east from Acra; it is situated in a deep depression, its surface having been ascertained to be 84 feet below the Mediterranean; it is generally estimated to be 11

to 12 miles in length from north to south, and from five to seven miles wide at its greatest breadth.

According to Lieut. Lynch, its greatest ascertained depth is 165 feet. It is supplied by the waters of the Upper Jordan, which enter it at its northeastern angle. The Lake forms a beautiful basin of clear water, but the utter nakedness of the scenery and deathlike stillness that reigns around this once populous region, shed over the scene a mournful gloom. It is the Chinne-reth of Num. 34: 11, and Josh. 11: 2. Matt. 4: 18, and Mark 1: 16, call it "the Sea of Galilee;" Luke 5: 1, "The Lake of Gennesareth;" John 6: 22, "the Sea of Tiberius." In answer to our inquiries, we found that there was not a single boat upon the Lake!

The early hour of our arrival at Tiberius would have afforded ample time for us to have made many interesting explorations in its vicinity, but the torrents of rain that descended, imprisoned us as closely for the whole afternoon and night as was Noah within the Ark, and with little more facility for observation without. Our quarters had, indeed, the advantage of being a second story; but without glass, we were screened as effectually from the light of day as its rude wooden shutters could effect. Our party of five might have had little cause to complain, as our room was comparatively spacious, and furnished with a wide cushioned divan on three sides, in true Oriental style; but in addition to the tempest without, the fowls of our host had taken refuge on a convenient roosting-place over our heads, and worse than the dogs of Nazareth, kept up an incessant crowing; add to which, like other sojourners here, we were importunately called upon to verify to the truth of the old tradition, "that the king of fleas here holds his court."

With the morning sun the storm abated, and the clear blue sky occasionally appeared above the rapidly-flying clouds. At 9 o'clock we breakfasted, fish from the Lake forming a part of the repast. We found them very delicate, but filled with exceedingly short, thick bones. There are several varieties of fish found here, some of which are spoken of as very good. After disposing of our

breakfast, as the storm continued, we occupied nearly three hours in collating and reading those portions of the Gospels which narrate incidents in our Lord's life which occurred on and adjacent to these waters; in doing which we were surprised with their number, and with the fact which our examination ascertained for us, of the relations which this beautiful little Lake and its surrounding hillsides have to the gospel history. Any one who will sit down with the same object, must arise from the review with the like conviction.

At 12 o'clock M. the storm had so far subsided that we went to the Latin church of St. Peter, which stands not far from the shore, upon the spot which tradition has pointed out as the place where the miraculous draught of fishes was drawn to the shore, when Jesus here appeared unto the apostles after his resurrection—John 21. The access to the church was through a narrow and dirty passage. The edifice is a simple arched-roofed building, with thick walls, about 50 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 20 high, resembling more a granary than a church. One side of the interior was mainly occupied with grain, which lay in considerable quantities on the floor. From the top of a connected building we had an excellent view of the Lake.

Returning to our quarters, we lunched at 1 o'clock P.M., after which we repaired to the flat-roofed top of our house by a flight of stairs on the outside—Luke 5:19. The waters of the Lake presented a bright green appearance under the bright rays of the sun, now emerged from the clouds of the just passing shower, and the waves were dashing in considerable fury. We saw enough to show us that before a Sirocco tempest, the disciples might well be filled with dismay, as they were tossed upon these waters in their frail bark—Matt. 8:24. Directly before us lay the Lake, in nearly its whole extent; its widest and larger part being north of us. Here it was about five miles to its eastern shore, on which side of it, two wadies or gorges break down from the high and mountainous table-land to the water; nearly opposite is one of them, the Wady El Semak, above which the ranges of hills, which are

800 to 1000 feet above the Lake, gradually recede from the shore, and so continue to its northern extremity, where it spreads out, at its northeastern angle, to a verdant little plain, through which the Upper Jordan enters the Lake. The hill, a few miles north of the Lake, on which is the village of Safed, rises conspicuous to the height of 2500 feet. "A city set upon such a hill cannot be hid" from any portion of the surrounding region. The hills which border the eastern side of the Lake, south of Tiberius, are still higher and more abrupt than those on the more northern portion; they form a high table-land running off to the south, receding from the shore at the lower extremity of the Lake, along which there is a plain of small extent.

We have remarked that the Tiberius of the present day dates back to the period of the Crusades. There is conclusive evidence that the ancient city was mainly located from one to two miles south of the present village.

The city was originally built by Herod Antipas. On the death of his father, Herod the Great, the Emperor Tiberius so far confirmed his will as to instate his son Antipas in the government of a part of Galilee, &c. Josephus tells us, "Now Herod the Tetrarch, who was in great favor with Tiberius, built a city of the same name with him, and called it Tiberius. He built it in the best part of Galilee, at the Lake Genesareth.

"There are *warm baths* a little distance from it, in a village called Emmaus (hot baths). Strangers came and inhabited this city. A great number of the inhabitants were Galileans also; and many were necessitated by Herod to come thither out of the country belonging to him, and were by force compelled to be its inhabitants. Some of them were persons of condition," &c. &c.—Ant. B. 18, ch. 2.

At a later hour in the afternoon, we emerged from our imprisonment, to explore the region around this part of the Lake. Passing out over the prostrated wall on the south side of the town, we first came upon an extensive Jewish burial-ground, the graves in which are indicated by flat stones, with Hebrew inscriptions. Tiberius has long been a favored abode of the Jew. The mountainous hills which border the Lake

here recede from it, and again spur down to the water about two miles south of the village, forming a plain somewhat in form of a crescent. Upon the top of one of these elevations there is a ruined fortress, which would appear to have been the Acropolis of the ancient city. In the sides of two of these high cliffs, there are numerous openings of tombs excavated within them, which belong, doubtless, to the Jewish period.

Pursuing the shore of the Lake southward, in its vicinity, we passed numerous granite columns, showing the existence of former magnificent edifices. It seems quite probable that an extensive colonnade once adorned the margin of the Lake, not unlike that erected by Herod the Great at Samaria, in honor of Augustus, and which Antipas may have attempted to rival, in honor of his patron, Tiberius. At the distance of a mile and a half south of the town, we came to the hot-springs and bath-houses—the Emmaus of Josephus. The water is very hot—over 140° F.—bitter and salt, like the water of the Dead Sea. There are two bath-houses here—the most recent is quite an imposing circular building, said to have been erected by Ibrahim Pasha during the Egyptian rule in Syria.

That these springs existed, and were much resorted to at the period of the gospel histories, there can be no doubt; and it struck us as remarkable, that no allusion is made to them by the Evangelists.

The lateness of the hour forbade our following the Lake quite down to the Jordan, which we much regretted. On our return, at a little distance to the northwest of the baths, we entered two of the old tombs before referred to, high up in the hillside; one of them had six compartments leading from the vestibule.

More central, in the plain, we noticed the foundations of numerous edifices. We observed the foundations of two walls, leading from spurs of the mountains directly down to the Lake. At the distance of about a mile and a half from the village, we came upon four fine granite columns; and one-third of a mile further north, we found twenty-one granite columns, some of them standing in their places. They are about

twenty inches in diameter, and so spread about as clearly to indicate that they once formed part of a long-since ruined temple of 200 feet from east to west, and 100 feet wide. At its eastern extremity we discovered a stone altar, the mouldings chiselled on its base and top remaining quite perfect; it is about four feet square. We inferred that it doubtless belonged to the Roman period.

After another night passed amid the annoyances of Tiberius, at an early hour we were upon our horses, to return to Nazareth by the way of Mount Tabor.

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE ILLUSTRATED.

A SPARKLING streamlet is seen to glide
Down the sunny slope of a mountain side;
Like a thing of life it dashes away,
And leaps down the moss-covered rocks in spray!

When it comes to the base of the rugged hill
It stops not to rest, but pushes on still;
Like an angel of mercy it came to do good,
In passing on home, to the great briny flood.
In its devious course it once happened to meet
A pool, which did thus the young wanderer greet:

"Whither, oh whither, thou fair little one,
Dost thou go through the hot and the broiling
sun?"

"I am going far off to my ocean home,
And I'll tarry not till my course is run."

"Why not rest like me in this cool retreat,
And keep your strength for the summer's heat;
For when Sol shall come with his scorching
powers,

He'll dry up your life-blood in a few short
hours."

"If my life is to end in so short a space,
I'll run the faster to finish my race."

So on ran the streamlet, with rapid pace.
Flashing joy and gladness from its very face.
It watered the earth, and made it glad,
And refreshed the grass, that the heat had
made sad.

Both man and beast rejoiced to look
Upon the course of the sparkling brook;
For they often went to its verdant side,
And quenched their thirst from its flowing tide.

It blessed the trees, the shrubs, the flowers,
And thus did good with all its powers.
"For the good of others, I am here to live,
And while I've life, I'll give, I'll give!"
Thus the streamlet passed on from day to day,
Doing good to all that came in its way.
But the pool kept its waters all for itself,
As the miser who clings to his sordid pelf;
Not a drop would it give to the languishing
earth,

And none to the ocean that gave it birth;
And often the pool was heard to say,
"I must keep my waters for an evil day.
There's that prodigal stream that passes by,
If it keeps on thus, it will soon run dry;
And when the drought comes, as it surely will,
We'll see what becomes of that spendthrift rill."
At length the sun arose in his might,
And poured on the earth his heat and light.
His power increased from day to day,
But the stream kept on in its joyous way.
As the stream had done what it could to bless,
It now found friends in its deep distress.
The stately trees, whose roots had been
So oft refreshed by the little stream,
Now spread their branches low and high,
And sheltered it, as it murmured by;
The flowers that grew on its verdant banks,
Returned to the streamlet their hearty thanks,
And shed their sweetest perfumes round,
To bless the stream that was onward bound.
The sea sent back from its briny tide
Sweet waters, in turn, to the mountain-side.
But what became of the prudent pool,
Which had spent its life in the shade so cool?
Alas! it had lived for its own dear self,
As the miser lives for his wretched pelf;
And now, in the hour of deep distress,
There was none to succor, and none to bless!
When the sun arose with his burning light,
He smote the pool with a fearful blight.
Its waters diminished from day to day,
As the sun went up on his shining way,
And soon the lazy pool was dry:
It had lived for itself, and was doomed to die.
So he who lives for himself alone,
Has nothing to hope when afflictions come.

R. W.

ANDESVILLE, PERRY CO., PA.

OLD PICTURES CLEANED HERE.

It is not Luther's residence at Wartburg Castle, only, that invests that ancient citadel

with deep historic interest. True, his occupancy of one of its numerous rooms has imparted to it all its world-wide celebrity; and if the mighty Reformer had not been confined there, Wartburg would not now receive, as it has for over two centuries, the pilgrim-visits of thousands every year. Illustrious princes, mighty conquerors, wealthy nobles, accomplished ladies, have lived and died there, but their reputation would not attract the traveller to visit their abodes or their graves. The memory of most of them has perished, and even their names are known only to ancient chroniclers; but Luther's name gives to Wartburg all its character, and diffuses an interest round it which will endure until its massive battlements shall crumble amid the fires of the last day. How superior are intellect and piety to power, wealth, and birth!

But other scenes have been enacted at Wartburg which deserve to be rescued from oblivion. The old pictures merit the trouble of washing and varnishing, and having spent some time upon the reproduction of one, it is sent for exhibition in the Picture Gallery of the Magazine. It is labelled

THE PRINCESS'S ESCAPE.

"What is the design of preserving that unsightly mass of ruins?" said I to a German fellow-traveller, on entering the gate of the Castle, and pointing to the dilapidated remains of an old house that stood somewhat separated from the principal edifice. It seemed to be in the way, and to disfigure the place. It was an eyesore to a man of taste; for what congruity between a heterogeneous pile of stones, and broken walls, and leaning turrets, and deserted rooms, and the massive bastions, the well-preserved towers, and the recently-rebuilt corridors of the castle?

"Ah!" replied my friend, "the Grand Duke of Weimar would not have that unsightly old ruin removed for a great deal. He values it highly, and next to Luther's room, it is the chief object of interest here."

I became impatient to hear the story connected with it, and bade him tell me.

"Not until we have seen all associated with Luther here," replied he.

"Oh! certainly," said I; "Luther always first and always last, too, as you shall see before I leave Wartburg Castle."

Several hours were spent in examining all that is curious and interesting about this celebrated place. At length, wearied out and hungry, we entered the apartment where travellers are *entertained* for a consideration. My friend, who loved good things as strongly as he admired Luther, had, without my knowledge, ordered a more sumptuous repast than I would have sanctioned.

We sat down, and after having fared luxuriously, I reminded him of the promised story, connected with the ruins inside of the Castle gate.

"True," said he, "that story. Well, I cannot promise you much, but then it is connected with Wartburg. It is a story of love and murder, and—"

"Never mind what it's about; only go on, and do not keep me in suspense," interrupted I.

"None of your American impatience, if you please;—here, take another piece of this Schweitzer cheese, and you must allow that this Bavarian beer is good, or perhaps a glass of Rhenish would be more palatable," he replied.

"I want neither cheese, nor beer, nor wine, but the story," I impatiently cried out.

"Keep cool, Young America!" he very coolly answered; "wait till I light another pipe.—*Kellner! noch ein krug bier!* Well, as I was saying—"

"No, you hav'n't been *saying* at all—you've been preluding, or tuning your fiddle, or, I would rather say, *wetting your whistle*."

"Well," resumed he, "you know the story has nothing to do with Luther."

"I trust not. He never had anything to do with love and murder."

"You allow, then, that he had something to do with *love*."

"Certainly, as every other honest man has had in some form or other. He gave proof of it by marrying a lovable lady."

"Yes, he also gave proof of it in that *distich*,

'Wer nicht liebet Weib, Wein und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein Lebelang.'

"I deny, sir, that he ever wrote those lines. I know they are attributed to him, but I challenge you to lay your finger on them in his authentic writings. No, sir, that couplet is not Lutheran!"

"Well, only keep cool, and I'll say nothing more to rouse your Lutheran jealousy, even if it were for no other purpose than to save you the trouble of making an American speech."

"And you the annoyance of hearing it," I added.

He made no other reply than that significant shrug of the shoulders by which the German expresses so much.

"Now for the story," said I.

"Oh, true. That Lutheran episode has knocked it out of my head."

"Yes, the idea of Luther, when it once gets fairly seated in the head, is apt to displace every other."

"You are a *one* idea man, then," he rejoined.

"Yes, when Luther constitutes it. That is of itself enough to occupy any man's brain, to the exclusion of everything else."

"But see here," he inquired. "Wasn't your favorite Luther himself a man of *one* idea?"

"Most certainly," I replied; "and you will understand me when I repeat what your own great poet, Goethe, said of Herder,—'Herder is a man of one idea, but that idea *embraces the universe*!'"

"Good, good!" exclaimed he; "it was just so with Luther. You are right!—*Kellner! ein glas kirschwasser!* You don't drink spirits, I perceive. But excuse me, I owe you the story."

"Well, once upon a time—"

"Certainly," said I.

"No interruption, if you please. Once upon a time as far back as A.D. 1270—"

"What!" said I, "was this castle built so long ago as that?"

"Yes, and longer too," replied he.—"That was about three hundred years before Luther came here."

"You can't get Luther out of your head, whatever you may be talking about," I remarked.

"No," said he; "I've caught the infection

from you. Do you ever mention him in your prayers?"

"Never."

"Well, then, in your sermons?"

"Very often."

"Worse names than his might be mentioned, and worse authorities quoted," he added.

"Now, sir, do not interrupt me again, not even about Luther.

"That old ruin, which attracted your attention in the castle yard, goes by the name of the *Mule-driver's House*. I'll tell you why. In ancient times, it was occupied by the man who daily brought up wood, provision, and water, to the castle, from the valley below, on the back of a mule, and who at night performed the services of watchman.

"Albert, the Degenerate, Margrave of Meissen and Landgrave of Thuringia, had married Margaret of Hohenstauffen, daughter of Emperor Frederick II. Jealousy interrupted the even tenor of their matrimonial life, occasioned by the intrigues of a lady of the court. The latter obtained a complete mastery over the mind and heart of the Prince, and even prevailed upon the infatuated adulterer to unite with her in a diabolical scheme of getting rid of his lawful and deeply-injured wife. The mule-driver was employed to strangle her in her sleep. The plan was all arranged—the time appointed—and all necessary preparations made. The mule-driver crept silently into the apartment of the unsuspecting and sleeping Princess, for the purpose of executing his murderous design. His conscience smote him. He roused her, fell at her feet, and, convulsed with remorse, he disclosed the whole nefarious scheme. At first she would not believe him, but his continued and earnest protestations roused her suspicions. He implored her to fly immediately. She at once sent for her faithful steward of the household, and by his advice and aid, resolved to escape.

"But this long-continued narrative dries my throat.—*Kellner! eine bottle Malveser! so! schön! Schon gut!* That Malveser has a wonderful effect in mollifying and soothing the irritated organs of speech," he said, after imbibing several glasses.

"Loosing the tongue, particularly," I added; "mine is loose enough usually without it."

"Well, to continue:—Whilst the Princess was hastily making her preparations for the flight, she cast her eyes on her two young boys, who were lying asleep and little dreaming of the departure of their mother. Without reflecting on the danger of delay, she rushed to their bed, bedewed them with her tears, and it was with difficulty the bystanders could tear them from her warm embrace. The elder of the two, Frederick, was her favorite. She kissed him again and again, with the most affectionate ardor, and although she was forcibly dragged away, she released herself out of the hands of her attendants, and falling once more on the body of her son, in the overflowing gush of her maternal desperation, and the intense anguish of a broken heart, she inflicted a wound on his cheek. From this circumstance, Frederick, who afterwards became the distinguished ancestor of the Kings of Saxony, received the characteristic name of *Frederick, of the Bitten Cheek*.

"In the mean time all arrangements were made. A few faithful followers determined to share her fate, and accompany her in her flight. But the question was how to effect it? Opening the castle gates at night was impossible without alarming the guards and household. The bridge over the moat was drawn up, and could not be let down but by order of the Prince. Here then was a dilemma. But life was at stake, and daring ingenuity came to their relief. Do you see that window in the old house, about fifty feet from the ground, which looks out over the wall of the castle?"

"Yes," said I, for the whole was distinctly in view from the place at which we sat.

"Well, they were all let down out of that window, in a basket tied to a long rope made of the bed-clothes of the Princess's chamber! She escaped in this manner, and in commemoration of this event, that old building has been suffered to stand to the present day."

"And what became of her afterwards?" I inquired.

"They effected their escape, as you have heard, which took place on the night of the 24th of July, 1270. They found refuge in the neighboring castle of Crayenberg, whence the Princess was conveyed to Frankfort, where she was received with every mark of distinction becoming her exalted rank. But she was sick of the world—her heart was broken; and in accordance with the custom of that dark age, she retired to St. Catherine's Convent in that city, where she sunk under the weight of her accumulated sorrows, and died in a few weeks."

"Thus endeth the story, then," said I. "It is not much after all."

"No, not much; and that's the reason I hesitated in telling it; but then you would know why they still keep that unsightly ruin," he replied.

"Well, let's begin about Luther again," said I.

"Yes, glorious old Luther!—But see, the castle gates are about being closed for the night, the bell announcing the time for visitors to leave is tolling, and we must go," was his reply.

VOICES OF SORROW.

A LETTER.

You are sitting, my friend, amid the gathering darkness, which always follows "the setting of a great hope." It does not seem, now, as if the sunlight would ever stream around you as brightly as in the time when the lost one was by your side, and you rejoiced together in its morning glow or evening softness. A change has passed upon all your views of life. No colors would have been too bright to paint the prospect as it appeared a few days since, and now the vista opens before you unbroke in its sombre hues. No words of hope now mingle with the voices of sorrow. It has a cold, stern tone, and utters to your hearing only saddening truths. I have no words of comfort for you now; they would be all unheeded;—but words of sympathy! oh, when are they unwelcome! Bitter indeed would be the grief which would turn away from them. I cannot better convince

you of my ability to enter with a fellow feeling into all your woe, than by turning to a chapter in my own youthful history. The event is one of which I have not spoken even to you. It is all hallowed ground in my memory, and I have never trodden it with a needless step. Even now that years have elapsed, when I think of the fate of Alfred Elliott, an impression of violence sometimes steals into my mind, as though his death marked the success of some evil power, which had obtruded into the government of the world. This impression was then strong and painful. I could not see the meaning of such a death. If there is aught of purpose, or of harmony, pervading the seeming confusion of earth—if there are any objects in human life worth the striving of the human soul,—why should he whose heart was full of the gentlest sympathies and whose plans of life embraced the loftiest purposes—why should he be hidden from our view just as a glorious career seemed opening before him? Fearful misgivings were in my heart as to the significance of this seemingly untimely end. I pray *you* may not know them. Of the earlier years of my friend's life I knew but little. His family, once affluent, had been reduced to poverty while he was a child, but an opportunity for education was afforded by the kindness of one of his father's early friends. We were thrown together soon after entering College. A few words casually exchanged led each of us to desire further intercourse, and we were soon intimate friends. Elliott had been but a short time in the class-room before he was the acknowledged master in nearly all our studies. Some doubts were expressed for a time as to his capacity for the exact sciences, but these were all determined before the course was completed. For, captivated by the eloquence and enthusiasm of the gifted Professor of Astronomy, he was induced for a time to devote the greater part of his studies to that elevating science. To do this efficiently, it became necessary to review those portions of the higher mathematics, which he had prepared somewhat carelessly for the class. We who knew him intimately, were as much amazed at the facility with

which he traced the intricate processes of the Calculus, as we had before been charmed by the fine taste which had marked his glowing comments upon Milton, and the profound thoughtfulness with which he had followed the lofty speculations of Plato. The beautiful demonstrations of physical science, however, could not long detain him from his favorite books.

Rarely had a more brilliant audience graced the Hall in which the closing exercises of our class were held. Elliott was our valedictorian. Tall, yet slightly made, his face very pale, from a recent sickness, which had not in the least dimmed the lustre of his eye, his whole appearance was such as to engage the kindest feelings of his audience. The attention became intense, as he proceeded to unfold his well-chosen theme, in a style as beautiful as it was appropriate. It was not strange that the ardor of my youthful friendship should have inclined me to think this as finished and impressive an oration as ever fell from human lips. But even now, after the lapse of years, it seems almost the same. I have sat among those who were penetrated by the gentle, yet fervent benevolence of Channing, I have listened with crowded auditories to the magnificent flow of Chalmers' oratory, and yet I can recall no occasion in which an audience seemed more completely under the influence of one mind than was Elliott's then.

We left College. I was destined, as you know, to the bar, and Alfred was resolved upon the study of theology. But his friends insisted, that before commencing his professional studies he should spend a few months in foreign travel, to repair his somewhat broken health. He reluctantly consented; but when once upon his way entered with the keenest relish into the enjoyment of the new sights and scenes which were presented to his view. Many and long were the letters which enlivened my lonely hours. They abounded with incident and were rich in description, but their chief value arose from the fine reflections on life which were ever arising as his attention was attracted by the different phases of society. And there was something very fine too in the

enthusiasm with which he would sometimes refer to the time when he should be able to in the sacred desk to

“Assert eternal Providence

And justify the ways of God to man.”

We followed Alfred through Scotland, France, and Switzerland, and were at last gladdened by the tidings that, perfectly restored to health, he was even then making preparations for his return. How distinctly do I now remember the eagerness with which I anticipated his speedy coming. But that was our last letter from Alfred Elliot. The ship in which he was to sail arrived, and with it the sad, sad story of his death. He had gone out with some friends to visit a cascade which fell over some lofty rocks on a mountain-side, and had been rewarded by an extended view of Alpine scenery, embracing hill and vale and mountain torrent. When about returning to the village a careless step precipitated him upon the rocks at the bottom of an abyss. When they reached him he was dying. I can write all this calmly now, but I could not read it then. There was everything to give intensity to that dreadful sense of violence of which I have spoken. How incomplete did his short life appear! Here was a mind, gifted and cultivated, which was eagerly looking forward to a conflict with the error and evil of the world. Here was a heart, glowing with all the gentlest, holiest affections of our nature, and which had already centred in pure and intense devotion upon a fair being, whom he could not love too well. How was the complete failure of all life's dearest desires typified by the coldness and stillness of that heart, which had so lately beaten with the even pulsations of life—by the mangled features, from which the light of kindly feeling and the glow of intelligent thought had so suddenly vanished! I was glad I could not see that form as they placed it under the distant sod.

I have learned since then to understand in some degree what was so inexplicable. I have learned to value a human life, not by the width of its positive influence, but by the fulness of its individual development. I have learned to look on any life as complete which is long enough to reveal a loving heart

and a holy purpose. I have resolved to look upon no death as untimely which removes noble ones from earth, when they may serve to draw us upward by the memory of their excellence. How beautifully adapted to such a result is that feeling of our nature by which we allow every defect of the departed to moulder with their bodies in the tomb, while their loveliness remains enshrined in our memories. Alfred Elliot has been with me through all the long years of my life. I have met his eye in the darkness of night "looking ancient kindness" in my own; and I have heard the tones of his voice, in moments of doubt and despondency, uttering as of old words of cheer and trustfulness.

And she, too, of whom I spoke? She was not crushed. Her love never found its earthly close, nor was she "all the same as if it had not been." But "the streaming eyes" and almost broken heart were at last succeeded by a calmness and placidity which were radiant of holy influence, of heavenly sweetness, for many years after her loved one rested in his far-off grave. And we wished that the broken shaft with which we had told strangers to mark that grave, might have been exchanged for an unbroken column pointing heavenward. For the sense of incompleteness to which we had thus given utterance, was overborne by our experience of the very blessedness of his death. You will understand this, my friend, in good time; your sorrow is not I know the cloud of an April day. It is more like the cold, dreary gloom of the long winter. But at the last the spring will succeed. "The flowers will appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds will come, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in the land." Manifold indeed are the voices of sorrow, but happy are they who will listen to its holiest utterances, for they all speak of a merciful Father and a better world.

THE WORD "SELAH."

THE translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course

the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have, by no means, been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rhythmical note. Herder regards it as indicating a change of tone; Matheson, as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther, and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean: "let the instruments play, and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*,—up my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case, "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid, and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear, Jehovah!" or "Awake, Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he will remember and hear, &c. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. *Selah*, itself, he thinks an abridged expression for *Higgaion Selah*,—*Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and *Selah*, a vigorous blast of trumpets.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

TRUE piety is progressive. "The law of the spirit of life" in Christianized humanity is that of development. It has a result to achieve, a standard of excellence to reach, and, like "the troubled sea," it "cannot rest" until this be accomplished. It must move; it cannot be otherwise. When once it rests it dies. As its energy wanes, its glory departs. Like the fire-fly of the southern clime,

"It shineth only when on the wing."

Activity is characteristic of the religion of Jesus, viewed either as a system, or as a

principle unfolding itself in the life of an individual. On! is the command of God to it, upon its introduction into both the world and the heart of the sinner.

Self-culture, then, is not only embraced within the design of Christianity, but is one of the laws of a living and active piety. God has gifted us with mental and moral powers capable of indefinite elevation and expansion. The simple fact that we have received these endowments, fastens upon us the obligation of improving them according to the design which their own nature suggests. We receive the powers of our minds and hearts as "talents" from God, and we are not to wrap up even one of them "in a napkin," and with bold effrontery, when an account of our stewardship is called for, say, "Lo, there thou hast that is thine!" We are to put them all out to "usury," that we may show them developed and amplified according to their intrinsic capabilities, and, as a reward, may receive "authority over ten cities." We have no more right to neglect the mental and moral powers which God has given us, than we have to pervert them. Indeed, to neglect them is to pervert them. They were designed to be improved, and to neglect their improvement is just as certainly at variance with God's intention, as to prostitute them to deeds of crime.

Our being is not, Adam-like, fully grown when we receive it. Our minds and hearts are given to us in the condition of germs. They are buds whose beauty and richness are yet concealed. The best bud of the most beautiful flower may be blighted, and instead of unfolding its leaves and petals in their rich colors to look with smiling face up into the clear sky, it may, as a withered thing, remain closed, and good for neither fragrance nor ornament. So with our powers: their excellence can be seen only when their inherent grand and beautiful capabilities are developed. We, therefore, do injustice to God—despoiling him of a portion of his due honor—when, whilst we have the opportunity and means of culture, we permit our intellectual and moral powers to lie uncared for in obscurity and dust. We make them so little and dwarfed that they seem to be a sort of reflection on God. Are

there not many mental pigmies, which are such merely by neglect of cultivation, and which seem only abortive attempts at being men? Whilst their bodies have grown, their minds have never been evolved beyond the stature of childhood; reminding you of some *lusus naturæ*, shown as a huge half-idiotic boy. Many a noble nature, by being uncultivated and undeveloped, has never shown how great God has made its capabilities. Men have often sinfully robbed God of praise that was due to him by concealing the excellence of his gifts. Culture might have gathered intellectual grandeur, like a halo of glory, about the brow of many a one whose name has been unknown to fame. Of many a rough form of humanity that has never arisen from obscurity, it might have reared a symmetrical Colossus of moral beauty, from whose feet the mad waves of corruption and crime would have rolled back and hid themselves in the sea. But men have neglected the gift that was in them, and have sinned in silencing part of the song of praise which their own life, if properly developed, would have been ever singing into the ear of God and in the presence of man. Will he not hold them responsible for trifling with his gifts, marring the majesty of his handiwork in them, and frustrating his design in the bestowal of these talents? Are they not criminal in burying them in the dust, so as to bring no revenue of praise to him who made them with latent susceptibilities of becoming things of glory and of joy? Do they not contravene one of the first principles of Christian duty, and violate an essential law of vital piety?

God has done his part when he has given us a being with these latent moral and intellectual powers, and the means of their culture. He has made their development our duty. To neglect this is to disregard alike our obligations to him and to ourselves. The possibilities or capabilities are in our nature, placed there by God, either in creation or grace. Their expansion is our blessing as well as his praise. The possibility of the majestic oak is in the acorn. But, suppose that though God's rain-drops and sunshine should be given to

the acorn, it should refuse to unfold its latent germ; itself would wither and rot, and no tree would be developed, and left waving its praises of God with its leafy branches in the high air and sunlight. So a God of love has put the possibility of grand and high and beautiful things in our intelligent and moral nature—in this acorn of our life; but if, while the sunshine and rain-drops of grace fall upon it, we do not cultivate the germ, we will sin against the very design of our creation, and that germ will wither, and probably, like the acorn, perish amid the desolation of the neglected garden of our mind and heart.

We are bound, under the peril of incurring sin, to make the most of ourselves that we can, by improving our talents to the farthest limits that God and nature allow. We dare not, without guilt, make ourselves less than God intended. He is honored by our improvement; he is reproached when we cripple and dwarf his image in us. We are made happier as we become wiser and better; and he intended that we should be happy. He did not make us for misery. It is our duty, and accordant with the law of Christian life, to seize upon every opportunity for growth in both knowledge and grace. When we refuse or disregard a known privilege, we sin against the constitutional capacities of our nature and the purpose of our Creator,—against our happiness and his glory.

It will take carefulness and toil to employ faithfully all known and attainable means to improve our intelligent virtue. It will take watchfulness, and striving, and labor. But what of that? It is almost better not to be, than to be nothing, or only a caricature of what God meant we should be. Energetic effort, patient toil, is the very thing to brighten us. "The gem is not polished without rubbing." The marble statue does not breathe without many strokes of the chisel. And if we are to carve out the form of our character from the rough marble of our fallen nature under the aid of God's grace, we must be content to make many a stroke, and rub long and hard, until it receives its full symmetry and polish.

MILTONUS.

BOOKS.

IN the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare open to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

STRUGGLE ON.

BY T. T. TITUS.

STRUGGLE on, desponding mortal,
 Though thy spirit faints within;
 Through life's darkness gleams the portal
 Which thy longing soul would win.

Struggle for truth's inspiration,—
 Nerve thy arms for deeds of might;
 Time will bring thy coronation,
 Day will dawn upon thy night.

World-frowns are the smiles of heaven,
 Urging thee to nobler strife;—
 By earth's thorns thy feet are driven
 Swifter o'er the road of life.

Earnest thought and earnest feeling
 Spring not from a heart unscathed;
 Sharpest steel most needs annealing—
 Purest gems are ocean bathed.

Then struggle on, thou child of sorrow,
 Clouds ere long must break away,—
 Look for greatness on to-morrow,
 Seek for greatness on to-day.

Wait and labor, do and suffer—
 Battle for the right and true;—
 Heaven has fadeless crowns to offer,
 Earth has noble deeds to do.

PENNA. COLLEGE.



CHILDHOOD'S VISION.

ONE of the old authors has represented the heart of man as a colossal picture gallery, within whose halls and niches memory had, with her truthful pencil, sketched the varied scenes and events of the soul's pilgrimage from the cradle to the

grave. As we move on through the winding mazes, time draws the curtain; and absorbed with new scenes and fresh coloring we forget the old,—till suddenly a look, a familiar scene, causes us to turn back with strong fascination through long years, and lift the veil of the haunted spot. Ofttimes the reflexive walls may be dressed in the

sombre hue of mourning, though always tinted with the sunset's glow. Again 'tis a beautiful creation cased in sunbeams, and gemmed with childhood's bright hours. And thus was my vision as I looked on the engraving that graces the June number of our Magazine. Yes, the artist had been to my early home, and sketched as he sat in the quiet nook by the old stone church. Kind reader, will you come and wander with me there a few moments, this bright noontide. I know 'tis past twelve o'clock, for there goes Mr. T——, driving home his oxen, and he always passed the school-house just as the shadow rested on the great log near the door,—and never since have I heard a more inspiring sound than good old Mr. T——'s sonorous "gee" and "haw."

A little behind those trees just opposite the church is the school-house,—painted white, standing on a little knoll; no tree impedes the vision, or blind conceals the four windows with their six respective panes of green glass.—The trustees were wise men, and undoubtedly thinking of the tears that must fall, and the shadows that would cross young spirits within, did all they could to make the outside light and sunny.—So the tall oak that stood near bowed its head, and the school-house was alone in solitary grandeur. But then there were trees, only a little way down the road, where those children are. I know so well the homes of their flower-treasures. The dog-wood, with its pure white blossoms,—there are quantities of it near that old stump; it has been the homestead of all dog-wood for past generations—and the gorgeous columbine clambers thickly on the rock behind; while blue-eyed violets stud every mossy dell, and the bright wind-flower springs up hither and thither, nodding courteously to each dallying zephyr. Don't you see that tall tree how it bends over?—I remember the master saying once with a grave air,—“Children, as the twig is bent so the tree inclines.” I did not understand it then; but, I have since learned to thank the kind hand that bound my wild soaring thoughts more closely than I fancied to vulgar fractions and pages of dictionary.—Ah, that little coppice-woods! how much pure joy has echoed through its

leafy aisles! How oft have sounds of half love and half science been whispered there, betokening the struggle between sweet realities and dull abstractions,—yet we must not linger,—just a few steps more to take one glimpse of the dear old parsonage. We pass the stone church,—it is not grand or imposing, but stands there firm in its simplicity; and to me, more thoughts of prayer, of angels, and of the forms of all things holy cluster there, than round the most gorgeous edifice the hand of man has ever fashioned. Between the parsonage and the church lies the grave-yard. Shall we look over the moss-grown wall?—where sleep fathers, and fathers' fathers, marked by the simple white marble, resting under the shadow of that church which to them was, “none other than the gate of heaven.” They sleep peacefully; naught breaks the silence, save the clear voices of the school-children as they often wander among those grassy mounds,—reading the silently effective epitaph,—and “wondering if they shall ever be so good!”—“if they too must die?”—“and what is death?” They tell me it is different now; that there is an arched grating where once was only the simple paling; and the children cannot open the ponderous doors. I am sorry, for I much fear me such changes as these were in the mind of Carlyle when he wrote—“that the world was advancing backwards.” But here we are: shall we open the white gate, go up the gravel walk, the lilac-bound porch e'en to the very parsonage door? Oh, no, I cannot now,—there have been too many changes since that was our home,—there are strangers within, they would not recognize me. Stay here a moment and look while the light winds bear to us the aroma of the locust grove. I hear the bees humming,—I wonder if they are some of our old bees, who would always swarm on Sunday,—and steal other people's honey. The people said the Dominie's bees were the worst in the neighborhood. There is the white rose at mother's window, how beautiful it was,—and there where you see the clambering honeysuckle is father's study, the hallowed room of all the house, where the good deacons and elders would

come with such wise faces to talk to father, and one dear old man who never forgot the children,—I can see him now—with his hair white as the hoar frost, and sweet face that spoke of heavenly communion. There too have I seen young men and maidens bend their steps with subdued mien and tearful eye,—but with holy joy beaming on their countenances. That study, ah, methinks by many it is well remembered. This dear old parsonage! But we must turn away. Kind reader, I much fear you are weary. I should remember this *was not your* home. Still I know you are not weary of the exquisite engraving,—to all it must bring a vision of lovely summer-time when

“The fresh blue sky

Bends like God's blessing o'er; the scented air
Echoes with bird-songs, and the emerald grass
Is dappled with quick shadows; and the light
wind

Of the soft west makes music in the leaves.”

GERMAN PROTESTANTISM.

WE have been much enlightened by a very able article in the last North British Review, depicting the struggles and tendencies of German Protestantism, which presents a more intelligent view, and a more hopeful aspect of the involved and perplexed condition of things in that country, than we have before met with. So much of the future of Christianity in Europe depends upon the influence which Germany, with her learning and earnestness, shall exercise, and so many precious associations are connected with her past history, as the home of Luther and the Reformation, that no intelligent Christian can be indifferent to the fortunes of evangelical truth in that country. If the pure gospel can survive and overcome the rationalisms, philosophies, hermeneutics run mad, pantheisms, civil despotisms and immoralities which have made Germany the wonder and the by-word of the nations, it will furnish a new proof of its immortal life, and a new presage of its ultimate ascendancy. The writer of this article brings a variety of indications that simple evangelical truth and apostolic order have been gaining steady ground, since the revolution of 1848. What was

before dubious in doctrine has become sound; what was before distinct, has grown loud and even piercing. The ground-truths of the Reformation—the supremacy of the Scriptures and justification by faith, with all that logically associates with them, make up the body of the doctrine which may now be said to be in the ascendant in Protestant Germany. It is undeniably so in by far the most influential chairs of the different universities—probably the majority as to number; and the same may be almost said of the pulpits. No university, except Gießen, openly sides with the infidel, or rationalistic party. Tübingen, the home of Baur, and once the most shameless of all in its infidelity, is now under evangelical influence; Leipzig is more than a school of dead criticism and neology. The two great sections of the sound and evangelical Church have been gradually approaching each other, until, in the persons of Nitzsch and Hengstenberg, they may be said to have coalesced. The formation of the minds of the present and the next generations is in the hands of men, from Hiedelberg to Königsberg, who have not only broken with rationalism, pantheism, and spurious criticism, but actually conquered them, and of whom the most eminent are as distinguished for personal piety as for learning and zeal. The party of unbelief are almost wholly silent. Everything but the theology of the Reformation is driven from the literary field; speculative philosophy has blown itself out and gone to seed; the great majority of the younger theologians hold fast to the soundest forms of evangelical truth. The pulpits, though not abreast with the professional chairs, are experiencing a great revival. Two years ago, probably one-third of the fifteen thousand Protestant clergy of Germany were open rationalists; another third tinctured with the latitudinarianism of Schleiermacher; the remaining third timidly attached to, but seldom professing the old confessions. Now it is the opinion of our reviewer, that the evangelical party outnumbered both the others; while in the relative earnestness, freedom and zeal of the two sections, the orthodox have immeasurably advanced upon the others.

A striking proof of the advance towards a sound theology is furnished by the proceedings of the great Kirchentag, held at Elberfeld in September last. This body is a voluntary convention of the Protestant clergy and members of the Lutheran, Reformed, United, and Moravian churches, forming a kind of annual parliament for the discussion of all public questions. Heretofore its members have been required to make only a declaration of an *ex animo* consent to the Reformation symbols in general. But at the last meeting, it took the further step of singling out the oldest, most venerable and catholic of them all—the first doctrinal utterance of the Reformation, as a bond of union. The Augsburg Confession was the mature work of Melancthon, the earliest efflorescence of the doctrine of Justification by Faith before its aroma had exhaled, and the clearest and most logical protest against Romanist errors and abuses. After deliberate discussion, this creed was almost unanimously adopted by the representatives of almost everything sound or progressive in the camp of Protestant Germany.

The reviewer also goes into a long explanation of the intricate and involved systems of Church polity—the relations of the churches to the State, and to each other, to show that there has been a gradual and striking improvement; but the subject, though intimately connected with doctrinal progress, and with religious freedom, is too abstruse for any analysis. He finds reason to believe that a better day is dawning upon the German churches, and that the outer relations and forms will not seriously obstruct the growth of the internal spirit which now seems to be struggling at their heart. On all accounts, his hopeful presages will be readily accepted; for as we are likely to receive damage enough from the irreligion and lager-bier of Germany, it will be refreshing if we may hope for a counteracting influence from the revival of true religion in that country.

The Persians say: A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends, the whole world is too narrow for two foes.

CHRIST THE THEME OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

IN the physical universe we behold things tending towards a common centre. If we first look at our earth, we find all the materials of which it is constituted—everything within it and upon it—acknowledging a law of general centralization. The rocks and the mountains, the forests and the floods, with all that can be named, both animate and inanimate, are bound to the centre of our world.

We further learn that the earth is one of a number of planets, which continually circle around one great central point in the heavens, to which they all, as it were, with one consent, render obeisance. From this centre they derive all the light which they enjoy, and back to this same centre, as if with gratitude, they cast the reflection of this light.

And modern astronomers would give us some countenance in deducing by analogy the possible conclusion, that all the worlds marshalled within the range of our vision upon the canopy of night, with all those which lie in the depths of immensity, beyond our telescopic ken, may be circling forever around the centre of creation; which, for aught we know, the Author of all created existence may have chosen as the peculiar dwelling-place of his unrevealed glory.

In the spiritual world, we find something answering to this centralizing tendency in the natural. For the present, we pass by the fact that all spiritual life has its origin in God, and must, by an irreversible law, tend towards God. We direct our attention to that Book whose pages bear the impress of the signet of divinity. Within this volume stands revealed, in reference to our spiritual interests, everything that is necessary for us to know while in this world. In the Bible do we find a great central attraction, around which all the different parts revolve, and towards which they all tend. It is the Star of Bethlehem, "the Sun of Righteousness," it is "our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

When we turn to the former part of this holy volume, and examine its history, we read of the fall of man, and of the decided and terrible manifestations of God's abhorrence of sin, both in the laws which he has proclaimed, and the circumstances of their proclamation, as also in his dealings with men as individuals and nations. And why is the attention of man thus directed to his degraded and ruined condition? It is to prepare him for the reception of a Mediator and Saviour. This is one of the links in the chain by which Christ draws men to himself.

We look upon the observance of the numerous rites, ceremonies, and sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation, and we see them all with convergent and united significancy pointing to "the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world." We listen to the rapt and glowing theme of prophet bards and poet kings, as they point far down the future to the coming of the mighty deliverer, the Prince of Peace, the Author of Life, the Messiah of God.

We turn to the more recent records of the divine word, and find the nightly sky of Bethlehem thronged with angelic hosts, announcing to earth her Saviour born, and chanting, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." We read of the holy life, the cruel death, even the death of the cross—and the triumphant resurrection, and ascension to heaven. And what is the end of all this? He shed his blood for our sins; he died that we might live; he "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

The heralds of the cross are commissioned by the great Master himself, to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The heathen shall be given to Christ for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

And as we cast our eyes abroad over the

world, we observe that all things are converging towards Christ, indicating the steady advance of the day when it shall be said, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."

To him the work of creation is ascribed. "He is before all things, and by him all things consist." He is moreover "the author and finisher of our faith." He came to save us from our sins. Having accomplished his work on earth, so far as his personal presence was required, he returned to the world of glory. We read that he is now seated at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for his people, and that there is a day appointed when the world shall be judged by him in righteousness—when his followers shall be welcomed home to eternal blessedness, and his enemies condemned to everlasting ruin.

Thus is our "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," now exalted, and has given to him a name, which is above every name; at which "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." John, who was permitted to have a view of the worship of heaven, that he might reveal to us a distant glimpse of the world of blessedness, tells us that the "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of holy worshippers round about the throne, are engaged in ascribing with a loud voice, "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever."

The Bible is full of the Saviour. "To him gave all the prophets witness." The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. "Take Jesus, his grace, spirit, and religion out of the Bible, and it has neither scope, design, object, nor end." Let the glorious name of my Saviour not only be the theme of the Bible, but let it be the theme of my thoughts, the theme of my heart, and the theme of my tongue, through all the life that now is, and all the ever-living life which is to come!

The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest; you will get nothing by it.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

If the moral quality of so-called benevolent actions, were to be determined by the manner which marks the performance of them, how many, when weighed in *this* balance, would be found wanting? We know that the *motive* is the criterion for judgment; yet is there not generally a correspondence between the inward prompting and the outward act, which affords just grounds whereon to venture an opinion of the former, by the latter? On account of this, have we not reason to suspect the true charity of that man, who, out of his abundance, "proudly ushers a thousand guineas into the notice of the world, in all the pomp and parade of public contribution," without manifesting any further interest in the object he befriends!

When we remember that no class of society, or relation of life can exist entirely independent of another, and that our happiness or misery is greatly augmented by the way in which we are made to feel that dependence, it becomes a question of some interest, how we may perform our social and relative duties, so as to secure to each other the greatest amount of good. "Bear ye one another's burdens," is the divine injunction on this subject, and the duty enjoined has so high a standing in the sacred record, as to be called a fulfilling of the law of God. It is right for us to bring our offerings, but this is not all that is required: they must burn with the hallowed fire of disinterested love, before they will prove acceptable. The gold and silver of the rich are not to be rejected by the poor, neither are the humble services of the poor to be despised by the rich; but the sorrows of a wounded spirit have never yet been healed by these alone; either, to accomplish the ends of true benevolence, must come from a heart that has

"Learned for others' cares to feel,
And weep, where it has not the power to heal."

There is an efficacy in a silent prayer, a pathos in a trembling tone, an ingredient in a falling tear, that is not found in earth's baser alloys; and such must be the accompaniments of every effort made for the good of others, ere the paths of darkness will be illumined, the couch of wretchedness soothed,

or "the smoking flax and bruised reed" revived and strengthened. It is the experience of more than one heart that is written out in those truthful lines of the poet,—

"Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye,
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth,
And he who works me good with unmoved face,
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids;
My benefactor; not my brother man!"

There is a degree of pleasure connected with the exercise of this fellow-feeling, that greatly enhances the interest with which we pass through life, and naturally leads us to compassionate the wants and woes of others, and to engage more and more actively in the alleviation of them. It is true, that the feeling heart may be saddened in the discharge of such duties, but when once its response is allowed to rise above the din of selfishness, we esteem it a privilege to "weep with those that weep," and envy not the isolated misanthrope, whose discordant nature knows no vibrations in unison with those of his fellow-creatures.

This heaven-born sympathy is most beautifully exemplified in the mission of our blessed Saviour to earth. Far above the adoring songs of angels he heard the wailings of a lost world. Justice was offended, and the price of pardon to the offended, was the blood of the Son of God. Life through him, or eternal darkness and despair, was man's only alternative. And what was the response of his soul to this stern, yet just demand?

"Father, thy word is past; man shall find grace;

. . . . I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off; and for him, lastly die,
Well pleased."

He became a "man of sorrows," and through a life and death of shame and ignominy is extended a chain of events, whose every link is glowing with the love he bore to our rebellious race.

And what has perpetuated the name of Howard as one of earth's greatest philanthropists? Was it the projecting of plans, and bestowing of wealth for the cause in

which he died a martyr? The world may have applauded these; but it was the voluntary sharing of the sufferings of the prisoners amid the dark scenes of their abiding-places, that brought the blessings of those who were ready to perish upon him; it was the genuine feeling of benevolence that led him forth and strengthened him in the performance of his arduous undertakings; and there is truth in the inscription on his tombstone, "He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality, in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity."

But why need we go abroad to multiply such illustrations, when none are placed in circumstances that debar them from the exercise of these best feelings of their nature? There is no circle so circumscribed as not to admit sorrow, no heart so callous as not to feel the withering touch of grief; and there is a magic power in sympathy to awaken a smile of joy, even in the face of woe. Enter, then, into the little world of domestic lights and shadows, bearing this loadstone of the heart; its irresistible influence will soon be felt by the spirits around you, and when once attracted, you may gently lead them to the "still waters" of consolation, where, if not made entirely happy, they will at least be soothed and comforted.

"O deem it not an idle thing,

A friendly word to speak,

The smile you wear, the frown you bring,

A heart may heal or break."

E. M. K.

THE SENSE OF HEARING.

I HAVE the pleasure of an acquaintance with a family of great respectability, wherein are several deaf mutes. It was my privilege, a short time since, to form one of a small evening circle, embracing the various members of this and one or two other families; and after the company broke up, and I had retired to my home, I was led into a state of profound meditation, as to the mysterious infirmity which the deaf suffer, and found myself calling to mind the immense debt of gratitude to God they owe who have full possession of their senses. I have, since then, thought much on the sub-

ject. We pity the blind, and surely they need our deepest commiseration; but if we reflect upon the many delights produced by "sound," our hearts will also sympathize with those deprived of the power of receiving impressions through the sense of hearing. It may not be without its use, then, that we endeavor to realize the many ecstatic enjoyments which this sense affords us, and the great privation they suffer who do not possess it. It will, at least, strengthen our present feeble appreciation of so estimable a blessing.

What tones so delicious as vocal communications of love and tenderness? The voice of pity consoles us in distress. The voice of cheerfulness raises us from depression. The familiar voices of parents, though perhaps long ago they themselves were laid in the grave, are as fondly cherished in the memory as are the lineaments of the face; and though brethren and sisters may be separated from us by seas or continents, yet the clear liquid notes of mirth which rang upon the ear in the romping days of childhood are sometimes so suddenly brought to recollection as to fill the eye with tears.

But ever, all along through life, the ear is charmed with the modulated strains of human conversation; voice answering to voice, as heart to heart, creating a style of music which, although unwritten, is indelibly implanted in the affections, and more refreshing to the spirit than the possession of fine gold.

In this connection, may be included the silvery, magic tones of the eloquent orator, influencing by their mysterious power, when allied with potent argument, whole masses of men to action, to revolution; the winning, persuasive voice of the sacred preacher, leading men, through the influence of God's Spirit, to penitence, to faith, for "faith cometh by hearing;" the resolute, spirit-stirring address of the military general, infusing courage and animation through whole battalions. These are but a few of the powerful effects upon the ear, and thence upon the mind, of that most curious of musical instruments, the human voice. What incomparable delight and gratification must they forego, who have never heard it.

But, aside from conversation, the human

voice can be so controlled and cultivated, that its tones of ravishing sweetness, falling on the ear in the form of vocal music, tell us of heaven rather than earth, of the state triumphant rather than of that which is militant: tranquillizing our whole being by their measured strains of melody, they may be said faintly to prefigure that harmony which is celestial and angelic.

He who formed the ear and the human voice, gave also to his creature man, that cunning and ingenuity which have enabled him to construct a variety of musical instruments. By the skilful arrangement and combination of many strings, they are made so to vibrate at the touch, as to produce the soft dulcet notes of the piano or the harp. The artistic pressure of the air through the smaller wind instruments gives us the enlivening notes of the fife, the nobler blast of the war-bugle inciting to military ardor, and the soothing mellifluous notes of the flute, as they steal over the evening air. On a larger scale, this subtle ethereal fluid which we call atmosphere, pressed through the pipes of the organ, give us now (as if hiding its power) the low delightful cadences of love; now the exulting jubilant strains of triumph; and again its majestic tones of thunder, symbolizing, as far as music can, the terrible majesty of the triune God. Accompanying the choral band in the church, the organ, with its wonderful power of modulation, represents in the language of music all the various phases of religious devotion: the murmur of penitence, the beseeching prayer, the chant of worship and adoration, and at the festival the explosive burst of salutation, "Christ has risen." Its melancholy tones in the requiem and the dirge, tell us of death and departure; and although an instrument of solemn sound, yet it may serve to cheer the marriage scene by a graceful and well-played voluntary.

But there are other sounds, besides those produced according to rule, which are always playing deliciously upon the human ear. To some minds, sensitive and observant, there is music in the hum of industry, and to such, the clanging of machinery, the flying of the shuttle, the clicking of the type, and the successive strokes of the hammer

upon the anvil, are sources of placid gratification. City sounds, though in some sense noisy and clattering, are not destitute of interest to those who reflect upon the numerous and extensive business transactions which cause them. These sounds of thousands of horses and carriages and carts, and hundreds of thousands of human beings, reaching the ear in the privacy of a retired chamber, seem deprived as it were of their harsh rough edges, and in their subdued murmur, may be said to resemble the distant waterfall, or the low moan of the subsiding wind.

Then there is the ringing of the city bells; what more musical than the merry, merry bells on the Fourth of July, or the solemn church-going bells on the calm morn of the holy Sabbath, or what more sublimely startling, than the bells which at midnight play as it were an accompaniment to the distant conflagration shooting its lurid glare across the sky.

The deaf have never heard these varied strains of melody and music. To them the tornado and the tempest, the gurgling waterfall and the mighty cataract, are but as the pageant of a pantomime. The birds may carol their matins and their vespers, but not for them. The brisk breeze may blow among the foliage of the forest, and the rustling, refreshing music thus produced in the depths of those solitudes, may calm and delight our spirits. The dense shades of the grove may be vocal with the hum of myriads of insects, but to the deaf all is silent as the grave. They can mark the track of the vivid lightning upon the sky, but they hear not the deep majestic roll of the distant thunder, as with its reverberating echoes, it booms through the heavens. Poets have spoken of the "music of the spheres," and imagination lending her aid, we can sometimes fancy when standing in a secluded spot, on a starlight night, that the rushing of the many worlds about us through the regions of space, must from the velocity with which they move, be productive of a kind of heavenly music. Be this as it may; the deaf, having no conception of the nature of sound, can have no sort of comprehension even, of the poetry of thought.



THE PET LAMB.

ONE day, Mr. Briggs was telling George and Lilly a beautiful story which he had read somewhere, and which ran thus:—

“On a still, serene summer evening, a mother sat in her bed-chamber, near the cradle of her darling infant, singing it to sleep.

“While employed in this manner, her young daughter, Adelaide, came running into the room from the garden, her eyes sparkling with joy. ‘O mother, dear mother!’ said she, ‘come and look at the most beautiful sight you have ever seen.’

“‘Ah! what is it?’

“‘O something very beautiful; but you must come and see.’

“‘That I would most gladly do,’ said her mother in an affectionate tone; ‘but your little brother must sleep.’

“‘O dear mother,’ was the beseeching reply of this loving sister, ‘take brother out with you, and it will make him happy too.’ Thus she increased her own joy by sharing it with others.

“Her mother felt that she could refuse no longer; so she arose and looked into the cradle, and found her infant boy in a calm and peaceful slumber. And then she took the hand of the sprightly girl, and when they came into the garden, Adelaide pointed upwards and exclaimed, ‘Only see once, mother, the lambs in heaven! a whole flock! How beautiful, and how tender!’

“Nothing was visible but soft flakes of clouds. They appeared, however, very much

like a flock of lambs wandering over the pasture, and they shone in the beams of the bright full moon.”

“‘Happy art thou, O gentle simplicity of childhood!’ said the mother; and pressed her daughter to her bosom.

“Then George and Lilly remembered that they, too, had seen the lambs in heaven.

“‘But,’ said George, ‘I would like to have a real lamb, father;’ and Lilly joined in the request, and said, ‘If they had a lamb they would make a pet lamb of it.’

“‘And how would you do that?’

“‘O, we would keep it very clean and nice, and would be very kind to it; and teach it to follow us, and we would love it very much and make it love us.’

So the very next morning, George and Lilly were surprised to see a young lamb skipping over the lawn; and happy were they when they were told it was their own. At first it was very shy, but at length, by acts of kindness—such as placing fresh warm milk before it to drink, and holding out their hands full of tender grass which they had picked—they won upon its gentle nature. And then they tied a ribbon around its neck, so that they might easily find it if it were lost; for they had heard their father and mother read in the Bible about sheep going astray in the mountains, and they thought that if the sheep went, the lambs would be very likely to go too. And they fastened a little bell to the ribbon; for they had heard that wolves sometimes destroyed the lambs, and they imagined the tinkling of the bell would frighten the wolves away.

And during the pleasant summer-days, especially in the morning just after the risen sun had kissed away the dew, and towards evening when the sun was going down behind the hills, they used to race over the meadow, sometimes chasing their pet, and sometimes chased by him; and when they got tired, they would sit upon an old log that lay among the bushes and tall grass; and then the lamb, knowing as well as they when the race was over, would come up to them familiarly to be petted and fed.

"Father," said George one day after he and his sister had been talking about the gentleness and playful temper of their favorite, "I heard you read this morning about the paschal lamb; what does that mean?"

Mr. Briggs was always fond of having his children ask questions, because it showed that they were anxious to acquire knowledge, and he encouraged this disposition by his ready and cheerful answers.

"You remember," said he, "reading the other day about the Israelites passing through the Red Sea on dry land, whilst their enemies, who in pursuing them attempted to do the same thing, were drowned. You remember also, perhaps, that the Israelites had been in Egypt a great many years, ever since the time when Joseph induced his father and brethren to settle there. From a small beginning, they had come to be a mighty nation. They were greatly oppressed by the Egyptians, who were jealous of them because they increased so rapidly. But God took especial care of them, as he had promised long before to Abraham, and after they had been in Egypt about two hundred years He resolved that they should be set free from their oppressors; and He sent Moses to demand of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt, that he should let the people of Israel go. But he would not, and so God sent plagues of various kinds upon the land; and still Pharaoh hardened his heart, until at length God determined to destroy all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both of man and beast. Then it was that each Israelite family was commanded by the Lord to take a lamb without blemish, and having slain it, they were to sprinkle the door-posts of their dwellings with the blood, and they were told

by Moses, who received the assurance from God himself, that when the angel of death came to destroy the Egyptians, he would pass over and spare the families whose houses were marked with the blood. The Israelites were required afterwards to celebrate their deliverance on that occasion, by a yearly feast; at which feast a lamb was to be slain and eaten—and this was called the paschal lamb."

"Now," said Mr. Briggs, "let me ask you a question. Do you know why the Saviour is called the Lamb of God?"

The children thought a good while before they ventured to give an answer. At length George said inquiringly, as if he were afraid he had not caught the right idea, "Was it because he was so kind and gentle?"

"A very correct answer," said his father, "as far as it goes; but there is another reason. He is so called because he died for our sins: hence he is spoken of in the Bible as Christ our Passover sacrificed for us; and also as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The Saviour also calls himself the Good Shepherd, because he laid down his life for the sheep. His people are called his fold, and children who love him are the lambs of his flock."

When George and Lilly kneeled in prayer before God that night, as they were wont to do—their young lips having been taught by their fond mother in their early infancy to lisp the name of Jesus—they prayed that the Saviour would make them gentle, and affectionate; and that he would wash them in his own blood, so that they might be numbered among the lambs of the Redeemer, and be led by him in the green pastures of salvation and beside the still waters of life.

PROVERBS.—There are some proverbs anterior to the Christian dispensation, in which the highest principles may easily be traced. *Love rules without law; Love rules his kingdom without a sword*, are very appropriate examples of this; but we find, as we might expect, the principal examples of theology in those proverbs which belong to more modern times. Some of these are very beautiful, such as; *God never wounds with both hands; No cross, no crown; Every cross has its inscription.*

The Evangelical Magazine.

JUNE, 1854.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

A PROMISE REDEEMED.—If any of our mature readers should happen to see a juvenile illustration in the present number, with a piece to match, we hope they will not think we are stepping out of our province in picking up a gem for the younger members of the family now and then. We know very well that fathers and mothers will be glad enough to see this feature. Our Magazine is a *family* visitor, nor is it our intention to put on an air of affected dignity, and whilst we converse with the grown-up members of the household, overlook the boys and girls altogether. This would be as great an error as some staid, surly people commit, who direct all their conversation to pa and ma, as if they had never been youngsters themselves.

We were reminded not long since of our duty in this respect, on the receipt of thirteen subscribers obtained by Master Eugene J. R., of Dayton, Ohio, and when we sent him our letter of thanks, we promised to be a little more attentive in future to the class of readers to which he belongs.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The beautiful pictures taken by Messrs. Gurney & Fredricks at 349 Broadway, New York, speak for themselves, and we advise those who desire likenesses worth having, to examine their specimens. We hesitate not to express the belief that they will agree with us in ranking them among the finest works of art they have ever seen. The artists who finish these pictures have lately arrived from Paris, and are gentlemen who stand high in their profession; and those who employ them, we are quite sure, will be satisfied with the result.

A PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL QUESTION.—Much has been said and written of late, though not too much, about the mental and physical training of children. What is the relation of the one to the other? At what age shall the mind be made acquainted with books? Much light has been thrown upon these interrogatories by recent investigations. Facts have been gathered which prove that precociousness does not always fulfil the promise which it creates, and that great mistakes

have been made in stimulating, unduly, the infant brain, so as to impair the nervous organization beyond the possibility of restoring it to vigorous and healthful action. The doctrine now is, and it is the true one, *sana mens in sano corpore*—if you would have a sound mind, you must invigorate the body. The first lessons of childhood should be those which nature prompts. The fields and the hills should be the school-room of many who are now pent up in crowded and confined apartments, with low ceilings, and little ventilation, having their limbs cramped and confined in one position, when they should be trundling the hoop, or jumping the rope, or running over the greensward. Let them gather flowers, and roll stones, and dig miniature canals, and chase butterflies, and let their first lessons be learned on the hill-tops and along the water-courses. Teach them how to spell *cow* if you choose, when they are looking with child-like delight upon the animal itself, feeding on the rich herbage; and trace in the sand the letters of the alphabet that stand for *brook* as you saunter along the shore of the purling stream.

But then the question remains to be answered, at what period shall the infant mind be made acquainted with books? Shall it be at the age of four, or six, or eight, or when? We venture the opinion that it is an error and an absurdity to fix upon any precise time which will apply to all cases. And yet this is the very error which many writers on education commit. The truth is, some children will bear acquaintance with books earlier than others. We have seen books put into the hands of a child of three years, without any injury to his physical and mental development; but there was no tasking of the brain; the child was not kept from his sports; the book was a plaything with the rest of his toys, a source of amusement; and his knowledge of "big A, little a," was acquired with as little detriment to his mental or physical organization as if he had spent the whole of his time in riding a wooden horse, or driving papa about the room, taking his coat-tail for the reins. And we have seen children of three and four years sent to school without any dwarfing of the body or the mind. But they were not "cribbed and cabined," and tied down to a hard wooden seat from morning till night. They learned to read, and march, and clap

their hands, and sing their little hymns, and were allowed to spend by far the greater part of their time, even during school hours, out of doors. Perhaps they were not extraordinary geniuses, or the experiment might have been fatal.

We are aware that many ridicule the infant-school system, and the preparation of books for the very young; but this ridicule is based on the assumption that no child should enter a school-room at all, not even to spend only an hour or two each day, before he is eight or ten years old—a view of the case by no means embraced by all who have studied this subject intelligently and in all its bearings.

We say, in this matter as in other matters, extremes are to be avoided, and here, as elsewhere, the middle ground is undoubtedly the most safe and proper.

There are extremists who think that every child should be left literally to educate himself; that there must be no effort to draw out the mind, because when the proper time comes it will push itself out; that genius will break its shell, and spring into visibility without any help save that which resides within itself, and that it will flash with all the brighter splendor, if it be not coaxed or coerced into premature development. Well, that may all be. But how are you to discover the mine in which these powerful and self-acting forces lie concealed? How are you to tell a genius from an ordinary specimen of humanity? How are you to detect these hidden fires which are burning and gathering strength within, to astonish the world, some day, with an outburst of brilliancy, denoting a new star in the firmament of intellect? We do not leave echo to answer—how? But we assert without hesitation, that even genius may be aided by being sent to school, and perhaps by being flogged a little into application, if its lazy tendencies cannot be expelled or corrected without this severity of discipline—while to ordinary mortals we have no doubt an early acquaintance with books and the rules and system of a school-room are of decided advantage to sound mental development. We go for physical training to the very extent of the perfect development of the physical frame; but we believe there are very few cases which require as the condition of this the total suspension of mental application until eight or ten of the years of childhood have passed away.

Tasso, we are told, was such a marvellous boy, that, before he was six months old, he began, "not merely to move his tongue, but to speak clearly and fluently." His life was short, and his end sad; and, no doubt, a fatal mistake was made in putting him to school at an age too early for any child. The same may be said of Keats and Kirke White, and perhaps of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. But the majority of temperaments are not like theirs, and it would be folly to treat them as if they were.

Because Walter Scott was not taught to read until he had reached his seventh year, it does not follow that it is necessary or best for every boy to wait until then. We are told of Scott that

"He was careless about his tasks, and often disgusted his kind master by his negligence and frivolity. If there was any bicker, however, or fight with the boys of other schools, be sure that Wattie Scott was in the midst of the fray, and generally a ringleader there. He confesses himself, while at school, to have been 'an incorrigible, idle imp;' and even at the Edinburgh University, where his father afterwards entered him, he succeeded no better. There he went by the nickname of 'The Great Blockhead;' and Professor Dalryell, he says, 'pronounced upon me the severe sentence, that dunce I was, and dunce was to remain.'"

But there was a reason why Walter Scott did not learn to read until he was in his eighth year; he had a disease in his right leg, so serious that though, by means of boyish sports and other physical exercise, he became strong and healthy, he was lame for life. And probably his incorrigible idleness and negligence of his tasks was owing to the indulgence allowed him at home on account of this misfortune. If his childhood had been robust, we do not believe an earlier acquaintance with books would have hurt his genius; and it is very likely that he would have "disgusted his kind master" less.

We agree with the writer who says that "parents need not be in any hurry to see their children's talents developed," if by this he means that they should not force this development prematurely,—should not be guilty of a mistaken and ruinous haste. When he adds: "Their best policy is to watch and wait;—wait and let good example and quiet training do their work;" we ask, what is meant by "quiet training?" If we are to understand by

this, such training as is adapted to the temperament of the child,—such as is natural and not forced,—a training in which the education of the body and the development of the mind are fairly and wisely balanced,—we again record our assent. And when, finally, he says, "Give the child a stock of physical health; set the boy fairly on the road of self-culture, and, as he grows older, if there be the right stuff in him, the man will cultivate himself," we agree with him again, supposing him to mean, that to be set *fairly* on the road of self-culture, the mind must be trained to love study, and to think as early as is consistent with the harmonious and healthful development of the physical and mental powers.

THE SABBATH.—No class of men can do without the day of rest. It is an arrangement of infinite wisdom, made for man, and required by his very nature, and every attempt to abolish it has been signally rebuked in the derangement of social order and the rapid decline of morals that have followed. At the close of the year 1847, a layman, in England, offered three prizes to be awarded for the best three essays on the blessings and privileges of the Sabbath, to be written by working men; and in three months no less than nine hundred and fifty compositions were sent in, a fact strikingly indicative of the strong hold the Sabbath has upon the laboring classes. Of the same encouraging character is the following document, now or recently in course of signature by the working men of Glasgow:—

"We, the working men of Glasgow, in consequence of innovations on the Sabbath rest and sanctity, made and defended in our name, feel it to be our duty to declare our adherence to the following principles: 1. We believe the Sabbath to be of Divine appointment, and of perpetual obligation. 2. We believe the Sabbath essential to the well-being of the human family. 3. We believe that respect for the sacred character of the Sabbath has, under the blessing of God, preserved it as a day of rest to our fathers, ourselves, and can only preserve it to our posterity. 4. We regard the recent innovations, whether founded on pleas of pleasure, convenience, or profit, as destructive of that respect which upholds the Sabbath as a day of rest. We, therefore, repudiate all systematic and predetermined labor on the Sabbath, because all such labor undermines the great basis of Sabbath preservation, and tends to foster principles which sap the foundations of domestic

virtue, social happiness, national prosperity, and true piety."

For the following excellent hints touching physical education, we are indebted to the N. Y. Tribune. There was a time when it was thought that a real genius must have a rickety body, and it used to be said of the precocious child, "He is too smart to live long." No wonder. Better notions are indeed beginning to prevail, but some of the old leaven is still at work.

"REMARKABLE CHILDREN.—'Oh! he is certainly a remarkable child!' So said a proud mother, last evening, to a friend, as the subject of the eulogy stood by her chair—a poor, pale-faced lad of eight years, slender as a reed, without either muscular development or energy. Housed up from infancy, except at intervals, rarely if ever inhaling the free, pure air, he has become a regular house-plant, as delicate as an exotic. But melancholy as his condition is, he is only the type of a multitude in this great city, that are all, in one sense or another, 'remarkable children.'

"Unhappy is he, who, with such a body, possesses a strong mind; for, like an eagle in a canary's cage, it will flutter it to pieces and fly away. Better, far, that he should possess plain common sense, and nothing more—just sense enough to take care of himself, count *one* in the world, and undo, if he can, some of the grievous mischief done him in his earlier years.

"We hope what the mother said is not true. We trust the boy has no extraordinary intellectual trait. As pearls are evidences of disease, and when you have a brilliant pearl, by the same sign, you have a dead oyster, so those remarkable mental traits, nine times in ten, are cultivated at the expense of health, and life, and happiness.

"If you would know how a man thinks and what he thinks, examine his tongue, feel his pulse, analyze the contents of his stomach. If you find fever, or bile, or indigestion, look for them in the poem he composes, or the book that he writes.

"Our advice to every such mother of every such child—we ask nothing for the advice—is, to send him to the country, when they begin to turn the first furrows—let him follow the plow as the birds do—get very near the bosom of his mother earth—a little water will make all fair again—and maybe, next summer, or the summer after, he will get a color in his cheek, a healthy light in his eye, a good strong pulse, a constitution with real life in it. *Then*, he will stand a better chance to be a 'remarkable' man, and honor his parents by living 'long in the land.'

THE subjoined earnest and weighty thoughts, from Walter Savage Landor, deserve a place in our every-day recollections :

"An honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory.

"It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth; it is the office of the religious to worship her.

"The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life.

"If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbor;—if, professing that the rich man can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly;—if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, as though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity;—if, professing that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' I question the Lord's security, and haggle with him about the amount of the loan;—if, professing that I am his steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship; how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and such other thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?"

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

WHAT infinite affluence of beautiful objects surrounds us in spring-time!

"Forth in the pleasing Spring

Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness, and love."

Man should seek to catch some spiritual lessons from the fugitive flowers, that may abide in his heart when the evanescent bloom is gone. Beautiful as is nature around us, it is no joy at all until it is seen,—until it becomes mingled with a human life. "A child," says Giles, "wanders by a stream. The stream would babble onward, whether the child were there or not; but when the child mingles his laughter with its babbling, it is then a thing of beauty and a thing of joy."

The Poetry of the Season.—To some, Spring has only a sort of matter-of-fact interest. They see nothing beyond her sensible manifestations;—as furnishing food for our bodies; as a season that brings new supplies of fruits and vegetables. To such persons Nature is, properly speaking, no Nature at all, but only

a sort of huge machine, put in motion by some omnipotent diagram, to manufacture useful articles. And the reason why they see nothing poetical in Nature,—nothing valuable but strawberry-beds and cotton-plantations,—is, they have nothing but strawberry-eating and cotton-wearing faculties to view her with. And if they feel any emotion of gratitude awakened by the flushing glories of spring-time, it is not unlike that of amiable sheep, who love the good shepherd only because he leads them into green pastures. If this seems severe, it is nevertheless biblical. The Psalmist says: "O Lord, how great are thy works! . . . A brutish man (a man-brute) knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this."

To such the seasons come and go, and leave no blessing, or, at most, but a transient exhilaration of the senses, as fugitive as their blushing flowers.

On the other hand, to the meditative mind and open heart there is some peculiar inscription by the finger of God on each successive change around us. And the spring-time is specially suggestive of Divine goodness, and our entire dependence upon that invisible and omnipotent hand which rolls the seasons round. It is the time of Nature's, and ought to be of man's, thanksgiving. The very stones would cry out,—the green fields and rejoicing hills would cry out against him,—if he were not grateful. The sentiment of the spring-time is the sentiment of religious gratitude. And the spirit of the Christian naturalist, touched by the profusion of beautiful and wondrous objects around him, exclaims, with David, "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein!"

The more obvious moral suggestions of the season were considered in the May number, by a valuable essay on Spring. Let us not, however, overlook the less perceptible influence of *the Beautiful*.

"In all that God hath made, in all that man hath marred,
Lingereth beauty, or its wreck."

Poetry is but the true and the good, seen under the aspect of the beautiful; so that, rightly viewed,—viewed with the whole mind and heart,—all things are replete with poetry. And every mind that is excited to thought and feeling by the breathing, beautiful, blossoming world around him, may be said to experience

poetical feelings, which are merely the highest and purest feelings of our nature. What ever elevates our minds above ourselves, and excites our admiration and love of the pure and beautiful, gives us for the time a poetical temper and poetical feelings; "for," says Dr. Arnold, "the very essence of poetry is that it exalts and ennobles us, and puts us into a higher state of mind than that which we are commonly living in."

Though our world is blighted by sin, it is still rich with the germs of its pristine loveliness. All the fragrances of Paradise are sleeping in the dulllest clod; and out of the commonest sunbeams may be drawn the colors of the rainbow.

What a sphere of innocent pleasure, of spiritual refinement and elevation, encircles every one who has a soul to see and feel the Beautiful! The driest stick becomes an Aaron's rod, and buds and blossoms out into poetry.

The Beautiful in Nature.—Go out into some quiet country scene, where all to the eye is "one boundless *blush*, one white-empurpled shower of mingled blossoms." There may be no music of singing birds; and yet the soul does not feel itself alone:—

"There seems a floating whisper on the hill."

And what is it that wraps the soul with such a sweet enchantment? It is not the simple distribution of light and shade, but the conscious presence of the spirit of Beauty pervading and harmonizing the scene.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, around us,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,—
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

Let every one, at this season, open his soul to the sweet influences of Nature, and commune with the spirit of Beauty.

"For Beauty hideth everywhere, that Reason's child may seek her,
And, having found the gem of price, may set it in God's crown."

Take with you, in your country excursions, the poets of Nature; for

"Beauty is as crystal in the torchlight, sparkling on the poet's page."

Take MILTON—"whose poetry," says Macaulay, "reminds us of Alpine scenery. Nooks and dells, beautiful as fairy-land, are embosomed in its most rugged and gigantic ele-

vations. The rose and the myrtle bloom unchilled on the verge of the avalanche."

Take THOMSON—so full of beautiful images, which occasionally gleam out amid the reveries of fancy; as though "the poet had caught sudden and transporting glimpses of the Creator himself, through the dim perspective of his works."

Take WORDSWORTH—by whose genius "the bare earth and mountains bare" are covered with an imaginative radiance more holy than that which old Grecian poets shed over Olympus. The world, it has been said, as consecrated by his poetic wisdom, is an enchanted scene, redolent with gentle humanity, and vocal with "echoes from beyond the tomb."

Take with you, as the companions of your walks, these uninspired poets; "yet not wholly uninspired," says Christopher North, "if that name may be given to strains which, like the airs that had touched the bloom of Paradise, 'whisper whence they stole those balmy sweets.'"

But, *above all*, take with you the PSALMS OF DAVID; for they are the everlasting manual to the soul. They alone deserve the name of sacred lyrics. "These alone contain a poetry that meets the spiritual nature in all its moods and in all its wants,—which strengthens with glorious exhortations, gives angelic eloquence to prayer, and almost rises to the seraph's joy in praise."

If thus we go forth to meditate amidst the profusion of beauty and wonder in spring-time, with thoughtful minds and devotional hearts, we shall be made holier and happier by the conscious nearness of the God of love, and catch, from what we see around us, glimpses—pleasing intimations—of the coming future.

"If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!"

GENERAL ITEMS.

JUICE OF THE GRAPE.—E. C. Delavan is informed by a workman in a wine-brewing establishment, that he has frequently seen \$100 made on a single cask of liquor sold as wine, which did not contain a drop of the juice of the grape, but was made from whiskey and drugs.

DEFICIENT AID.—The New York Evangelist of March 30th, says:—We notice with much regret, that the American Education

Society was obliged, for want of funds, to withhold a portion of its last quarterly appropriations to the students under its care. This is a calamity, which, though it was probably unavoidable in the present case, will not fail to carry distress and discouragement with it. There is hardly any case where even a slight failure would be so severely felt, as in the small but indispensable aid furnished to poor students. And we cannot but regard it as one of the organic evils of this mode of promoting Ministerial Education, that such deficiencies cannot be rendered impossible. The provision for young men studying for the ministry ought to be made, in some way, too permanent to be affected by the fluctuations of the church's contributions from season to season. We can hardly expect, under any stress of persuasion, an abundant supply of candidates until this contingency is removed.

MORE SUBMARINE MOVEMENTS.—The great invention of the day—the submarine navigation of Dr. Payerne—is about to be put in practice at Cherbourg, the company purchasing the invention having volunteered to cleanse that harbor free of expense to the government. The secret consists in the discovery of a means whereby artificial air may be produced in sufficient quantity to enable a crew of fourteen men to breathe freely beneath the water for the space of four hours. A curious experiment has been already made at Marseilles, where Dr. Payerne, in company with three sailors, went to the bottom in presence of hundreds of spectators, and rose, at a considerable distance, and climbed the port-holes of a man-of-war, without being perceived by the crew. It is not a bad reflection on the spirit of the age in which we live, to remark that the first application of this tremendous power, which should take rank with the electric telegraph, has been made use of for the supply of oysters from Granville for the *halles* of Paris.

BOOK NOTICES.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE, OR THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.—This is certainly a deeply interesting volume. It presents phases of ministerial experience bright and gloomy, the sunshine and the shade, in a style which cannot fail to please and instruct. It discusses men and things, social and ecclesiastical arrangements and systems, with a vividness and ability that bespeak the writer to be no common-place delineator of the world's passing, pregnant scenes, and every-day facts. If the reader is not startled by the novelty of the incidents related, he will be charmed with the author's descriptive powers, will be delighted with the reflections to which these incidents give rise, and surprised at the deep philosophy of human nature which they unfold. We have not in a long time met with

a more readable book. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia.

APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES, being Lectures on the Book of Revelation. Second series. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.—We are not surprised at the reputation which the author of this work enjoys as an eloquent preacher and profound thinker. These sketches are learned without pedantry—they are earnest, stirring, powerful exhibitions of evangelical truth, and occupy a high rank as specimens of pulpit oratory. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

THE SEPULCHRES OF OUR DEPARTED. By Rev. F. R. Anspach, A.M.—We have not this volume in our possession; but a friend whose critical judgment may be relied on, says that it "embodies a leading thought of uncommon power and beauty. The author conducts us to those sacred spots where the ashes of our beloved ones repose, not with a countenance of gloom, but with one in which the gravity suited to the occasion is most happily blended with religious cheerfulness. He derives some of the most admirable illustrations in the several chapters from his own pastoral experience, and these, suggesting new thoughts continually, sustain the interest to the end of the volume. Every page indicates close observation and deep thought. There are thrilling passages in the work, eloquent appeals, and tender admonitions, all which at once speak to the heart, and are adapted to purify and chasten it. The sound taste, devout feeling, and pleasing and new views which characterize the work, give it a high value; it enlarges the bounds of the reader's thoughts, and elevates his heart to God, and will, therefore, be gladly welcomed by every Christian family to which it is introduced." LINDSAY & BLAKISTON.

PHILADELPHIA AS IT IS—is a guide-book from which the stranger will gather more information than he can obtain by asking a thousand questions, while it imparts to the citizen the knowledge of many curious and interesting facts. It is beautifully illustrated with engravings. Who has not wished, when walking through a strange city, that he had some kind friend at his side to describe the uses of this building or the history of that structure? In this volume such a friend offers his services, not exactly without a price, but at a price so small that any one would rather give it than lay himself under obligations for gratuitous favors. And the best of all is that this guide can be employed without taking him from more important business; for his sole occupation is to make the tour of the city with those who desire to see its remarkable objects. Any one who wishes for an introduction to this intelligent and agreeable companion can obtain it by calling on Messrs. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, who number this among their many useful publications.

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE

AND

CHRISTIAN ECLECTIC.

JULY, 1854.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL ENTERPRISE.

THIS cause addresses its claims to the consideration and sympathy of all men. It may be justly regarded as one of the most efficient agencies employed by the Church for the spread of the Gospel. Perhaps no single instrument for the extension of Christianity will be found in the end to have produced an equal amount of good. If the Church could have possessed this machinery in past ages, how much more might have been accomplished for the glory of God! If those saints, who have for centuries, been sleeping in the dust, could have been acquainted with this system of benevolence, what a different aspect would the world this day present! How it would have caused the river of peace to subdue that fierce public sentiment, which has thousands and thousands of times, gathered the strength of nations together and crushed them in the shock of battle. If the youth of former generations could have been instructed in the way of life, it may be, that that land of darkness and blood in which the false prophet has reared his crescent, would never have become a den of pollution and cruelty; then perhaps the "man of sin" would not have ascended the hill of God and "lorded it over God's heritage." What a blessing

would it be to our own nation, if the sacred mantle of this institution were thrown over the whole land, and every youthful heart were brought under its precious influence! How the progress of vice would be arrested, and the cause of public morals promoted; the march of sin retarded, and true piety advanced! Christians should value the Sabbath School as an important means of grace, as a precious gift of God to our country; they should regard it as a privilege as well as a duty to labor in this field of usefulness; they should be willing to make sacrifices, in order that they may bring the "little ones" to Christ, educate young immortals for eternal activity and enjoyment, prepare them for a career of goodness upon the earth, and a life of happiness in heaven. We propose in the present article briefly to offer some of the motives and encouragements which urge us cheerfully to engage in this work, and faithfully to labor in the performance of its duties.

1. The value of the human soul should influence all who call themselves Christians. Those, who have reason to believe that they have been the subjects of a saving change, will desire to put forth efforts to rescue other souls from ruin. The triumphs of the Cross will be an object dear to their hearts. Who can adequately estimate the value of the soul, or fully comprehend the price paid for

its ransom? What in the whole physical universe can be compared to it? Goldsmith thought there was not a gem upon the earth so precious as the soul, and One greater than he, even the Son of God, pronounced it more valuable than the whole world! *For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul!* It was created for immortality. It never dies. It will live throughout the endless ages of eternity, either in bliss or woe, forever happy or forever wretched. Says Dr. Doddridge: The eternal salvation of the soul is of great importance and pregnant with greater events, than the temporal salvation of a whole kingdom, though it were for the space of ten thousand years, because there will come up a point, an instant in eternity, when that one soul shall have existed as many ages, as all the individuals of a whole kingdom, ranged in close succession, will have existed in the space of ten thousand years."

"Knowest thou the value of the soul immortal? Behold the midnight glory: worlds on worlds! Ten thousand odd: and twice ten thousand more,
Then weigh the whole—one soul outweighs the whole."

Yet how many are going down to death and the grave, as though they were to live here forever, without faith and repentance, all under sentence of condemnation. Of their exalted powers, their immortal destiny, of what God their Saviour hath done for them, they seem totally unconscious. A few years hence, where will they be, and what their condition? Xerxes, on the field of battle, shed tears at the thought, that his army, so magnificent, should in the lapse of time be no more; but his vision was limited by this world. The blessed Redeemer wept over Jerusalem, as he saw its guilty inhabitants passing on towards the tomb, unreconciled to God and unprepared for death, because he could look beyond the present life, and knew what it was for the soul to be lost. He could see its unending career in the regions of eternal despair! Life is a vapor; soon it is gone. Another genera-

tion succeeds, and our place is supplanted by others. We move only for a brief season upon this stage of action. We speedily pass away and emerge into an immortal existence beyond these scenes. In that land, "whence no traveller returns," all our great interests lie and our doom is fixed. As sure as God himself shall never die, so sure is it, that we shall never cease to exist. Into our hands precious souls are committed; if we are faithful to the trust we may, in the hands of God, be instrumental in plucking them from the "eternal burning" and fitting them for the skies.

2. This enterprise takes hold of the elements of society. Youth is the season for giving the proper direction to the mind. It is yet unoccupied. It is tender, most susceptible of impressions, can be moulded into any form and made productive of good or evil. Habit has not yet exerted its influence. The heart is not yet hardened. Sin has not gained the ascendancy.

"The mind impressible, and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what it sees and hears,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew
That education gives it, false and true."

As in the natural world we see the polyp, taking its color from the food that nourishes it, so the young are constantly receiving a cast from the objects, with which they come in contact. The sapling you can bend with comparative ease, and in becoming a tree, it follows most readily the directions which your hand probably gave it a century before. If, therefore, we would effect a change in the condition of society, purify its foundations and insure its character, we must begin with the young. It is a difficult task to reform those who have reached manhood or become the subjects of confirmed habits. The influence of habit is almost omnipotent. Even when the intellect is impaired, or reason dethroned, the force of habit is still felt. "I knew one," says Dr. Todd, "who, for half a century has been a maniac, but who in her childhood formed the habit of keeping the Sabbath, and of reading the Scriptures, and never did the Sabbath return in all that dreary course, without her being quiet and subdued

on that day, or without her sitting down to read the Scriptures as in her childhood." Our own experience tells us how indelible are the impressions of our youth! They are never effaced from the tablet of our memory. Although we may forget the occurrences of yesterday, the scenes of early days are fresh in our remembrance. The lessons then learned operate upon the youthful heart, just as a spray of water, thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust, which no subsequent effort can remove. John Randolph once said to an intimate friend, "I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics, and though this was unjust, yet the truth is I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time, when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father, who art in heaven.*" The life of John Newton is often cited as an illustration of the strength of early religious influences. He had a pious mother. It was her constant practice to retire with him to her closet and implore God's blessing upon her little boy. An impression was made upon his heart, which he could never forget. Although he wandered far from home and forsook even the path of virtue, yet the influence of his mother's prayers and holy example still remained. He associated with the idle and the dissipated, he mingled in the most disgraceful scenes, yet in the midnight revelry, he would frequently fancy that he felt the soft hand of his mother upon his head pleading with God, to pardon and bless the son of her love. He went to Africa and became more wicked than the savages upon that desolate coast, yet those early influences followed him, and, after a season of folly and guilt had passed away, brought him back to God. He devoted himself to the Christian ministry, became a bright and shining light in the church and the guide of many to glory.

Washington's greatness was owing to the influence exercised over him in early life. His character was formed in youth. Proper principles were instilled upon his youthful mind, and thus was he prepared for the

brilliant career, which he afterwards pursued. If his heart had not been controlled by the power of the gospel, how different might have been his course in life, how disastrous to his country! His unchecked energies might have raised him to the throne of a tyrant, or fitted him for a career of crime and a dishonored grave! But why multiply instances? The biography of almost every eminent man of God is an exemplification of the truth of our statement. Sometimes the result is immediate and progressive; at other times you perceive no fruit, till many years have elapsed.

More than two thousand years ago, Agelaus being asked, "*What studies were the best for the boy?*" replied, "*Those which will best qualify him for the duties of the man.*" Before him a wiser one had said, *Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.* Yet how often do Christians act as if there were no force in the words of inspiration! How common is the opinion, that the mind ought not to be preoccupied with religious truth. Coleridge once happily rebuked this spirit of neglect, when he took an infidel friend to a garden of weeds, which three months before was smooth and promising. His friend said: "What does this mean? *You have been neglecting your garden.*" "Only following out your idea," said Coleridge, "and now, look you, if it is not best to inculcate good principles first, for Satan is ever busy scattering the seeds of error." Jeremy Taylor one day remarked to a mother, "You must educate your son, or the devil will do it for you." The mind unemployed will not be long innocent. Baxter says, "An idle man's brains are the devil's workshop." Or as Dr. Watts hath it—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

The mind will be preoccupied, and if not with good, it must be with evil. The lower tendencies of our nature may be repressed, by filling the mind with noble engagements, and inspiring it with lofty aspirations. The Sabbath School is designed to aid in this work. It takes the child at a most critical period, when impressions are permanent,

when the mind is free and the heart impregnable; when there are no cares to distract, no perplexities to embarrass, no prejudices to encounter, when all the influences which surround the child, are most favorable for the reception of the truth. Unsuspicious and unbiassed, it drinks in the instruction, and under the proper appliances, in early life it becomes consecrated to God, and is transformed into an image of his Son.

3. An additional motive is presented in the fact that the Sabbath School system is designed to bring in contact with the popular mind the Bible, "which has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter." What more delightful work to the Christian than to be engaged in making the rising generation acquainted with the word of God, to teach them to

"Read and revere the sacred page,
Where triumphs immortality; a page
Which not the whole creation could produce,
Which not the conflagration shall destroy."

The Sacred Volume leaves no mind unmoved which comes under its influence. Its adaptedness to the wants of our immortal nature is wonderful; it is suited to every circumstance of life, and to all classes of society. Such a power is possessed by no other book. The precepts of Confucius, the Shasters of Venda, and the Koran of Mohammed produce no similar results. *"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."* Well might the Psalmist exclaim: *"Blessed is the man, whose delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."* Here is comfort in affliction, strength in the hour of temptation, and we can come forth unharmed from the perils of the world, rejoicing in the trials that insure so rich a reward. The ignorant are here furnished with instruction given in the simplest language, the learned with mysteries

the most profound, the careless and obstinate with reproof, the timid and irresolute with encouragement, the erring with comfort and pardon, the afflicted and broken-hearted with consolation, uttered "in strains as sweet as angels use." The ancient Greeks had a single sentence, which they thought, although without foundation, had descended from Heaven; and with the view of expressing their gratitude for the gift, they had it engraven in letters of gold upon the entrance of one of their temples. We, more highly blessed, have not only a sentence but a whole volume, which actually did come from God; and shall we not evince our gratitude and love to its Author by carefully reading its pages, studying its precepts, cherishing its hopes, and seeking to exemplify in our conduct and experience in our hearts its purging, its saving influence? Shall we not put forth earnest efforts for the dissemination of its principles, and labor to bring under its power those who are so soon to take our place upon the great theatre of human life? The Bible was the talisman of our ancestors. It was their protection in danger, it guarded them from evil, it guided them to good. It is

"The only star

By which the bark of man can navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely."

4. The connection of the enterprise with the sanctification of the Sabbath is a motive, as well as an encouragement, for laboring in this good cause. The Lord's Day seems peculiarly appropriate for giving religious instruction, especially to those who do not enjoy any advantages of this kind at home. This day, unless properly employed, is likely to be desecrated, and prove injurious to the morals of the young. It is a day of leisure, often devoted to recreation and amusement. The business of the week is laid aside, secular duties are suspended. Temptations are thrown in the way, and snares laid for the feet. Within the Sabbath School there is a deliverance from many of these seductive influences, to which the young are exposed, and which the adversary of souls spreads to allure them to ruin. Here is created an

atmosphere, beneath whose genial influence, the plants of virtue may thrive and be productive of the highest good. The remembrance of this holy day is a barrier, which must always be broken down, before men can become adepts in vice, or giants in iniquity. "A corruption of morals," says Blackstone, "usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." Chief Justice Hale remarks, "That of all the persons, convicted of capital offences, whilst he was upon the bench, he found a few only, who would not, on inquiry, confess, that they commenced their course of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day." If you desire to convert an individual into a terrible and loathsome object, you have only to begin the work, by destroying in him all reverence for God's holy day, and when he has gone so far as to trample upon this means of grace instituted for man's best welfare, he will be prepared very soon to tread under foot all the rest, till he has become a monster in iniquity, and a tool in the hands of the Great Destroyer. What a chasm in the world if this sacred day were blotted from our weeks! France did burn the Bible, and abolish the Sabbath, and the fearful result we have seen! She was abandoned in her madness by the God of the Sabbath, and how terrible the scenes which ensued! Even at this distant period, their recital strikes us with a feeling of dread. How great is the influence of the Sabbath upon the destinies of our own beloved land! If its desecration ever become general, and we honor not God in the observance of this institution, the days of our nation are numbered, the death warrant of our freedom is signed, and the grave of our country is dug.

5. We notice as an encouragement to our efforts, the providences and promises of God. Our confidence in this, as well as in every other work, which relates to the Redeemer's glory, and the extension of his kingdom, is in the faithfulness of God. He has given us the gracious assurance that his Spirit will accompany and bless the instructions of his word. His truth will be efficacious! *My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I*

please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. Hath the Most High spoken, and shall he not perform? *The Lord is upright; there is no unrighteousness in Him. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.* Although our efforts may not be crowned with immediate success, that is no reason for despair. We may meet with discouragements and encounter numerous difficulties, yet we must go forth in the strength of our Divine Master, relying upon his promised aid, and trusting to the influences of the blessed Spirit. We may seem to labor for a long time, and without any apparent effect, but in God's own time the seed will spring up, and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life. We must bear in mind that it is God's blessing which giveth the increase. Without it the strongest is utterly impotent for any good work; the weakest is powerful, if God be with him. *Without me, said the Saviour, ye can do nothing. Through Christ's strengthening me I can do all things,* said his Apostle.

If we had not trespassed sufficiently long upon the attention of the kind reader, who has thus followed us, we might refer to the influence of this blessed institution upon individual character, upon the happiness of man, and the welfare of society, and show how frequently the Sabbath School has rescued from pollution and vice the child of poverty and guilt; transformed him into an intelligent and virtuous being, made him an heir of heaven, and a blessing to his race. We might also speak of the reflex influence which the system exerts upon those who are engaged in giving instruction, and show, how *he that watereth shall be watered also himself*: how every effort to benefit our fellow-men, results in good to ourselves:—

"It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes."

Will it, my Christian friend, add nothing to the stream of joy, which will flow through your heart to feel that, under God, such a machinery, capable of accomplishing so much, was kept in motion by your instrumentality? Will it not, at the last day, contribute to your enjoyment, when you see one and another poor wanderer conducted to the realms of glory, and as he casts his crown at the feet of the Saviour, tell how he was first led to Him by the instruction afforded at the Sabbath School, in whose interests you were laboring? A few more years and we shall pass away—our bodies moulder, our names be forgotten, the heavens shall wax old, and the earth reel with age! Then shall the angel plant one foot on sea, and the other on dry land, and, lifting his hand to heaven, shall swear by Him, that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer; the dead, both small and great, shall be placed before the throne of God; the books shall be opened, and then that other book, which is the Book of Life, shall be read—their names shall all be read, and one, yea many, a great multitude shall be found there, and under God, they were brought to the throne of the Lamb through your faithful efforts. *They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.*

OVER SEA RECOLLECTIONS.

HOW THREE OF US GOT INTO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is not an easy thing for *common* people to gain admission into the upper House of the British Parliament. In the first place, the accommodations for visitors are very limited, and if easy access were allowed, the galleries would be inconveniently crowded, as is now often the case even in our Representative Halls in Washington, which does not contain the fiftieth part of the population of London; and again, the British nobility affect, at least, a position of exclusiveness, and do not fancy a too close proximity to the untitled and unwashed multitude.

To secure admission to "The Lords" it is necessary, on ordinary occasions, to have a certificate from a member or from our Ambassador. But we had not the honor of an acquaintance with any of their highborn excellencies, nor did we know our country's representative at Her Majesty's Court, and besides that, at the time when we resolved to secure an entrance, it was too late to drive several miles to his residence to ask for a ticket of admission. We determined then on a regular siege in the true Yankee fashion, and to accomplish by presumption what we could not obtain by favor.

We had seen most of the remarkable sights of that extraordinary city. We had rambled for days through its illimitable streets and squares and parks. We had visited numerous galleries, museums, churches, palaces, gardens, and hundreds of other places and things which claim the attention of the enlightened tourist, but we had not yet ventured on the House of Lords. We regarded that as an almost hopeless case, but true Americans are seldom disheartened, and one evening in the Council of Three, we resolved on a desperate attempt.

My lady readers will doubtless ask, whether I did not regard a sight of the Queen more desirable than a visit to "the Lords." I will answer no; and this reminds me of telling how one day I *almost* saw her Majesty, but not quite. Passing by Buckingham Palace, I saw a crowd of people gathered about one of the gates; I inquired the cause, and was told that the Queen and royal children were about to take an airing, and that the equipage would soon drive out of that gate. I waited an hour to see the show, and in the mean time, the crowd had become immense. At length, we heard the gate unbolted from within—it swung back on its ponderous hinges,—a splendid chariot drove out, it contained one woman, she was large, old, fat, ugly. That's not the Queen! No, it would be profane to think so, fair reader! It was an upper servant of the royal household!! So much for waiting an hour to see a queen! I slunk away "with feelings that cannot be described."

But let us return to "The Lords."

Imagine then three Americans proceeding down Whitehall towards the House of Parliament, intent on a bold adventure. One of them was a tall, lath-like gentleman, with facial organs particularly prominent, the most obvious of which was bestrode with a magnificent pair of gold specs. He was so earnestly engaged in conversation with his companions on the plan of the contemplated manœuvre, that he was nearly run over several times by the vehicles that throng that thoroughfare, and I could not enumerate the times he was rudely jostled by the multitudinous pedestrians. No. 2 of the trio was a small gentleman, ratherish thin-visaged, and he looked like one who for years had been elaborating metaphysical ideas in a capacious arm-chair, and without assuming the airs, he decidedly carried the appearance of the Professor. There was a sort of cloisterish scholastic mien about the man that to an observant eye at once stamped him as the occupant of the professorial chair, and the reader of many books, and the maker too, of not a few. I remember hearing an intelligent lady in Germany, with whom we exchanged cards, and who was anxious to know the respective pursuits of the trio, reply to the polite answer of this gentleman, "Oh, Sir, I knew very well that *you* were a *Professor*." No. 3 was a short gentleman, somewhatish fat, with an air which the French call *brusque*; his step was rapid, his heart, by some unusual freak of nature, was not placed between his ribs, but in his mouth, and neither heart nor mouth was small. The former often run over without due discretion, but the latter was always ready to make amends. His gesture was animated, and he entered with all earnestness into the assault on "the Lords."

The plan of attack was finally arranged. The chief interlocutor was selected, and his commanding qualification was not his eloquence, but his impudence. They arrive at the House. The noble Lords were assembling, splendid equipages drew up before the main entrance, and after the bustle had somewhat subsided, we advanced towards an under official, who was standing at the lower door. He was arrayed in a fine suit

of velvet of antique fashion, a cocked hat, a broad belt of red silk crossed his shoulder, to which was attached a heavy sword. "Now for it,—go it strong!" said we, and in a solid phalanx of three we courageously advanced. "Sir," said our spokesman, "we are three American *gentlemen*, who are travelling through Great Britain, to visit the institutions of your glorious country, expecting to write and speak a great deal about them when we reach home. We take a deep interest in legislation, and having considerable experience in deliberative assemblies, we are exceedingly anxious of admission into the Lords. We have brought letters from high officers of our government at home, and—" "Have you an order from one of the noble Lords?" said the official, impolitely interrupting our speaker. "No, Sir,—we have not that honor." "Well, then," continued he, more than half turning his back, "you cannot be admitted." "But, Sir," said our man, "we would beg you to remember that we are American *gentlemen*, who have come to visit the institutions of your great country," and then he proceeded to flatter the national pride of the burly Englishman, until he somewhat relented.

Now I want my reader to remember that the word *gentleman*, on which our spokesman placed such a decided emphasis, has a different meaning in England from that which we give to it. *Here* a well-behaved, honest omnibus-driver is a gentleman, but *there*, a gentleman is *somebody*. He is there a man of wealth, of influence, of distinction; and, of course, great deference is paid to him. Our pleader took advantage of this meaning, and used it adroitly. After some further parleying, we so wrought on this man's feelings, that he finally said, "Well, *gentlemen*, wait a moment, till I go and consult my superior at the head of the stairs," and off he started. We, instead of waiting, followed on, rejoicing that we had succeeded in breaking down the outer wall of the fortress.

We confronted the superior, who was habited in more splendid style than the first man. The latter began to represent our case, but he did it with so little animation that our speaker wound up his Yankee im-

puddence to the highest pitch, and interrupting the man, began his old speech, "Sir, we are American *gentlemen*," and so forth. This superior felt disposed to create difficulties, but we resolutely fought off all his objections, and gave him to understand that we were not ordinary travellers racing over the country, but American *gentlemen*, whom it *might* be his interest to serve. He finally made the same remark as the first one, "Wait, *gentlemen*, till I see my superior on the floor above," but we were again on his heels, and we had almost as much difficulty with official No. 3 as with his inferiors. Neither would he let us pass without consulting the man above him, and instead of waiting as he bid us, we were at his coat tail, as he pompously strode through the long corridor leading to the position of the other man. At length we arrived at No. 4, and were about commencing, "Sir, we are American *gentlemen*," when he, with a majestic wave of the hand, replied, "Gentlemen, enter the House of Lords!" Now, all this, which I have related in a few minutes, consumed considerable time in accomplishing. We argued, and pleaded, and stood on our dignity, and would not yield an inch.

There we were. I will not describe the appearance of things, but the men we saw were *somebodies*. There were Wellington, Brougham, Northumberland, Londonderry, and the flower of the British nobility. The Bench of Bishops was fully represented, and the whole scene was one of deep interest. Independently of the trouble it cost to see it, it was gratifying and instructive. Many of our countrymen whom we afterwards saw, almost envied us, and I shall not soon forget the day, nor the manner in which we got into the House of Lords.

THE DEAF AND THE BLIND.*

AMONG the educational advantages of the present age, none are more conspicu-

* This article is, strictly speaking, *eclectic*, the several portions having been gathered from various sources, such as Household Words, the Edinburgh Review, and Philadelphia as It Is; but the arrangement of these portions and their combinations are new, whilst a stone

ous than the benefits extended to two unfortunate classes of persons,—those who cannot distinguish sound, and those who are never permitted to look upon the scenes of beauty which the divine hand has pictured. The engraving represents the Institution for the education of deaf mutes, which stands at the corner of Broad and Pine Streets, Philadelphia. The edifice is constructed of granite. It has a centre building, fifty feet front by sixty-three in depth. The whole front, including the wings, is ninety-six feet. The façade is ornamented by a chaste and beautiful portico, in the Doric style of architecture. There are two spacious yards, and an enclosed plat laid out as a flower-garden, furnishing ample space for exercise. The interior arrangements are of the most ample kind, comprising eleven school-rooms, a lecture-room, a cabinet of models, apparatus, and specimens, airy sleeping-rooms, an infirmary, workshops, apartments for culinary purposes, &c. To cultivate the understanding, to invigorate the physical constitution, and to train up the child in the way he should go, are the leading objects of this institution, and those of a similar character elsewhere.

It is clear, that as far as happiness is concerned, the deaf mute is far better off among those who are like himself, than in a world where he is on equal terms with nobody. A more forlorn creature, among people who cannot converse with him, does not exist. As soon as he gets into an institution where all are like himself, and can use the modes of communication established there, he becomes as cheerful as other people, and the difficulty is only how to bring him away when he can remain there no longer.

If he is so fortunate as to be destined to good special school training, still he must spend his first years at home. Now, how is he to be taught anything? He can be taught, of course, to wash and dress himself, and behave properly at table; to imitate, in short,

taken from our own heap has been put in here, and a little mortar there, to bind the several parts together, and give unity to the whole. Our readers, we feel quite assured, will be pleased with the article in its present form.



what he sees. But how can he get any real knowledge? He can draw, if shown how, what is before his eyes, and he can draw the letters of the alphabet, and words, as easily as anything else. But how is he to learn what letters the words mean? Some words, nouns signifying what he sees, he presently learns. The cat, papa's hat, the table, a spoon, and the like, he can soon join with the written word; and he may even get so far as to fit the word table to all tables, and the word spoon to all spoons. But how will you teach him the days of the week? It is no easy matter to make him attend to what a day is; for it is a sort of abstract ideal and when you come to separating the days by name, when to the child they are all alike; and when the separation ends at seven, and the same names then begin again, how can you make such a complicated affair understood by a child to whom you cannot explain it? Before he can get any true notion of it, he must have some idea of what time means; and how can you give him that? The only way of beginning is to use the external appearance of a day—Sunday, for instance,—as a starting point, and let constant repetition teach the rest. There are no church bells for him; but he sees papa at home that day; and that people are dressed differently from other days; and that they go out at a

particular hour, in a grave sort of way; and that no sewing is done, and so on. The word *Sunday* is shown him, and he probably writes it every morning when he sees these appearances. The next day, he writes *Monday*, and is aware in his own mind that it comes next to Sunday. In course of time he knows all the seven.

Though we are naturally apt to overrate what education can do in the case of deaf mutes, it is not the less true that what is actually done for them in the best institutions is marvellous. It is not only that they are made happy,—that their habits are carefully formed,—their tempers controlled, and social qualities largely developed—but so much communication of minds with each other and with the external world is established that those who are aware of the difficulties of the case know not how sufficiently to admire. The pupils not only have a language of signs, but one of words, as copious as ours, however defective in the meanings conveyed; and the pupils now not only write this letter language and speak it with the fingers, but actually utter it with the organs of speech—not, of course, because they can hear themselves or any body else, but that they may the better comprehend the nature, and enjoy the uses of language. It is no uncommon thing now for advanced pupils to know what

people say by the motion of their mouths, and to converse by speech, more or less odd and disagreeable, but intelligible. From these institutions, they go forth fitted for various employments, and capable of various pleasures which they could never have become qualified for at home. As for their occupation, they make good copying clerks, accountants, wood-carvers, ordinary engravers, and the like; and the girls are admirable at dress-making and household arts.

The grand difficulty of the deaf mute is a moral one. He is apt to brood over painful and unamiable thoughts, so solitary as his life for the most part is. From being driven in upon himself, he is self-conscious, shy, and too generally irritable and suspicious. No creature has more need of the self-control obtained from steady discipline at home. The trial to temper and self-respect is as great as well can be, and it should be timely prepared for.

The first requisite is thorough confidence between the parents (the mother especially), and the child. The mother should steady his little mind, and enter into his feelings, good or bad, and win him to confide to her all his peculiar experience. Then she will know how to give him the knowledge that he cannot get for himself. She will take care that his life, always irksome enough, is made as cheerful as good sense, courage, and family affection can make it.

Above all, it is her business to warn him in time against moroseness, the unreasonableness, and the suspicious temper that will inevitably poison his life if this timely care be not taken. It is not only possible but easy, when there is good sense, courage, and love in the parent, to turn the selfish and chafing temper into one of love, trust, and repose. It is a painful truth, but it ought to be spoken—that the family treatment of personal infirmity in any member is frequently bad. Between the inexperience and small power of reflection in some,—the lack of good sense in others—false tenderness here, and hardness, through reluctance to face the truth, there—the sufferer has too often but a poor chance. Among the whole order of these sufferers, none, after the idiotic or deficient, is so sure of failure, and misery

if left to himself, as the deaf child. The blind, the lame, the deformed, have much to go through; but their intellectual development and moral growth and satisfaction do not depend, as in the case of the deaf, precisely upon that part of them which is defective.

The *blind* constitute another unfortunate class whose condition has been greatly improved by educational establishments. "*No man becomes blind,*" says the proverb, "*by merely shutting his eyes: nor does a fool always see by opening them.*" Yet in spite of the proverb, when we think or reason about the blind we are apt to judge of them as simply having their eyes shut, while we have ours open; and that therein lies the great difference between us. This is but a hundredth part of the difference.

A man who has been blind from birth, or even early childhood, fails in realizing even what light is, much less a blazing flame. In the same way he fails to realize, even remotely, descriptions of the stars, the starry heavens at night, the sun, the moon. He has scarcely any idea of distance; such words as "*the arched canopy of heaven,*" which *seeing* men call boundless, convey to him, after all but a vague and dreamy idea of distance and space; but not even a faint conception of the glorious spectacle which delights his fellow-men.

So again, of the sea he can form no accurate conception. "I have been told," said a poor blind man to us not long since, "that the ocean is like an immense green field; but of what use is that? How do I know what a *field* is, or what *green* is?" The words *sea* and *sky*, therefore, do not convey to the blind the impression which they convey to us. *His* world, so to speak, is without sky or sea; but of such a world *we* can form no idea.

It is but natural to find that the blind, as a class, when once they have been roused to exertion, and their education has been really commenced, even in every day, practical life act with greater individuality and concentration of purpose than many *cleverer* friends who have eyes. If neglected and left alone, they will doubtless stagnate in mind and body. The darkness surrounding the body

seems to penetrate and pervade the mind ; and not only does it appear to them that the day is over, and the night come when none may work, but that the sun is set, and that there can be no moon or stars to govern the night.

But only once convince the blind man that He who made the day made also the night, that very night in which he lives and is to work—show to him but one star of hope—point out to him but one work which he can and ought to do—make your demonstration practical, and show that the work proposed can be done by him—raise, in short, one spark of interest in what the hand or the head is to do, and it will soon be done with might and earnestness, the one solitary dim spark will increase in brilliancy and size ; soon other stars will dawn upon the sight where but now was darkness, as each heaviest, darkest cloud “unfolds her silver lining to the night,” and the whole heaven soon glows with innumerable points of fire. “A blind man,” says the German parablist, “stood with uplifted head in the mild sunbeams of a spring day. The warmth of the sun penetrated his limbs, and its splendor beamed upon his darkened eyes, and his countenance was fixed.

“‘O thou incomprehensible sea of light !’ said he ; ‘thou wonder of the Almighty hand that formed thee and directs thee in thy glorious path ! From thee stream eternal plenty, light, and heat, and thy strength never decays. How great must he be who created thee ?

“One who stood near him heard his soliloquy, and inquired, ‘How can you admire the bright star of day when you cannot behold it ?’

“‘For that very reason, my friend,’ was the answer ; ‘since the light of my eyes has been darkened, and I cannot *see* the brightness of the sun I cherish it in my heart. Every sensation of its rays causes it to rise within me, and its splendor shines in my soul. But *you* behold it as you see everything else, only with the natural eye.’”

But to return to the prose reality of the matter. When one point of interest is thoroughly roused in the mind of a blind child of whatever age, the work quickly progresses,

whatever that point of interest be. It may chance to be in the art of making a basket, or a pair of shoes ; in the learning of a psalm, or the art of using a knife ; it may be of walking uprightly, or finding his way through the asylum into which he is received, from room to room of his new home. It matters little where the interest is first roused, provided it be real, and is at once cherished into active life and exertion. Much will depend on the habit and disposition of the learner, his previous mode of life, his parents’ occupations, ignorance and poverty, neglect or care of their child.

One boy will, we find, learn in a month what it takes another a year to master, and which perhaps a third is never able to acquire. We happened to be not long ago in the chapel of the Asylum for the Blind in New York. It was a holiday, and they were all assembled there to entertain each other and receive the visits of their friends. The chapel has the usual seats. There is a platform at one end, on which stands the organ, raised two or three steps from the floor ; and it was truly wonderful to see with what ease the player passed from the other end of the room to his seat at the instrument—walking rapidly along the aisle formed by the seats without using the sense of touch, turning the angles with as much precision and quickness as if possessed of the keenest sight. Nor did he hesitate a moment when he came to the steps at the foot of the platform, but went right on and took his place as readily as if his eyes had been wide open. Others turned various angles, and went out quickly at the door. The new-comers are to be distinguished at the first glance. They stoop much, and walk with a shambling, shuffling step, as if in fear and dread of suddenly meeting some unseen obstacle, and its coming down with a crash.

Zeal and diligence may, therefore, be noticed as special characteristics of the blind, who are being *educated* in a true sense. Many of them, too, possess that spark of what, at first sight, appears like vanity, but is an essential element in the composition of all men who attain any degree of skill, whether in the making of an osier basket, or in ruling a great nation.

Every man, when once any one power of mind has been thoroughly trained, and is ready for action—if he be really in earnest—feels and knows in his own heart, that he possesses this power, he knows that he *can* do, and therefore *does*. Like the poet—the true *ποιητής*, *doer* or *maker*—he too feels

“The energy divine within him shrined
Bids every glowing thought in *action* live.”

In such as these it appears, as a high and noble self-consciousness of real living power within them, widely differing from mere empty vanity. Vanity sees nothing higher or greater than self. The true consciousness of power is not a confession of self, but of Him who made man, and placed in him the power to act, and to feel conscious of the power; and that from Him comes the power, whether to make baskets or rule empires, to weave a door-mat, or

“To melt the soul to very tears of joy,
With never-ending waves of melody
From music's deep unfathomed sea.”

We do not, of course, assert that the blind, as a class, possess this noble self-consciousness in a greater degree than, but only in common with other men. In them as in others, empty vanity may usurp its place; but on the whole we imagine that the higher tone is not unfrequent, and is one secret of their success, though casual observers are apt to call it the result of mere cleverness.

As might naturally be supposed, the study of music affords to the blind the purest and most unmixed pleasure; for in this pursuit are they least reminded of their infirmity. They find in it scope for the highest imagination, as well as the deepest feelings of religion; and when a blind man becomes a musician, he is one with his whole *heart*, giving up to this study his entire energies and thoughts.

Saunderson, the famous blind mathematician, was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and by his interest was elected Lucasian, Professor of Mathematics, at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control

them; unfolding and explaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen.

Thus also was it with Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva. His discoveries in the honied labors of bees have equalled, if not surpassed, those of any other one student of nature. It remained for Huber, not only to corroborate truths which others had partially discovered, but also to detect and describe minute particulars which had escaped even the acute observation of Swammerdam. It is true that others supplied him with eyes, but he furnished them with thought and intellect; *he saw with their eyes*. Thus he clearly proved that there are two distinct sets of bees in every hive; honey-gatherers and the wax-makers and nurses; that the larvæ of working bees can by course of diet be changed to queens; thus also he accurately described the sanguinary conflicts of rival queens; the recognition of old companions or of royalty by the use of the antennæ; thus he explained the busy hum and unceasing vibration of wing ever going on in the hive, as being necessary for due ventilation.

As it is possible that many of our readers have never visited a school for the blind, we advise them by all means, to do so the first opportunity they have. We heard a gentleman say the other day, that in all probability many of the citizens of Philadelphia, were not aware of the use to which the building represented in this engraving, is devoted. It is the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, and is situated in Race Street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first Street. The amount of good done by this charity, to a deeply afflicted class, and to the community, by giving them the means of support, and relieving the public from an inevitable charge, commend it strongly to public favor. The organization of such charities forms a bright era in the history of our race; it is really accomplishing the words of the prophet, that “the blind would see, the dumb speak, and the ears of the deaf be unstopped.”

The Institution is open to strangers every day except Sunday, but to citizens only

THE DEAF AND THE BLIND.



every Wednesday afternoon, when an opportunity is given to examine the workshops, &c. At 4 o'clock a concert of vocal and instrumental music is given, with an exhibition of the apparatus used in the instruction of the pupils. Owing to the impossibility of accommodating the large crowds that attended these exhibitions when free, a small admission fee is now charged.

The object of these schools is to teach the blind to read the Bible, and to impart to them such a knowledge of some useful trade as shall enable them, if only in part, to earn their own living.

We will enter one of the chief work-rooms of an institution of this kind in England. In it we find upwards of forty boys and men, all totally blind, making basket-work of every possible size and description. The workers are all cheerful, nay, in most cases, merry. Baskets, flower-stands, chairs, and screens, in short, all kinds of wicker-work are here made by the thousand every year. The little boy on the left is a new-comer. He is taking a first lesson from the foreman, and learning to split the osiers. In a month from this time he will be able to make a rough market-basket. Two months ago he sat moping in a dark corner of a fisherman's cottage in Cornwall, in forlorn helplessness. Since then mind and body

have begun to revive,—he is now bright, cheerful, and intelligent—he can now use his limbs, and begins to find out that he has a mind—ay, and much more—a soul, within him: he has mastered his alphabet, has begun the good habit of saying daily prayers with his companions, and hearing God's word read. His education has commenced; he is learning to think; he is waking up to a new life.

Look where we will, the work goes busily and deftly on, as if all the workers had the best of eyes. They sort the osiers, peel them, split them, arrange them for use, if necessary point them, and chip off stray ends of obnoxious twigs with a sharp knife. Enter the shoe shop, and we are impressed with the same conviction, and judging only by the work done, we decide at once that the workmen *must* have sharp eyes; hammering, cutting, sewing, going on as cleverly and quickly as among the most clear-sighted set of Crispins. In this room are made shoes for the whole one hundred and fifty pupils. Enter the mat shop; look at that mountain of mats of all colors, asperities, and sizes; all made by busy workers whose eyes never saw what their hands so diligently toiled at. The old man near us is busy at an enormous door mat, too vast, thick, and solid, it would seem, for any

but the sons of Anak. The boy next to him is fringing his mat with bright green; it is a small neat and dainty affair to be placed inside the study door of dyspeptic Mr. Brown, as he reads metaphysics. He is dreadfully afraid of draughts, and this diminutive mat has squared edges, that it may fit exactly into the required space inside his door which leads into the garden. The door opens inwards, but so thin is the mat, that the panel sweeps smoothly over it with ease. Mat-making appears to be hard work, requiring great exertion in beating and combing as the work proceeds, the workmen standing during the whole day.

That huge pile on the right is chiefly of colored rugs, decked with brilliant borders, wreaths of flowers, and patterns of all hues and sizes. It seems impossible that they are the work of the blind. But they can be, and are made in this very shop.

We think that our present purpose has been fulfilled, if we have succeeded in laying before our readers those features in the history and habits of the blind, as a class, wherein chiefly lies the difference between them and the rest of mankind. However peculiar and isolated a race they may be, they still have in common with other men, powers and faculties of mind and body, which must be fully recognized and cherished, or every peculiarity will grow more marked, until the isolation has become final and complete.

In proportion as the blind share heartily and thankfully in all that is found to invigorate, to purify and instruct the human mind, in that exact ratio will they learn not only to value aright the written word, but to own Him in whom they live and move. The mental vision will become bright and clear, as the physical blindness is made a lighter burden. The eyes of the soul alone, see clearest traces of that great Being to whom the night is as the day. It is true that much has been done for the blind; but much still remains to be done on wider principles, and with more enlarged views. The whole spirit of the age demands that it should be so. Throughout every grade in the social scale is it beginning to be felt, that the life and well-being of all is inseparably

connected with the welfare of the individual; that the vitality of no one class can be real or lasting, but as it shares in the vitality of the whole.

FAITH.

[A free translation from "Le Génie du Christianisme" of Chateaubriand.]

AND which were the virtues so much recommended by the sages of Greece? Strength, temperance, and discretion. Jesus Christ could alone teach to the world that faith, hope, and charity, are virtues which suit no less the ignorance than the misery of men. Undoubtedly this is a profound reason, which portrays faith to us, as the source or foundation of the virtues. In this conviction is power or efficacy. An argument is not strong, a poem is not inspired, a painting is not striking, but because the mind or eye which judges of it is convinced of a certain truth concealed in this argument, this poem, this picture. A small number of soldiers persuaded of the skilfulness of their general might perform miracles. Thirty-five thousand Grecians followed Alexander to the conquest of the world; Lacedæmonia placed confidence in Lycurgus, and Lacedæmonia became the wisest of cities; Babylon *believed* herself intended for greatness, and in her grandeur, she was prostituted to her worldly faith; an oracle gave the world to the Romans, and the Romans obtained the world; Columbus, alone of all mankind, was obstinate in his belief of a new universe, and a new universe was wafted to him by fortune. Friendship, patriotism, love, all the noble sentiments, are also a kind of faith. It was because they were *believed* that Codrus and the Pylades, and Regulus and the Arrians, worked wonders. Hence it happens that hearts which have no belief or trust, which treat as illusions the attachments of the soul, and noble actions as madness, who regard with pity the imaginations and the tenderness of genius, on this account, these hearts *never achieve* anything great or generous: they have no faith but in matter and in death, and they are already as insensible as the one, and as icy as the other. In the language of ancient chivalry, *give out*, or

manifest thy faith, was synonymous with all the prodigies of honor. Roland, Du Gueslin, and Bayard were trusty chevaliers, and the fields of Roncevalles, d'Auray, De Bressy, the descendants of the Moors, the English, the Lombards transmit to posterity the heroic men, who had faith and confidence in their God, their lady-love, and their king. What antique and touching ideas, attach themselves to our single word—*fireside*,* the etymology of which is so remarkable! Shall we mention the martyrs, the heroes, who, as St. Ambrose relates, without armies, without legions, have vanquished tyrants, softened lions, took from the flaming fire its violence, and drew from the piercing sword its sharpness?

Faith itself, concealed under this figure, is a power so terrible, that she would overturn the world, if she were applied to perverse ends. There is nothing impossible to a man under the influence of a strong conviction, and who unconditionally submits his reason to that of another man. This proves that the most eminent virtues, when they separate from God, and when they are considered in their simple moral relations, approximate the greatest vices. If philosophers had made this discovery, they would not have taken so much pains to fix the limits of good and evil. Christianity has not required a scale, or shell, like that of Aristotle, to place *there*, ingeniously, one virtue between two vices; it has decided the difficulty more surely, by showing us that the virtues are virtues only so far as they *reflow* towards their source, that is to say, towards God.

The virtues of society grow out of faith; since it is true, by the unanimous agreement of the wise, that the doctrine which commands a belief in a Deity, who punishes and rewards, is the firmest support of politics and morals. If we apply Faith to her legitimate ends, and cause her to look upwards towards the Creator, if we make her the intellectual eye, by which we discover the wonders of the holy city, and the empire or domain of real existences, if she applies her

wings to your soul, to elevate you above the trials of life, you will acknowledge that the Bible has not exalted this virtue too much, when the prodigies are told, which can be performed through her sacred influences. Celestial Faith! Consolatory Faith! Thou doest more than transport mountains, thou bearest the grievous burdens, which oppress mankind.

E. B. S.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

BY REV. W. M. BAUM.

ALTHOUGH there seems to be a certain degree of harshness in this familiar expression, which may somewhat excite the classic nerves of the fastidious reader, it is nevertheless sufficiently important and suggestive, to justify its appearance at the head of the present article. When carefully examined, it will be found to present a rule for action, of much practical utility and of constant applicability. It is not, altogether, the deduction of human wisdom, nor the suggestion of either observation or experience. So similar in spirit and language to the words of holy Apostles, its superhuman origin is by no means doubtful. (1 Thess. 4: 11; 2 Thess. 3: 11; 1 Peter, 4: 15). We design to examine its *import* and its *advantages*.

"Mind your own business."

This implies that *every person should have a business*. Want of employment acts injuriously upon the welfare of communities. It crushes enterprise and arrests progress. One of the greatest curses attending the condition of the uncivilized, is the almost universal indolence in which they indulge. It has been the great impediment with which teachers and missionaries have ever been obliged to contend. Even the refined and polished Athenian wasted much of his time in hanging around public places "either to tell or to hear some new thing." Nothing is more detrimental to the peace and prosperity of a community than to have in it persons who have no business to engage their attention and to consume their time. The vices and crimes which abound, the mischiefs and scandals which appear, come mainly from this source. It is a fearful element of evil.

* Our beautiful English word "*home*," is not expressed in French.

Want of employment is equally injurious to the individuals themselves. It is the fruitful parent of envy and discontent, and thereby inducing a spirit of the most bitter and unrelenting fault-finding, creating meddlers and busy-bodies in other men's matters. Hence the sacred Scriptures constantly forbid idleness: "In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread." "Six days shalt thou labor." "If any would not work, neither should he eat." There is no excuse for idleness, for there is abundant employment for every one who is willing to be engaged. How necessary the duty of all to have a business.

"Mind your own business."

It is not sufficient, nominally, to have a business; the motto before us demands special attention to it. Its supervision should not be intrusted to others, but as far as possible should receive *personal* attention. This is evidently implied by the Apostle when he enjoins *diligence in business*. This does not, however, in any sense, connive at the neglect of the duties of religion. In every *honest* employment there will be sufficient time for the discharge of both. There need not be the least conflict. We are created for these double duties, and wisely adapted for their discharge. "Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit: serving the Lord." We have every facility afforded us for acquitting ourselves fully, so that on the one hand, we should not delegate our business entirely to others, and thereby involve our affairs in almost certain ruin, nor, on the other, should we give such an exclusive attention to it as to exclude a proper interest in the concerns of our immortal souls. The Sabbath must ever arrest secular engagements, and sufficient time be daily devoted to family instruction and prayer.

"Mind your own business."

In the selection of a business be careful to choose one which will fully occupy your time and attention. You will then have no time and much less inclination to leave your employment and sneakily pry into the affairs of your neighbor. As long as our fellow-men do not interfere with our rights, nor violate the laws of the land, they should

be unmolested. Men should ever attend to their own concerns, leaving others to manage for themselves. Each one desires to govern and maintain his own family according to his own notions of propriety; and the motto before us accords him this privilege. As a friend, we may caution and advise, but even then much modesty is demanded lest we fail to mind *our own* business, and be found a troublesome intermeddler in the personal concerns of our neighbor. A strict observation of this rule would silence many censures and prevent many strictures upon actions, which, whilst they may appear unto others somewhat strange, are nevertheless right and proper in the opinion of those by whom they are indulged. How necessary then to "mind *our own* business." This course of conduct is warmly recommended by the advantages which would accompany its observance. A few of these will be presented.

It would insure success and distinction in business. Undivided attention is demanded ere success or distinction can be attained. Eminence in any position in life is not acquired in a day. Life is too short and our faculties too limited, to undertake more than our own proper and legitimate business. Fully to master any one calling in life will require the labor of a lifetime. The mechanic who would stand at the head of his art, the scholar who would rise to eminence in science and knowledge, the statesman who would become distinguished, or the politician who would acquire influence and authority among men, find it necessary to give themselves wholly to their several employments. To forsake our own proper business and interfere with others will waste our time, dissipate our energies, and ruin our prospects for success. The way to wealth, the path to distinction is "mind your own business." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

It would prevent personal collisions and interferences. Imagine a community where every member has an honest business, and where all attend to their several callings, exclusively. The business of such a community will move on harmoniously. There

will be no jarrings, no interferences, no unhappy collisions, for where each one is constantly engaged there will be no opportunity for any to put his hand into the affairs of the other. To shut out collisions and strife, "Mind your own business." Who does not desire it?

It would preserve the peace of the community at large. "As much as lieth within you, live peaceably with all men," "for where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." There is nothing more successful in promoting strife and discord than the intermeddling with the business of others. If persons could only once be content to "do their own business," how much more peace we would enjoy. Those ears that are always open, listening for bad reports, and those tongues that are always ready to circulate slanders, are the most dangerous elements in any community. Always ready to engage in the work of detraction, some are not content unless they are busy in making others as foul as they feel themselves to be. The remedy for this, to a great extent, is to remember your own business. To be disengaged, is to be at the sport of circumstances, in the hands of the evil one, who will lead to slander and to crime.

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

To be busied about the personal and family concerns of others will be of no possible good to them, whilst it is a positive injury unto ourselves, and will in all probability awaken evil feelings and create contention. Our own comfort, the good of society, and the welfare of our associates in life, require of us all to "*Mind our own business.*"

THE INNER LIFE.

BEING PART OF A CHAPTER FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DISSENTING MINISTER.

It must be understood that the writer was out of health and had consulted Dr. Scott, an eminent physician, who gave it as his opinion that he must eat and drink more, and think and speak less; and for a month at least, walk about the fields, or sit upon a gate and whistle; that is if he could whistle.

Notwithstanding this excellent prescription, however, the patient found it hard to take it, and on receiving a request to move a resolution at a meeting whose object was the promotion of international peace, he found it impossible to say "*no*," and resolved to go. Several influential members of the Society of Friends were present at the meeting, and among the rest the individual to whom the reader is now introduced. Having furnished the connecting link, we leave the narrative to speak for itself.

At the close of the meeting, the chairman and speakers were invited to take supper at the house of Mr. Daniel Coresound, a Friend, respected by all who knew his worth. I was Mr. Coresound's guest for the night, and on the following morning, whilst bidding me "*Farewell*," he put a letter in my hand, saying, "Thee can read that at thy leisure." I was about to open it at once, when he said, "No, no, friend; it doesn't require any answer. Farewell."

On leaving the town I opened the envelope, and found a ten-pound note, and a short letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"5 Mo. 19th.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,

"We are all much obliged for thy help at the peace meeting. My friend, James Scott, tells me thou hast been consulting him, and that he has advised rest. I would recommend thee to go to Hastings for a short time, and as I wish to bear part of the expense, I enclose ten pounds. Take care of thy health.

"Very sincerely and respectfully,

"D. CORESOUND."

Next in value to an act of brotherly kindness, is the manner in which it is performed. The ostentation of the praise-hunter was here carefully avoided. The kindness and delicacy of the Christian gentleman were finely blended. Mr. Coresound had certainly read the command of the Divine Teacher—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the

streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily, I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father who seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly."

This most unexpected donation enabled me to enjoy that rest which Dr. Scott had recommended as essential to health. It is surprising how a little money raises one's courage! My nervous system was wonderfully braced by the estimable Mr. Core-sound's gift. Arranging some matters at home, I set out for a fortnight's tour, travelling by short stages until I reached Hastings, whose sea-view, bracing atmosphere, and fine neighborhood, were instrumental in restoring me to health. Sitting on the beach, and looking out on the never-sleeping ocean, I began to think over the motives that prompt human action. I thought of the Conqueror, as one naturally would in the neighborhood of Hastings—of the statesman, the philosopher, the poet, and the Christian minister, and endeavored to infer from their respective pursuits, the essential nature of the motives by which they are respectively influenced; but as I could not conclude that I was *certainly* right in either case, it struck me that it would be more profitable to examine my own motives.

I reviewed my experience in life, and had no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that I was under unspeakable obligation to Him in whom I live, and move, and have my being; but what share had my own motives in shaping the course of my history? This seemingly simple question I found exceeding difficulty in answering. I could trace the superior motive in most cases with considerable distinctness, but was humbled to find it associated with so many of an inferior character. I had fondly thought, sometimes, of a simple motive, a distinct, separate, all-impelling desire, acting alone in its unearthly purity, and unstained by any relation to time or self. I had, at least, wished to be actuated by this, in reference especially to the work of the ministry. I had desired to serve the great Master, out of pure gratitude for the unspeakable service.

He had rendered to me and to the human family, and to leave the success of my feeble services entirely to His own grace; but, alas! I found too many witnesses in the court of conscience to depose that I had fallen grievously short of this sublime standard. Had the fear of man never brought a snare? never modified a sermon, or shaped a sentence? never weakened resolution, or changed purpose? Had the praise of my fellow-creatures never excited an ambition too selfish to be holy, and too earthly to be laid upon the altar of the Lord? too proud to be consistent with heart-discipline, and too worldly for one who has vowed not to be conformed to the world? Had the desire to excel in those qualities which critics praise, never tried to run abreast of the desire to win souls to Christ? Had the wish to be some one, never risen above the wish to do something for the real interests of my fellow-men? Had the cares of the world never absorbed thoughts which were avowedly consecrated to the study of revelation? And had the growth of personal piety been steadily watched, both on its own account, and as an illustration of the power of Christianity?

Ah! how are poor men compelled to cling to their strong Saviour! Even those motives which are of heavenly origin lose their lustre, and have their power weakened, by contact with that mystery of contradictions, the human heart. Yet it is a blessed compulsion which sends a man to Christ, asking pardon for what others call his virtues, and forgiveness for what others call his piety. The correct conception of Christianity is that of a power which contemplates ultimate moral perfection in all its subjects. He who fixes his gaze upon this grand purpose, cannot but feel that he is far from the goal, and this feeling will urge him to the Master, humbled, grieved, ashamed.

It may seem strange to those who have not studied the subtleties of the human heart, but it is, nevertheless, true, that Christian ministers are more exposed than other Christians to the neglect of the inner life. That, as a general thing, they *do* neglect it more than their non-official

brethren is not my statement; an allegation of this sort would be inconsistent both with truth and charity; but they are *exposed* to this danger in consequence of their *official* labors. Office is proverbially dangerous. The private Christian appropriates truth; his look is introspective; and his object is personal improvement. The preacher is a benefactor; his eye rests on truth which he communicates to others; and his aim is the spiritual good of others. He may preach a true, able, and even earnest sermon, without feeling its power as much as do many of his hearers. This statement does not imply a doubt of his deep conscientiousness and decided piety—far less, of course, of his correct deportment and irreproachable life—but it illustrates the peculiar danger to which he is exposed, from office and its incessant demands, to relax that vigilance over the *inner* life which is so necessary to its healthy action. Official piety is, of all things, to be avoided as a delusion and a snare. The mechanical performance of stated duties in connection with the Church of Christ, as if the ministers of living truth were an acting priesthood, whose office gave validity to their actions, notwithstanding the corpse-like coldness of their hearts, is as offensive to clear reason as it is opposed to the loving genius of the Gospel; and yet, the doctrine of Rome and Oxford on this matter is but the huge outgrowth of that peculiar danger to which the minister of Christianity is exposed. Terrible is that idea—"Lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway!"

On this subject I had most distressing thoughts, tumultuous agitations of the soul, like those of the ocean before me when a hurricane leaps on its breast. I imagined myself a shivering, starving wretch, gazing from the dark street through the window of a princely mansion, where the assembled guests were luxuriating in abundance and joy; and that I had invited those guests. I foresaw the grand consummation, the splendors of a completed Church, to some few of whose members I had been the bearer of glad tidings, but I stood afar off in the outer darkness! The agitation of my soul increased. The temples throbbed, the

heart sank as if a weight of lead had fallen upon it, and the whole frame was painfully affected. I fancied the sea troubled as if a storm had swept suddenly over its surface. I exclaimed, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and, shortly after, I thought I heard a voice crossing the sea, which whispered, "It is I; be not afraid!"

I was more than ever convinced, as the result of this short but severe visitation, that to live under the constant power of Christianity is the only way to enjoy its hallowed peace. To talk about the powers of the world to come, is one thing; to feel them is quite another. Occasionally to feel the influence of the Unseen is one thing; habitually to realize that influence is another. To guide men into the way of peace, while a storm rolls over the heart of the guide, is just possible; but to be able honestly to cry "Come!" is a higher exercise of sanctified eloquence than to say, "Go! *that* is the way." Yet the doctrine of Solomon is full of encouragement to the honest expositor of truth: "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered himself." The discipline of the spirit, however, cannot be made an occasional thing with safety; it must be habitual and regular. Evil creeps in at some of the heart-crevices caused by the fall, if the watchman relax his vigilance but for a moment; and pastoral fidelity can never be the substitute of personal godliness. An apparently trifling offence, in word or action, is enough to make a conscientious person thoroughly wretched; and, of all agonies, those produced by a stormy conscience are the most intolerable. It is easy to do wrong, or to omit right, but it is *not* pleasant to feel the rebound with which the spring of conscience sends back the error or omission upon the very vitals of the soul! That the severity of the training operation differs in different minds is a trite observation; yet the process which prepares a human spirit for "glory, honor, and immortality," must always be characterized by the severity of Love, which is sufficient to make the least sensitive feel the ordeal. The man who has not gone through fire and water is not prepared to appreciate the wealthy place; and he who

has not known the terrors of the Lord will speak but feebly in his attempts to persuade men.

How I longed for perfection; how I hated and loathed myself; how I wondered at the Divine patience; how I envied the disembodied; how I wanted the veil that conceals the upper world to rend, that I might see beyond it; and how I felt the mysteries of being thronging around as if insulting my poor feeble soul; it were long to tell, even if it were lawful to commit such things to paper. Yet, over all this, there occasionally glanced beams of beautiful light, which seemed to resolve themselves into the words, "We walk by *faith*, not by sight."

So it is. Confidence in the word of the Unseen Lord is the condition of Christian life. To "endure *as seeing*" the Invisible, is the authorized definition of faith. And this is power, this is consolation, this is victory. Trust, hope, wait. Time will unroll all God's parchments; or, which is the same thing, eternity will; for eternity, to a creature is just time prolonged,—only it is time without probation, time developing the issues of that probation under which the creature was placed in the early morning of his being. We shall have disclosures, by-and-by, grand, wonderful, sublime, and, without doubt, perfectly satisfactory, "justifying the ways of God to men," and exhibiting the exact reason why heart-agonies, groans, fears, and fightings were preliminaries of happiness, health, and peace. This, certainly, is not our rest. Then,

"Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace,
Where the storms of passion cease!
Life's dismaying struggle o'er,
Wearied nature weeps no more!

"Welcome, welcome, happy bowers,
Where no passing tempest lowers;
But the azure heavens display
Smiles of everlasting day!

"Where the choral seraph choir
Strike to praise the harmonious lyre;
And the spirit sinks to ease,
Lulled by distant symphonies!

"O, to think of meeting there
Friends whose graves received our tear;

Child beloved, and wife adored,
To our widowed arms restored!

"All the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!
Hail! the calm reality,—
Glorious immortality!"

The primary object of my brief absence so far providentially gained in increased physical vigor, I returned to my dear family and flock. I was somewhat annoyed, however, by hearing murmurs of dissatisfaction regarding the quality of the pulpit supply during the time of my absence. These rumors, I reflected, are either well-founded or not. If the former, it is hardly kind towards me to make them; for my people, knowing the state of my health, should avoid anything likely to cause excitement; but if the latter, justice to the esteemed brethren who gratuitously supplied for me, requires that I know the ground of complaint, that I may set them right with the people. An opportunity soon occurred for the investigation of this weighty matter. Some eight or ten of the friends were invited to tea, and among the rest Mr. Deacon Small, and a remarkably fluent little sister of his, Mrs. Hoble. The gentleman who had supplied for me on the first Sabbath, was a Mr. Wilson, an acceptable "lay" preacher, residing some five miles distant from Willowfield; and on the second Lord's day, Mr. Ashley, the pastor of a church in the neighborhood, and an able and loving-spirited man, had kindly taken my place.

"Well, dear friends," I said, "I am happy to see you once—"

"And we you, Sir," interrupted Mrs. Hoble, "ay, that we are!"

"I was about to say," I continued, "that I am happy to see you once more, and—"

"So are we, Sir, and we hope you won't go away again."

"Why not, Mrs. Hoble?"

"Oh! because you have spoiled us. We can't hear any one else; now, there!"

"We want sound doctrine, Sir," said Mr. Small. "Arminianism won't do for us."

"It won't; no indeed," affirmed the little sister.

"No," said Mr. Hedger, with a solemn shake of his head.

"Arminianism?" I asked, smiling "what's that, Mrs. Hoble?"

"Ha! ha! tell you, Sir? you don't know what Arminianism is, I suppose?"

"Well, but what is it? You will surely give me your idea of it?"

"O yes, Sir, certainly. Why it is—Arminianism, you know; and it is not—Calvinism. Is it?"

"Very correct, Mrs. Hoble. Now, who has been teaching this?"

"Who?" said Small and his sister, speaking together, "Why, that Mr. Wilson."

"Indeed! do you remember anything he said?"

"Yes, Sir," replied both simultaneously; "he said a great deal which shouldn't have been said."

"You are severe upon our kind brother, who, I am sure, wished to do you good, and came some way to serve you, in the absence of your sick pastor; but give me, if you can, one sentence correctly, that I may judge."

"Why, Sir, he said that Christ died for all men," replied Mr. Small, with great earnestness.

"Well, but Mr. Small, you have heard me say that, many times, have you not?"

"No, Sir, not as I remember."

"You say that, Sir!" exclaimed the little sister, "no, I should think not."

"I am sorry your memory is so weak respecting my teaching; but of course you do not forget what Paul and John say on this very important subject?"

"No, I should hope not," said Mrs. Hoble, smartly.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Small, firmly.

"I trust we never shall," said Mr. Hedger, gravely.

"Then," said I, "it is somewhat strange you should find fault with Mr. Wilson for holding apostolic doctrine. The apostle Paul uses these expressions:—'He died for all;'—'Who gave himself a ransom for all,' and, 'That He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.' And the Apostle John says, 'And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' Now, I think there must be something wrong with those hearers who take offence with one who

uses only scriptural language. Besides, I have so often brought this subject before you, and pointed out the relation which the doctrines of Scripture bear to each other in the economy of truth that you cannot express dislike of Mr. Wilson's statement without also quarrelling with my views; and, what is a far more serious matter, with the language of the apostles themselves."

My worthy friends, who had evidently expected that I would condemn the preacher's doctrine, just because they wished it, and without a particle of evidence, became rather uneasy when the matter took this serious turn.

"But, surely, Sir," asked Mr. Small, after a brief silence, "you do not believe in universal redemption?"

"Friend Small," I answered, "your memory is quick enough on some matters; have you quite forgotten a sermon I preached about three months ago, in which I taught you and others that sacrifice, atonement, and redemption, are three distinct things, and ought never to be spoken of as if they were one."

"No, Sir, I have not. We all liked it very much."

"Then why do you put such a question?"

"Ah! I had forgotten at the moment."

"Well," said I, "how did you all enjoy the services last Sunday? Mr. Ashley is a favorite, and I doubt not he was—"

"I hope, Sir," said Small, hastily, "you'll never have Mr. Ashley in your pulpit again!"

This really took me by surprise. Mr. Ashley was one of the most popular men in the neighborhood, and Small himself liked him a little.

"What!" I said, "has Mr. Ashley, too, had the misfortune to run across your views?"

"He said things that were not true."

"Not true, Mr. Small? Surely you are bearing false witness against your neighbor."

"I am not. He preached about the stars, and pretended to tell us their size and weight, and how far they are from the earth."

"Oh, he gave you some insight into the splendors of astronomy, did he?"

"You may call it what you like, Sir, but it was all wrong, or I should rather say, it was all lies! The size of the stars, indeed! Has anybody ever been up to take their measure?"

Here there was a hearty laugh at this settler. Mrs. Priestly, who was present, joined in the laughter, and as Small had great respect for her wisdom, he drew his hand complacently over his face, evidently enjoying the imaginary compliment; for, poor fellow, he was happily ignorant that the secret of her amusement was the idea of the little tailor about "taking the measure" of the stars.

"Now, Mrs. Priestly," I said, "you have read a good deal—have you ever met with an authentic account of a person paying a visit to the stars; or anything in the shape of a narrative by an astral tourist?"

"I certainly have not," she replied, smiling.

"I thought so," said Mr. Small, elevating his head, and feeling his chin.

"Of course not," said the gratified sister.

"It's very wonderful what men do know, though," said Mr. Hedger, thoughtfully.

"It is, my friend," I remarked, turning to him, "and I wish you had had the benefit of education in your youth, for, without attempting to pay a compliment, I am sure it would not have been thrown away."

Mr. Small seemed uncomfortable, and looked at his sister, who, understanding the telegraph, pressed her lips together sympathetically.

"Thank you, Sir," replied the good man to whom I had spoken, "it was not the will of Providence; but, through grace, I hope I know a little about that which will last when the stars shall fall from heaven."

This fine remark, breathing as it did the language of a grateful heart, had a happy effect upon our little circle.

"You remind me my friend, of one of the thousand suggestive passages in Milton. In 'Paradise Regained,' he describes the wild beasts of the wilderness as becoming mild and harmless in our Saviour's presence:—

'They at His sight grew mild,
Nor sleeping Him nor waking harmed; His
walk

The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.'

So complete a change passed over your moral nature when the Saviour met you in your wild career."

"Blessed be His name! It is true."

"But now about my brother Ashley. I wish to restore him to your good graces, friend Small. It is by the science of astronomy that we know something of the magnitudes, distances, and revolutions of the stars. This science depends upon observations, made chiefly by the aid of instruments, and upon mathematical calculations. For instance, you know Rockhill, which is about three miles off. If you will furnish a few instruments, I will tell you its height, standing at my own door while I measure it."

"Is it possible?" asked Mr. Small.

"Quite, and very easy, too. Now I hope you will withdraw your remarks concerning good Mr. Ashley's discourse?"

"Well, I suppose"—eyeing his sister, and speaking deliberately—"I suppose I must."

"Justice should be done without compulsion."

"Well, then, I *will*; but I don't think he should have spoken about such things to us in a sermon."

"That's a matter of opinion; and you have a perfect right to enjoy yours, he his, and I mine; but, on matters of opinion, we are not to condemn each other, or even entertain feelings of coldness. Liberty to differ in opinion gives one occasion for the exercise of mutual love, which would not otherwise exist. If we love men merely because they think with us on every subject, this is only a modification of self-love, or paying a compliment to our own sentiments. Let us all try, henceforth, to pay greater attention to the state of our own hearts. The growth of Christian love, forbearance, gentleness, and humility, is required by our profession, is necessary to our peace, and will greatly increase our usefulness. If we knew ourselves better, we should be more reluctant to sit in judgment on our neighbor—"

"I think, Sir, that's—that's somewhat personal," said Mr. Small in a low voice.

"My dear friend," I replied, "I am glad you think so. I intend my remarks to be

personal, and to include all present, myself among the rest. Our need of frequent heart-searchings is but too certain. If we would try and judge ourselves faithfully and repeatedly, the sentence would gradually become less severe; for the habit of self-judgment would check those weeds that grow in the heart, and leave us little time to search for the faults and failings of others."

"True, Sir, and thank you," said all present.

It had struck me during the evening, once and again, that the criticisms of my humble friends on the discourses of Messrs. Wilson and Ashley were really occasioned by something else. I fancied some cause of disquiet, yet unrevealed; but I judged it best not to search for it. If it existed at all, it was not likely to remain long in the dark, especially if my busy, bustling, and warm-hearted friend, Mrs. Hoble, knew of it, and as it was almost impossible for a stray rumor to pass through the village without paying her a visit, I felt pretty certain of a revelation soon. I had recourse, therefore, to the philosophy of waiting.

We had all remained silent for a few minutes; for who could avoid reflection on this affecting case? Our silence was broken by the voice of Mrs. Hoble:—

"Is it true, Sir? I hope you will tell us—"

"What, Mrs. Hoble?"

"Oh! I hope it is not true," and tears filled her eyes.

"What is it?" I again asked.

"That—that—you are going—to leave us?"

My suspicion was confirmed. The cause of disquietude was revealed. But I had not thought of this, or, indeed, of anything else.

"Not so far as I know, Mrs. Hoble; but what makes you ask that question?"

"O, Sir, people say that you want to leave us, and Mr. Walters says you have had an invitation from some place, and you have preached and made speeches at so many places, and John says he is sure you are going; and Mr. Ardphist told Mr. Holloot that you wanted more salary, and Mr. Holloot said, no minister should have more than fifty, or, at least, sixty pounds a year because—"

"At most," I suggested.

"Yes," continued my kind little friend, "at most, sixty; because, if they have more, they won't preach experience, and—O, I hope you won't go!"

"Preach experience," I remarked, "that's a suggestive thought; but does Mr. Holloot mean his own experience, the preacher's, or Mr. Ardphist's?"*

This question presented a difficulty. The thought of preaching Ardphist's experience was too droll to escape notice, hence a laugh interfered with Mrs. Hoble's tears.

"I really cannot say, my friends," I added, "whether I shall leave you or not. I think I shall remain, but how long I cannot say: for whilst, on the one hand, we should not be precipitate; on the other, when Providence seems to call, it becomes us to obey, whether it be a call to enjoyment or suffering, to increased labor or passive endurance.

* Mr. Ardphist was "a kind of village gentleman," who, according to report, was possessed of considerable wealth. His occupation consisted, during the week, in visiting the blacksmith's, the barber's, and other public houses, in search of scandal and strong drink, and on Sundays in blowing a villanous flute in the front seat of the gallery. Whenever we had a collection in the chapel for incidental expenses, or for foreign missions—for, poor as we were, these were not forgotten—this gentleman was absent. It was an unfortunate coincidence, that it so happened that on those occasions, poor Mr. Ardphist always had either violent headache, or a slight cold, or an attack of the gout. His services on the flute he considered more than an equivalent for his sitting, and those of his two grown up daughters. I was assured by one, who had the means of knowing, that he had attended the chapel for nearly thirty years, without giving a single penny for any benevolent or religious object whatever. To him, the Gospel was without heart-power; it had not reached his spirit with its transforming benevolent influence. With its theory he was acquainted; to its power he was an entire stranger. Its call to repentance and faith he had heard and neglected; but, at last, there came a call from God, which he obeyed—the only call which such men obey. He was called to die, and he died.

I confess that I have no special wish in the matter. You know well that I do not believe in what is called accident. I am convinced that all things are ordered by an Infinite Wisdom, and that our duty is just to obey what we believe to be the voice of the Lord. We may err, even with this belief prompting our movements; but sins of ignorance were distinguished from sins of presumption under the Jewish dispensation, and, I need not say, that they are likewise distinguished under the Christian economy. As to my income, you know the amount; and respecting my expenditure your own common sense can judge; yet I have never asked an increase of salary, and never will. If you esteem me, as I believe you do, the very reason that leads you to desire a continuance of my services, should also reconcile you to my departure to a larger field of labor, with a corresponding increase of salary, for the benefit of my family. In the meantime, leave the whole matter to the wise Ruler, as I intend to do."

We sang a hymn of praise; I gave a short address on the religion of the heart, and the way to promote the health of the inner life; and, after uniting in prayer, we separated in peace and love, and with earnest wishes for each other's prosperity.

MY TWO PLAYMATES.

IDENTIFIED with my earliest recollections is the memory of a bright-eyed girl of my own age, the companion of my childhood hours; the sharer with me of life's young joys and sorrows. Her fair and delicate form, still distinctly imaged in my mind, seemed like some being from a higher sphere, graciously lent to cast a mellow radiance over my infantile pathway. Our playful rambles along the silvery streamlets, under the shade of the gray old sycamores, her echoing laugh as it rung wild and clear through the woody glen, and the gentle accents of her bird-like voice, prattling in joyous glee, are all golden links in that mystic chain which binds my heart of to-day to the fairy scenes of life's early years.

Sweetly and innocently we trod the flowery path of youth together, and fondly dreamed the glowing dreams of childhood.

But time,—the blaster of youth's budding hopes, no less than the subverter of manhood's schemes of glory,—bade us part, and other scenes soon cast a veil over the memory of my fair young playmate.

Months rolled away, and years soon left their mark upon my brow, the impress of ripening life.

Among the boys of a country academy which I entered, in the prosecution of my studies, was one whose age and acquirements corresponded with my own, and as classmates we soon became attached to each other. He was a youth of no ordinary talents, and often did I feel the inspiring influence of association with him. Together we grappled with the difficulties of incipient sciences, and rejoiced together when we mastered their mysterious problems. We studied and played, longed and hoped together, fired with the same aspirations, and encouraged by the same alluring promises of reward, dimly shadowed forth in the future. But our paths diverged upon leaving school, and time threw a shadow over my schoolboy associations.

Manhood came and brought its wonted cares,—but with them it brought to my heart the hopes and consolations of the Christian. As the bright scenes of childhood and youth died away, I felt the need of more substantial joys than earth affords, and with a penitent heart I sought and found them in the religion of the Cross. Ere long the indications of Providence induced me to assume the charge of a Sabbath school, in a neighborhood where I was but partially acquainted. Among the teachers of the school was a young lady, who particularly attracted my notice. She was below the medium size, slender and delicate, yet graceful in form and manners. Her face was pale and beautiful as the garb of a winter landscape, while from the azure depths of her soul-lit eyes beamed forth a calm, mild radiance, that spoke of a holy temper, and a humble spirit within. The reader need not be told that she was the companion of my earlier years. She had passed the joyous season of youth, and the period of mature womanhood had come; but alas! it had brought with it a cruel

attendant. Her frail form was too tender for the rude blasts of time, and lingering consumption had fastened upon her. The hectic flush on her cheek, like the rose of health upon the bank of death's river, only mocked the hopes of fond friendship. To her the prospect of dissolution was as terrorless as the bright opening of early life had been. She had found "the pearl of great price;" she had learned the true value of life, and had brought the affections of her almost guileless heart to her Saviour, and consecrated them to his service. Her conduct was an embodiment of religion in all its loveliness. Meek, holy, affectionate and faithful, she was the pride of our school, and an object of love to all who knew her. Sabbath after Sabbath her pale face was seen bending over her class of blooming girls, whose ruddy countenances contrasted sadly with the fair brow and hectic cheek of their teacher.

But again time separated us. Duty called me to other scenes, and years rolled by. In the capacity of a colporter I was visiting the neighborhood of the academy in which I had studied and hoped in earlier years. I called at the residence of my former classmate and companion, and was ushered into a small bed-room, where lay a young man in the last stages of a swift consumption. Wan and haggard, he raised his eyes, still sparkling with the dying lustre of former days, and faintly bade me welcome, as the playmate of his youth.

After inquiry in reference to his health, I asked him what his hopes for eternity were, if it should please God to remove him from earth. With an impatient, restless look, he turned away his head, and replied in sepulchral tones, that still seem to vibrate in my ears, "I don't know!" With half-despairing heart I tried to awaken him to a sense of his fearful condition, and to point him to Christ; but all my efforts were in vain. A sullen silence was all the response I received. A fatal lethargy had settled on his soul, and his destiny was sealed. He had gone from the paternal roof soon after he left school, and with nothing but the wild hopes of a reckless ambition to guide him, he passed through all the stages of

vice incident to unsanctified and misdirected genius, till at last he found himself in a western city, moneyless and friendless, sinking under disease which his imprudence and folly had induced. His father, hearing of his distressed condition, sent him means to return, and he had now but lately arrived, to die amid the sunshine and flowers of his youthful home. I prayed with him, and left him with a heavy heart. A few days afterwards he expired, amid the frantic grief of a pious but heart-broken mother, and the self-reproaches and tears of an ungodly father.

Months again glided by, and duty called me to visit the neighborhood of the church in which I had a few years before acted as Sabbath school superintendent. As I was passing the scene of my former labors, filled with sadly pleasing emotions, a small procession was seen entering the grave-yard, and slowly wending its way to the church, which stood in the centre. A bier, with its solemn freight, headed the mournful train, and told the story of its mission. It entered the rural sanctuary, and I followed to know what fellow-traveller had been summoned from earth. The coffin was placed in front of the altar, and its unfastened lid folded back. I approached to view the earthly remains of death's latest victim. There lay the lifeless form, beautiful in death, and fair as the snowy sheets that enwrapped it. In a moment I recognized the features of her who had been my childhood's playmate, and the faithful Sunday school teacher of later years. Long and resignedly had she suffered under the lingering disease which preyed upon her, patiently awaiting the moment when "the silver cord would be loosed, and the golden bowl broken." When at length the hour of her dissolution arrived,—that hour so dreaded by the race of mortals—she met her solemn change with calm and holy composure. Her departure was but the fading of a mildly beaming star into the radiant sunlight of eternal glory; it was but the breathing out of an anxious spirit from its prison of clay, into the hands of its Redeemer. I gazed upon the motionless form before me, and thought of its brief history; and as I fol-

lowed it to its resting-place, I wept over the fate of a flower too frail for earth's chilly breath, yet one which earth's garden of moral beauty could not well spare.

Some time afterwards I passed once more that country churchyard, and read upon a simple gravestone, the words—"To the gentle virtues of Rebecca W." This was enough, I sought not to know her age, or the time of her death. These were deeply registered in my heart. The inscription before me recalled again the past in all its vividness, and I felt that there was a truth in the simple epitaph too often wanting in more ostentatious panegyrics.

Such is a brief reminiscence of "My Two Playmates." For the benefit of the living I record it. They both fell early in life before the same destroyer, but how different their end! The one with talents and misguided genius, became a victim to his own recklessness, leaving no trace of his existence upon society, except the sad recollection of his untimely fate. The other

"Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower,"

lived and loved, labored and died, leaving the savor of a memory blessed by all who knew her. The one, favored by nature with rare endowments, failed utterly to fulfil the mission of his being, and his history reiterates the truth, that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The other, distinguished by no uncommon gifts, except a holy humble spirit, filled the sphere of usefulness assigned her, and her brief life reaffirms the declaration of divine truth, "The path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Reader, may thy prayer and mine be,
"Let me die the death of the righteous, and
let my last end be like his." TILGHMAN.

A PROMISED KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. JOHN J. REIMENSNYDER.

A KINGDOM is the highest summit of human glory. To procure a kingdom, the world has been drenched in human gore. Men have walked unfeelingly over the lifeless bodies of their fellow-men to a throne. They mistook

the cries of widows and orphans for the trumpet of fame, and gave occasion for the exclamation of the poet:—

"Oh glorious laurel, for one leaf of thy deathless tree,
Men have caused to flow of blood, the unebbing sea."

But when a kingdom was obtained, how soon was it often taken from the man, whose throne was erected amid the groans of the dying and the tears of widows and of orphans. The history of Napoleon Bonaparte and of hundreds others afford abundant proof of the vanity of earthly pomp. Christ our Saviour only, can promise a kingdom that will never end; a crown that will never fade, a kingdom against which the powers of hell cannot prevail. Earthly kings may give presents of great value to their subjects, but never their kingdom. Pharaoh highly exalted Joseph, but told him, "in the throne I will be greater than thou." Ahasuerus certainly did much when he offered to his Queen the one half of his kingdom. But Jesus offers an entire kingdom. So far as the enjoyment is concerned the whole universe is offered. The question here arises to whom is such a kingdom offered? we answer, to every son and daughter of Adam, who is willing to accept it on the easy conditions which the gospel requires. The Saviour himself hath said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." We must feel our need of Jesus with a contrite spirit and a broken heart. We must see and feel that we are destitute of all that is good; that our minds are without wisdom, our hearts without purity, and our lives without holiness. We must see Jesus with the eye of faith and exclaim with David of old, "I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me." We must know only Christ—the world must be crucified unto us and we unto the world. We must not expect to merit the least favor or blessing, though the grand aim of our lives be to walk worthy of our high vocation, and to glorify Jesus in our bodies and spirits which are his. If there be any good in us, we must regard it as the free gift of God, and cast it, in deep humility, at the feet of the Lamb, exclaiming with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what

I am." There should be nothing on earth absolutely called our own, and which we would not be willing to forsake for our blessed Redeemer; our treasure and our hearts should always be in heaven. To all who have this blessed experience applies the passage, "I know thy works and thy tribulation and poverty, but thou art rich." Such souls are elevated above the perishing things of earth; they have been planted into the likeness of the death of Christ. They are at rest amid the boisterous waves of this world's dangerous ocean; death to them will be gain, and whilst others fear its approach, they will hail it with delight. Soon they will join the heavenly host, and far beyond the starry spheres upon the Holy Mount of God, mingle their voices with celestial choirs. Dear reader, if a kingdom were offered to you on earth, would you not regard it as a great and magnificent offer? Should you not regard it thus when a kingdom is offered you in heaven, which is worth more than the whole world? If the whole world were offered, you could not expect ever to see it all, much less to possess and enjoy it. But the kingdom in heaven you may see, possess and enjoy forever. Have you a title to this kingdom? Does a voice in your bosom tell you, it is yours? If so, you are truly and exceedingly blessed; and your passage to the tomb will be the passage to a throne and a crown of an eternal kingdom in heaven.

SANCTIFY AFFLICTION UNTO US.

BY MRS. C. E. BROOKE.

Oh! sanctify affliction; yet not to me alone;
Let each heavy cross point upward, as it
did for thy dear Son,
As on His sacred person, above Him pointing
down,
So let each load of anguish lead to an im-
mortal crown.

Oh! sanctify *all* sorrow; may it purify the
mind,
That the grosser things of life be no longer
there enshrined;
That the vision be not darkened more, but
brightened by Thy grace,
May every tear-drop henceforth shed, reflect
the Saviour's face.

His pitying look of sympathy—oh! may it in
our tears
Be ever present with us, to allay all doubting
fears;
Then, if every good on earth be o'er, we
have a friend above,
Who with outstretched arms is ready to con-
fer on us His love.

He wept o'er earthly sorrow; let us hope He
feels for us,
Though He saw *we* needed chastening, and
allowed it for our use;
Oh! may the purpose He designed, be soon
attained and won,
And sanctified affliction cry, "*Lord, let Thy will
be done.*"

And though the cross be heavy, unrepiningly
Christ bore,
A heavier weight of anguish made His sinless
spirit sore.
Make us patient under sorrow; may we imi-
tate Him here,
That in *brighter realms*, He may exclaim,
"*Friends, be ye of good cheer.*"

POWER OF THE CROSS.

Neither the offering of the laity, nor the
services of the priesthood, could ever take
away sin. The Hebrew, turning from
the smoking altar, and the atoning priest,
still cried out, Wherewith shall I appear be-
fore God, and bow myself before the Most
High. A man, feeling the agony of a guilty
conscience, may flee everywhere but to Cal-
vary, and there is no relief for his anguish.
But let him hear that God so loved the
world that he gave his only begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth on him shall not
perish, but have everlasting life; let him
cast himself for salvation upon Him whose
blood cleanseth from all sin; let him imbibe
and practise the precepts of the gospel, and
he feels in his spirit that his deadly wound
is healed. From the dominion of sin, from
the tyranny of the passions, from subjection
to a sensual and transitory world, from the
intolerable anguish of a wounded spirit, the
Son has made him free, and he is free in-
deed. Being justified by faith, he has peace
with God, and rejoices with joy that is un-
speakable and full of glory.

The Evangelical Magazine.

JULY, 1854.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

CORRESPONDENCE.—We feel tempted at times to publish extracts from the many encouraging letters we receive, and at this present writing we yield so far as to note down the testimony of a distant correspondent:—

“Quincy, Ill., May 19th, 1854.

“DEAR SIR:—I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without offering you my congratulations upon the greatly improved appearance of the Magazine.

“The typography is clear and legible as could well be desired; and the neat double columns are graceful and sightly.

“The character of the articles too, it seems to me, partakes of the spirit of improvement so apparent in the mechanical department. I also regard the promiscuous arrangement of the ‘*Original*’ and ‘*Eclectic*’ departments as excellent, and as a decided evidence of progress.

“But no part of your arrangements for this year affords me greater gratification than the permanent securing of the services of Rev. Dr. Stork as a regular contributor. The department of ‘*Science, Literature, and Art*’ constitutes a new and pleasing feature in the Magazine, and cannot fail to enhance its acceptability to its readers,

“Hoping that your subscribers may increase in a ratio proportioned to the increased merits of your Monthly,

“I remain, respectfully,

“Your friend and patron,

“P. C. K.”

A BECOMING LOVE FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE.

—We remember hearing old people say that when they were young, attendance at public worship was not made a matter of convenience as in more modern times—it was rather a matter of pleasure and duty, and young and old used to walk miles, often, rather than be absent from the house of God on the Sabbath. In Minnesota the ancient practice has been revived, as appears from the letter of a missionary laboring there, who says:

“At our last communion season, a man was received into the church, who is the head of a family. We were glad that he was willing to walk fifteen miles, through deep snow, without a track, that he might stand up in the public congregation, and covenant to be the Lord's. The ‘little flock’ shed tears of glad sympathy, when they witnessed his gushing emotions.”

PENNSYLVANIA BIBLE SOCIETY.—From the forty-sixth annual report, we learn that the work of circulating the word of God in this commonwealth has been prosecuted with vigor, and the results are highly cheering to all the friends of the Bible, and all the friends of our country and the race. This society has been in existence nearly fifty years, some eight years previous to the American Bible Society, and during the whole of this period has been carrying on its benevolent operations. The fruits of this movement are visible not only in this state, but more or less throughout the world. The circle of influence beginning at this centre, has been enlarging, until now it has a world-wide expansion, and the systematic efforts made in other states and countries, and the upheavings, and overturnings, moral, political and social, that are resulting from these efforts, are, in a great measure, the harvest of the seed which this society has been scattering for almost half a century. Take a single fact, and consider its probable bearings on the enlightenment and moral elevation of vast numbers. The Philadelphia Bible Society has circulated during the past year 9,198 Bibles, and 15,004 New Testaments. Here we have within the limits of a single city so many centres of moral power, planted in families and individual minds. Many of these families or their branches take up their abode in other sections of the country, and carry with them the word of life, and the impressions and principles which they have derived from it. Many homes are made happy by the radiance of its heavenly and peace-bringing revelations. Many individuals are elevated by it to a clear, intelligent, conscientious perception of their relations and responsibilities, and rescued from the power and everlasting penalty of sin.

The Bible—widely circulated—is a mighty regulator in the mart of a great city. It enters the exchange, it presides at the counter, and with its silent power controls many a bargain and many a sale. You need not fear to traffic with the man who really loves the Bible; his principles, derived from that holy, beneyolent source, raise him far above the temptation of fraud. It is a most effective police; prisons would have to be multiplied, but for this vigilant sentinel, taking his station within the individual man, and watching over and suppressing the passions and selfish im-

pulses, that, unrestrained, would promote crime.

Then, again, seamen are furnished with the word of life. One laborer, in this part of the field of Bible distribution, has circulated among seamen of the port of Philadelphia, during the past year, 4160 Bibles, and 5351 New Testaments, in all 9511 volumes. This seed, scattered on the ocean, is wafted to other climes, and a class of men who formerly carried with them a demoralizing influence wherever they went, are becoming worthy representatives of a high Christian civilization. In the conversion of those that "go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," the purpose of God is accomplished, and the great interests of a pure civilization are advanced. Commerce, regulated by Christianity, is a boon to the nations; and when the Bible becomes the inmate of the cabin and the fore-castle, there will be a better return for the spices of the East than the mere agricultural or mechanical productions of the West, than the gold of our mines, or the growth of our prairies.

From the comparatively limited sphere, embracing the operations of a single society, it is natural to look upon that wider sphere which is occupied by kindred associations. During the past year the American Bible Society has issued 815,399 volumes; and the British and Foreign Bible Society, during the same period, has issued through its various depositories, at home and abroad, one million one hundred and sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-four volumes. "The utmost that Wilberforce, one of its original supporters, dared to predict, was that its annual receipts would reach the sum of £10,000; they already amount to £100,000. In the fifty years which have elapsed since its organization, the last-named society has issued forty-five million copies of the word of God, in one hundred and fifty languages, one hundred and twenty-three being new translations. And to illustrate the promptness and activity with which the work of distribution has been prosecuted, it may be mentioned that during the brief period in which those countries were open, in the years 1848-49, to the introduction of the Bible, forty thousand copies were circulated in Austria, and twenty-seven thousand in Italy."

Well may tyrants tremble, while such an agency is arrayed against them! And well

may the friends of liberty and of man rejoice, while such an advocate and promoter of human rights is abroad in the earth.

A TOUCHING SCENE.—The eighteenth anniversary of the New York Institution for the Blind was held at the Tabernacle, in the month of May. The exercises were all of a deeply interesting character, and the very appearance of the pupils was calculated to awaken the liveliest sympathy. Their thorough acquaintance with the branches of study in which they were examined, surprised and delighted the audience, and their musical performances elicited the warmest applause. It was no wonder that tears betrayed the strong emotion of the listeners, when they sang the sweet words of their **SPRING SONG**, composed by one of their number:—

A gladsome note is sounding,
O'er hill and dale resounding,
The dreary storms are o'er;
Cold winter has departed,
And light and merry-hearted,
We tread the fields once more.

The laughing zephyrs blending,
With pearly showers descending,
Will make the roses bloom,
When sparkling streams are flowing
And sunny smiles are glowing,
We'll breathe their sweet perfume.

The robin's early numbers
Shall call us from our slumbers,
To hail the morning's ray,
And while the dew-drops glisten,
We'll haste her song to listen—
Away, away, away!

PENNSYLVANIA SYNOD.—This body convened at Reading on Trinity Sunday, June 11th, in the church of Rev. F. A. M. Keller. The attendance was large, and much important business was transacted in a spirit of delightful harmony. We have not room even for a brief abstract of the proceedings. The warm hospitality of the citizens of Reading will be long remembered. Two features of the arrangements of the meeting deserve to be specially noticed. The one was the preparation beforehand of a printed list of the names of all the members and visiting clergymen, and the names of the families with whom they tarried. The other was the provision of free tickets for all who travelled on the Reading and Pottsville Railroad. The Directors deserve thanks for their liberality.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND ART.

CRITICISM.—Some sage physician has undertaken to make objections to several expressions which occur in this department of the Magazine, for May. As we do not know this Æsculapian critic, we cannot be regarded as personal in anything we may happen to say.

"*Physiological Structure.*"—This phraseology is offensive to the Doctor, on the ground of inaccuracy of language, as well as involving a philosophical absurdity. Not knowing the precise form of the objection, we presume his whole difficulty originates in his restriction of the word "physiological" to its modern, technical meaning, without reference to its primitive sense, derived from the etymology of the word. If the Doctor had taken his Greek Lexicon, and by a radical deduction learned the primitive import and usage of the word, he might have obviated his hypercriticism. No wonder that with nothing before him but the recollection of the lecture-room of a Medical College, and his technical sense of the word, he should object to "physiological structure"—for how could he conceive of a house growing, or of a rose being constructed.

And then he seems to have no idea of "structure," beyond its application to the erection of a house, or the simple juxtaposition of one stone or log to another, or the mechanical adjustment of one thing to another. If he had just taken Webster, and looked for the word "*structure*," he would have found among others the following definition, viz.: "Manner of organization of animals or vegetables, &c."

Suggestion to the Critic.—The Doctor's difficulty evidently arises from the medical technicality of his conception. It is dangerous to be so engrossed with study, in only one direction, as to lose sight of all others. We read of certain physicians, so intent upon the study of our material frame, as to forget that man had any soul; and, on the other hand, we have heard of certain metaphysicians so absorbed in the study of our spiritual being, as to conclude we had no bodies. Now the Doctor might possibly be in danger of the former delusion, and as he seems to be a man of science, I would suggest the needful precaution, by reminding him of the

Pleuronectæ, Flat-fish, in Ichthyology, that have both eyes on the same side, and never see but half of a subject at one time, and forget the one before they get to the other.

The exclusive cultivation of any one faculty, (says one), is very apt to spoil it; and men must be able to do many things in order to do any one of them well. Health and beauty come by a just proportion of many elements; and to overwork any single element, results only in disproportion and disease. Pope, for example, was the prince of versifiers, and Hume the prince of logicians; with the one versification strangled itself in a tub of honey; with the other logic broke its neck, by trying to fly in a vacuum.—*Hudson.*

Another Criticism. This sentence occurs in our description of a Rose, in the May number: "The hidden laws by which it throws back the white sunbeam from its surface in colored rays." We cannot conceive the point of objection, without assuming a degree of ignorance on the theory of light and color, which we are reluctant to predicate of a Doctor. And yet it may be, he would be startled if we should say, the grass is not green, and the sky is not blue. To enter into an explanation of the process, by which color is produced, would not comport with the proposed object of this department, and might savor of pedantry. We refer the reader to any work of approved authority, for a vindication of the passage above referred to. Consult Lardner, or Hunt on the Poetry of Science. I wonder what the Doctor would think of the Psychology of flowers?

Sexual Theory of Plants.—This fanciful notion, which seemed to have currency in the time of Theophrastus and Pliny, was, in the view of some, fully established by the observations of Micheli, in an Italian water-plant *Vallisneria spiralis*. The idea was seized by science, and extended, in all its details, to plants generally. So that the Linnæan arrangement of plants, even at the present time, is designated as the sexual system. Dr. Schleiden, Professor of Botany in the University of Jena, has, I think, fully shown these notions to be but beautiful dreams, and visionary speculations, unsustained by facts. Every student of nature, and lover of flowers should get the "Poetry of the Vegetable World," by Prof. Schleiden of Jena.

Sea-Serpent.—Lyll, in his travels in the United States, says, "I conclude that the sea-serpent of North America and the German Ocean, is a shark, probably the '*Squalus maximus*.'"

"*Memnon still sounds.*" This is the heading

of a chapter in Thompson's recent work, "Egypt, Past and Present."

Upon the western plains of Thebes are two colossal statues, that have sat upon their rock-built thrones for three thousand three hundred years, and that still sit unchangeably amid the surrounding desolation.

That fabled Memnon, whose music has inspired the poetry of all younger nations, since mother Egypt gave it birth, still sounds, says Thompson.

As we sat before it on our donkeys, pondering unutterable things, I saw a boy of fifteen, with a solitary rag around his waist, scrambling up the side of the statue, and presently he was completely hidden in its lap, just where the sly priest used to hide himself over night. Then striking with a hammer the hollow, sonorous stone, it emitted a sharp, clear sound, like the striking of brass. It was not sunrise, but the middle of a scorching afternoon. Thus writes the author, and then exclaims, "O Memnon, what a crime to break thy spell! I shall never more dream of thee, half waking with the morning sun. The priests suborned the sun to do for royalty, what I hired a copper-skinned boy to do for two cents. Memnon still sounds."

GENERAL ITEMS.

CURIOSITIES OF HISTORY.—The first Legislative Assembly in America was the Governor of Virginia, Council, and a number of Burgesses, who assembled in one chamber, at Jamestown, 1617.

In 1693, the people of New Hampshire entertained the design of abandoning the province, as their situation had become "irksome and dangerous." At this period, the people of this "granite" colony were described as "a nursery of stern heroism, producing men of firmness and valor, who can traverse mountains and deserts, encounter hardships, and face an enemy without terror."

Juan Ponce de Leon, the Spanish Governor of Porto Rico, a companion of Columbus, first discovered that region of country, a part of which is now called Florida. He arrived on the coast in April, 1512, when the country was in the fresh bloom of spring—the trees were covered with blossoms, and the ground with flowers. From the vernal beauty that adorned the surface, and because he discovered the land on the Sunday before Easter—which the Spaniards called *Pascua de Flores*—he gave it the name of Florida. Juan Ponce was in quest of the land, reported by the natives of the Carribee Islands to contain a

brook or fountain endowed with the miraculous power of restoring the bloom and vigor of youth to age and decrepitude. He chilled his aged frame by bathing in every stream and fountain he could find, was wounded by an Indian's arrow, and died in Cuba.

To discourage immigration to America, Sir Walter Scott wrote the following:—

HEART-SICK EXILES.

I thought how sad would be the sound
On Sasquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
And wild Ontario's boundless lake;
Where heart-sick exiles in the strain
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again.

MINISTER'S SALARIES.—The N. Y. Evangelist says: A movement has been recently made in Massachusetts, for the remedy of the universal evil of inadequate ministerial salaries, that seems to begin at the right end. A year since, the Society for the Relief of Aged and Destitute Clergymen appointed a committee of three clergymen and three laymen to investigate the subject, and to report the present year. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, who was chairman of the committee, has corresponded with some fifteen hundred clergymen in New England, of all denominations, whose replies he has condensed into his report, which also appears as a pamphlet, and is replete with interest on the subject. The conclusions to which this large induction of facts leads the committee, are stated to be as follows, in the substantial truth of which every observing man will concur:—

1. The present low salaries paid to the clergy of all denominations in New England, not only subject ministers to social suffering, and lessen their respectability in the eye of the world, but moreover rob them of due mental independence, and greatly abridge their professional usefulness.

2. Precarious and incompetent support prevents many young men of talent and character from entering the sacred profession.

3. The high Christian scholarship, so imperiously demanded by the new wants of the nineteenth century, will not be likely to appear under existing discouragements.

4. The inevitable consequences of the above facts are that the Christian Church, in all its branches, must greatly suffer, and its conflict with sin and infidelity be more and more feeble.

5. The effectual remedies for this state of things are these: a thorough reform of public opinion on the subject of supporting the preachers of the gospel, and a new rally of all the friends of the cross.

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, lately convened in Philadelphia, similar resolutions, respecting a more ade-

quate support of the ministry, were debated, and the whole matter was finally intrusted to a committee of laymen, who are to address a letter to the churches on the subject.

VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.—Professor Hitchcock, in one of his popular scientific works, has aptly illustrated the vastness of the universe.

Light, although apparently visible instantaneously, really requires an appreciable time to travel. A flash of lightning occurring on earth would not be visible on the moon till a second and a quarter afterwards; on the sun till eight minutes; at the planet Jupiter, when at its greatest distance from us, full fifty-two minutes; on Uranus till two hours; on Neptune till four hours and a quarter; on the star of Vega, of the first magnitude, till one hundred and eighty years; and stars of the twelfth magnitude, till four thousand years—and stars of this magnitude are visible through telescopes; nor can we doubt that with better instruments stars of far less magnitude might be seen; so that we may confidently say that this flash of lightning would not reach the remotest heavenly body till more than six thousand years—a period equal to that which has elapsed since man's creation. Here is a vastness beyond the capacity of the mind to contemplate.

WHEREFORE ALL THIS WASTE?—It is calculated that the cash paid for ardent spirits drank in the State of New York every year amounts to \$39,420,000, and that an equal amount is paid and lost for pauperism, public and private, and crime, and various casualties occasioned by strong drink, making a total of \$78,840,000 wasted in this State every year. This money would build two such railroads as the New York and Erie Railroad, which cost \$23,560,000, and three such canals as the Erie Canal, which cost 7,100,000, every year; or it would place a Bible in every destitute family on the globe in seven months. It would give a free common-school education to all the 5,000,000 of children in the United States, costing \$25,000,000; support every minister of the gospel, which, at their present salaries, would cost \$6,000,000; leaving \$47,000,000, which would support every female seminary and every academy in the land, all our one hundred and twenty-six colleges, every law school, medical school, and theological school, making them all free, and leave enough to support every missionary in foreign lands, and all the schools established by them. Such is the amount of waste for the liquor traffic in New York, which has about one-sixth of the entire population of the Union.—*American Messenger*.

BOOK NOTICES.

LECTURES ON OUR LORD'S MIRACLES. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.—These lectures, the preface informs us, were addressed by the writer to his flock in the ordinary course of his ministry. The author acknowledges his indebtedness for many leading thoughts to Olshausen and Trench—but chiefly the former, to whom Trench himself is also largely indebted. Enriched by materials drawn from these valuable sources, the volume at the same time bears throughout the traces of independent thinking, and we meet continually with reflections and modes of expression that charm us with their freshness and originality. The main points of each miracle are discussed with admirable conciseness, and no attempt is made to exhibit every shade of inference which the skilful exegete can extract from them. These lectures exhibit the best elements of pulpit oratory—they are plain, direct, instructive, and manifestly prepared to do good—an end that was doubtless accomplished when they were spoken, and that will be much more extensively gained in their printed form.

CUMMING'S LECTURES ON THE PARABLES. What we have said of the merits of the previous volume, may be said of this. It is characterized by the same beauty of style, the same richness of thought, the same directness of application, and may be read with profit by those who have read other expositions of this part of our Lord's teachings. The author remarks truly, when he asserts that in the Parables of our Lord there are great truths, latent in every part, waiting for patient and persistent application, in order to emerge, enlighten, and cheer. Neither has he exhausted the mine; but he has, at least, furnished an additional and excellent guide to its rich treasures.

PROPHETIC STUDIES—LECTURES ON THE BOOK OF DANIEL. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.—This is another of the excellent series of volumes to which belong the two previously noticed. The announcement of the author's name is a sufficient guarantee of the interesting and instructive manner in which he conducts his investigation. These lectures, like the others, are intended for popular use, but they have attractions for the scholar also. Reserving the right of dissent from some of the positions and conclusions of the author, we can nevertheless heartily commend his writings as earnest and profitable interpretations of evangelical truth. All the above works, together with others by the same author, are published by LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia.

GTU Library



3 2400 00276 1603



Easton, PA 418231

The Evangelical magazine
and Christian eclectic

v. 1 - 2:3

1853-54:3

CBPac

418231



GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY

BERKELEY, CA 94709

